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# JAHZONG

Tibetan Tribal Leader





#### **ACCLAIM**

Il too often the Tibetan experience is filtered and conveyed to the outside world by accidental tourists and other non-Tibetan sojourners. In this remarkable first novel, an authentic Tibetan voice painstakingly reveals to us the complex interior tapestry of a society, a culture, and a family in transition." *Richard Baum, Director, UCLA Center for Chinese Studies* 

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"Anyone anywhere with any interest in the underlying story of modern Tibet must read this fascinating first novel by a young Tibetan." *Lewis M. Simons, Pulitzer Prize winning journalist;* author of Worth Dying For and The Next Front

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"An electrifying, revelatory experience. In it, we learn much about the lives of Tibetan tribal groups that cannot be found in any academic treatise." *Victor H. Mair, Professor, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia* 

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"I am still gasping from Guru's novel that I have just finished reading. I read it on the edge of my seat and did not put it down from beginning to end. He is a truly gifted storyteller, and the story he is telling, based on his grandfather's life as he told the story when Guru was growing up, is magnificent. I can barely believe that a mere twenty-two-year-old could tell it - the horrible fighting between hostile tribes, the coming to leadership of his then very young grandfather, the marvelously

nuanced complications of love and eventual marriage. One of my greatest worries about many Tibetans is that their stories are not being told. And of course, we in the United States have often made our own stories of Tibet that often have little to do with the lives of real Tibetans. That the storytelling talents of someone like Guru could be nurtured, that he could come to write and to publish, would be a wonderful contribution both for his fellow Tibetans and for us who would be given the opportunity to learn." *Anne Thurston, Johns Hopkins University* 

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"Blood, love and the challenges of leadership - this novel evocatively captures the dynamics of rural life in early twentieth-century Tibet. Using an epic style, but built from transmitted personal family narratives, the story powerfully evokes the sights, sounds, and even smells of a disappearing village life. This young Tibetan author provides a unique insight into the social framework, conflicts, and moral dilemmas of these communities. Highly recommended for scholars of Inner Asia and explorers of the human spirit." *Hildegard Diemberger, University of Cambridge* 

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"A dramatic story from the tribal society of Tibet. A text that rolls like a great movie. An exceptional literary talent." *Juha Janhunen, University of Helsinki* 

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"A rare insight into an intriguing world of violence and compassion that has all but disappeared." Fernanda Pirie, Oxford University

"A gripping account of a vanishing way of life on the Tibetan Plateau, full of vibrant detail and personal perspective. Often poignant, but never sanitized, the tale challenges us to accept Tibetan life as it was in reality, with all its conflicts, violence, and passion." *Bill Bleisch, China Exploration and Research Society* 

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"This gripping tale of war and love brings to life a time and place little known to the outside world and is nearly forgotten in its own. Action leaps off the page from beginning to end, drawing the reader into a narrative where danger and heroism define every turn." *Keith Dede, Lewis & Clark* 

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"A fascinating story about the real life of Tibetan tribes prior to the PRC. For anyone truly interested in understanding the Tibetan situation, it is important to learn about the difficult and often violent life of Tibetans without myths of Shangrila. This book tells that story in an interesting and readable way from the viewpoint of one who knows. Amazing that it was written by one who started with A, B, C just three years prior to writing this novel." *Ron Anton, Peking University* 

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"Ethnographic and immediate, Guru's novel brings readers into a world of Eastern Tibetans generations ago. The spell-binding chain of events echoes the dynamics of traditional heroic epic and folktale." *Mark Bender, The Ohio State University*  "An exceedingly revealing first foray into English language fiction by a young Tibetan writer. His vivid and unflinching account of war and romance among Tibetan tribes in the early twentieth century tells us as much about the historical shape of life on the Tibetan grasslands as about the nature of cultural memory in contemporary Tibet." *Charlene Makley, Reed College* 

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"It is almost unbelievable that Guru was able to write such a text after only three and a half years of training in English, and I congratulate him for this. It adds a new dimension to fiction writing by Tibetans in Tibet. Until now, most writing was done either in Tibetan or Chinese. The topic is also compelling as it represents a side of Tibetan village life in Amdo that few Westerners could ever imagine, namely the khyod shi nga gson 'cut throat' and ageless rivalry between communities. It also gives an interesting and precise account of how tribes unite and split that was common in pre-1950 Amdo society, but which is never described precisely in historical writings. The plot is well woven and I felt compelled to reach the end to learn what would happen to Jahzong and his community." Françoise Institut National des Langues et Civilisations Robin. Orientales. Paris

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"This sensitive, realistic story of life in the eastern Tibetan highlands captures the vision and spirit of the author's local heritage." *Paul Nietupski, John Carroll University*  "A beautiful story: simple, direct, and engaging. It is acutely revealing of both the author's compassion and his candor. The novel will appeal to all those seeking a more genuine understanding of Tibetan culture." *Katherine Morton, The Australian National University* 

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"A treasure. A window to the past and present of a dynamic Tibetan culture. A story full of life flowing with harsh reality and vivid imagination." *Douglas Duckworth, Florida State University* 

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FRONT COVER: Storm clouds gather above a *lab rtse* on the banks of the Yellow River, Khu sen Township, Rma lho Mongol Autonomous County, Rma lho Tibetan Autonomous Prefecture, Qinghai Province (photograph by Gerald Roche, 2011).

BACK COVER: The peak of Gnyan chen thang lha rises above prayer flags, 'Dam gzhung County, Lha sa Municipality, the Tibet Autonomous Region, (photograph by Elena McKinlay, 2009).

SUMMARY: This novel in English and Tibetan traces the life of Jahzong from childhood until the time he unites warring tribes before 1949.

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## THE AUTHOR

uhruh was born in 1983 in Rangnan Village, Qiujie Township, Zorgay County, Nahwah Tibetan and Qiang Autonomous Prefecture, Sichuan Province. At the time he wrote the story, Guru was a student in the English Training Program, Qinghai Nationalities Teacher's College, Qinghai Normal University, Xining City, Qinghai Province, PR China. Since the book was first published, he has completed a graduate degree in International Studies at Miriam College in the Philippines.

### INTRODUCTION

y grandfather (1910-2003) was the chieftain of eight Tibetan villages - the Holy Wind Tribe. After 'Liberation' Grandfather lost his position and his property and was imprisoned for many years.

I was born in 1983 when Grandfather was already in his seventies. He was the kindest and most compassionate person I ever met. My parents thought that if he took care of me, he would stop doing heavy housework, but this plan failed. He good-humoredly added taking care of me to his other voluntary duties.

He never stopped working and remained very active even in his late eighties. He said if he stopped working his joints would get rusty and he would be unable to move even his fingers. One of my earliest memories is of Grandfather weeding the fields while carrying me on his back. I did not leave Grandfather until I started school.

Conflicts between neighboring Tibetan tribes were frequent before the Red Army's arrival. These conflicts had a long history and were not easily solved. Later, when Grandfather became chief of our tribe, he married the daughter of an enemy chieftain, even though many in our tribe opposed the marriage. This marriage brought a time of welcome peace to our tribe.

I wrote this novel in English based on what I remember Grandfather telling me, what I heard from others, and what I imagined.

A leader retains his leadership only as long he serves those he leads.

he Holy Wind Tribe lived in a village situated at the end of a narrow, flat valley. In front of the village ran Deep River, fed by the melting snows of surrounding mountains. In front of the village towered perpetually snowcapped Benefiting Mountain, barren at its higher level but covered with grass at the foot. Densely forested Rear Mountain stood at the back of the village. The choice of the village site by long-dead ancestors was wise and understandable - grass for livestock abounded at the lower levels of the mountains, Deep River provided a clean source of water, the forests gave fuel, and the valley floor was ideal for farming.

Jahzong slowly sipped homemade barley beer from a well-polished copper cup under a boundless darkening sky. The rich, pungent smell of the beer wafted around his white hair and snow-white eyebrows before journeying heavenward. The stars seemed intoxicated too, winking ever more quickly until a big white chunk of cloud buried them inside its soft body, like a loving, plump mother caressing her children.

I squatted between Grandfather's legs, burying my jaw in my hands and staring at the glimmering stars. Suddenly, I asked, "Grandfather, where are all the stars now?"

Grandfather slowly put his cup down on a small black wooden stool beside him and answered, "They are in bed with their mother."

"Then do all mothers love their own children?" I asked with widened eyes.

"Of course. They give what they have without expecting anything back," said Grandfather, stroking my slender braid worn like that of all the other village boys. Some boys had one or two pieces of coral tied in their braid. Grandfather braided my hair every morning.

I moved closer to Grandfather, not caring about the pungent smell of beer and embraced his neck tightly. I wanted him to hold me in his strong arms forever. "Mother didn't give me her earring, Grandfather. You said all mothers give anything they have to their children. Am I really her boy, Grandfather?" I asked sleepily. There were no more words. Everything was utterly still, except for my even breathing that vibrated with the gentle breeze through the darkness.

I enjoyed sitting in the darkness and listening to Grandfather telling his life story: "Listen my boy, a real man shows his greatness only in hard situations. There's nothing wrong with having difficulty, it only adds character."

Even though Grandfather passed beyond suffering when I was eighteen, he still is the most vivid figure in my memory - like a flower that withers in autumn, but whose fragrance is never forgotten.

t was a freezing winter. A furious wind invaded every corner, picking up whatever was in its way and swirling it high into a dusty gray sky. The small village was deadly quiet. Only the incessant barks of dogs came from among scattered homes. In a dilapidated house around a twinkling fire, old men periodically raised their heads as the house creaked in the battering wind. In time they were assured the house would not collapse and then everyone pretended nothing of importance was happening. Some spun their prayer wheels automatically. Others stared blandly at the arhythmically swaying fire. Two men mumbled to each other and then concluded with deep sighs. Suddenly it became abnormally silent. Everybody was as motionless as the carved stone image of Buddha on the table.

An old lady tossed open a cracked, sagging door next to the offering table. The image rocked dangerously back and forth but then stood firm. She ran in with bloody hands and clothes. "It's a boy! Thank Buddha, it's a boy!" she burst out. Then the stoically waiting men smiled at each other as though relieved of a heavy, unbearable burden.

An old man went to the table and knelt before the stone Buddha image. "Thank you my Lord for sending a son to this poor girl. Thank you, and may Buddha show compassion to this unfortunate little creature. His father was a hero and died for this village. Please, my Lord, bless this poor creature."

At this time the old lady called, "Hey! Guhhay, even a dog won't eat nameless bread. Everything comes to this world with names but not this little boy. Since you are a man of respect and the leader of the Holy Wind Tribe, why don't you

give him a name? Our lama is busy with religious rituals for our tribe."

Guhhay continued kneeling and staring at the stone Buddha, as if waiting for approval from the Benevolent One. A moment later he stood vigorously, despite his sixty years, and tears glistened in his eyes. Nobody knew what he had seen during his session with the image, but everybody later said the stone Buddha image smiled at Guhhay. Everyone gathered around a small altar and made offerings to the mountain deities. Every time before battle, before harvesting, and before the start of any celebration they made offerings to the mountain deities, beseeching protection and blessings from the omnipotent ones.

The old lady paced anxiously back and forth in the house. She stuck her head out from the cracked door now and again. The wind still howled above the shaking house, as if it were going to tear the fragile house into pieces. The exhausted mother lay with her baby in a yak-hide-covered bed. The sorrow of her husband's death, like a sharp knife, had carved still more wrinkles on her tired face. Although the baby was compensation, pain still seared her pale face. She slowly turned her face towards the baby and tears dribbled down her bleached cheeks as she said, "Oh my Lord Buddha! Why are you so unfair! You leave this innocent child no father, and me no husband! Show compassion if you still are what people say you are!"

The door curtain lifted and Guhhay entered the room, strode to the bed where the mother was sobbing, sat on the edge, and murmured, "Don't cry Bahnso, my child!" Everyone in their tribe called him 'Grandfather', and he also regarded them as his own children. Whoever had a problem, he took it as his own without hesitation.

"Look at this little creature! He's got his father's nose and your eyes. Let's call him Jahzong (Iron Awl). His father was brave so let's wish this little one to be like an iron awl. Nothing will stop him from gaining what he wants," Guhhay said. He removed a turquoise bead from his own necklace and tied it around Jahzong's neck with a thread. Turquoise protects from all harm and evil spirits and when Bahnso saw this, she felt something catch in her throat. Turquoise beads were very expensive and she had never had one in her life. There was so much in her chest she wanted to remove, but she did not know where to begin. She clutched Guhhay's hand in hers and sobbed her heart out before this Buddha-like grandfather, who was even kinder than the Lord himself. He was human, and knew exactly what people needed. He kissed the little one on his forehead as he was leaving, and the infant twiddled with the turquoise as though he had not a care in the world.

His first day in this world was exciting and wonderful. When he first stuck his head out of that dark cave, his new world seemed peaceful and a place full of love. Even though his welcome to this new world was not grand or significant, everyone around him seemed pleased. He was the happiest among them all and thought he had stayed inside too long. He liked this new world - wondrous, bright, and mysterious. Everything seemed encased in a thin foggy veil - the beginning of a thorny, hazardous journey.

ime passed quickly, but nothing much changed except the people. Youngsters grew up rapidly as elders grew older. Guhhay remained chief of the Holy Wind Tribe. There had not been a major conflict with their neighboring tribe - the Divine Goat Tribe - for several years. Was this a good omen, or the calm before a destructive storm? Jahzong's life was ordinary, although sometimes other boys bullied him because he had no father. Sometimes they sang, "A fatherless child, a homeless dog; if you don't believe there are such lamentable animals, please ask Jahzong," then burst into malicious laughter and fled, leaving him alone and feeling he no longer belonged in what had once been a wonderland. When cruel boys tormented him, his mother patiently said, "Dear son! Ignore them. Although your father is not here, he was a hero and lives in our hearts and in the hearts of all the villagers. Be proud of him." Pride swelled in Jahzong's heart. Although he had never seen his father and did not know what he looked like, he imagined him to be the most handsome and kindest person in the world.

As he fed his pigs by a river near the village one day, a rock plunked nearby, splashing water on his clothes. The alarmed pigs rushed into the river and were soon in danger of being swept away by the powerful current. Hearing giggling behind him, he turned and saw Jikmed, Guhhay's grandson. Jikmed was eight years old - two years older than Jahzong. He seized every chance to bully Jahzong and was the nastiest person Jahzong had ever met. He led the children because of his age and his family's status. Of all the children, only Jahzong was not afraid of him. A ball of fire burned in Jahzong's

stomach and his eyes became blood red. Jikmed was frightened by this unusual reaction. Then an unseen voice called, "Son, be tolerant. Forgive those who act rashly because of their ignorance. Be a good boy." He bowed his head and left, ignoring the pigs.

Jikmed then regained his courage and shouted, "Hey! Bastard! Why don't you acknowledge me, a great king, and then you can leave like the guilty cowardly dog you are." He laughed arrogantly. "A child like you should know how to be polite when someone important comes!"

Jahzong pretended not to hear, although he could not help but hear Jikmed's loud adult-sounding cackles. Jahzong secretly vowed that one day he would teach Jikmed a lesson and make him remember that his father was a hero and that Jahzong also had his father's courage. The deities are sometimes the only ones you can communicate with but, actually, prayer must never be answered for if it is, it becomes mundane correspondence.

nother year swiftly passed. One morning Jahzong got up early. While his mother was tending the fire in their small adobe stove, he decided to walk around the still-sleeping village. He climbed up a small hill behind the village and was struck by the beautiful morning scenery. The village seemed peaceful and carefree as slender columns of light blue smoke curled and twisted above the homes before joyfully dissipating into thin air. Majestic surrounding mountains protected this small village.

He heard the crack of breaking twigs and turned. It was Guhhay. Maybe he, too, was carried away by his own village's impressive morning scenery.

"Hey! Early bird! What were you thinking? Anything wrong? Tell your grandfather," said Guhhay with a big warm smile.

"What a beautiful place!" Jahzong chirped, pointing at the awakening village.

Guhhay came closer, patted Jahzong's shoulder, and said, "Boy! If you climb atop that distant mountain what do you think you would see?"

Jahzong blinked twice and said, "Will I see the whole world from there?"

The distant snow-capped peak was a holy mountain. Folks from neighboring villages came and circumambulated it annually. Jahzong's mother had carried him to the holy mountain when he was an infant, although he had no memory of the event.

"Yes, you can see the whole world from there. Remember, mountains are high, but you can be the peak. The sky is infinite, but it's for you to fly in and explore. Have a will, a dream, and fight for it," said Guhhay just as the unselfish sun broke through thin morning clouds covering the horizon. Guhhay had cared for Jahzong since his father had been killed. Jahzong's father had been his best friend. Together they had united eight villages that later became the Holy Wind Tribe. He cared more about Jahzong than his own grandson.

After thinking for a moment Jahzong said, "I want to be a leader like you, Grandfather," and looked into Guhhay's face curiously.

"My boy! Bravery and wisdom make you real. Your mother may be looking for you. Let's return," Guhhay said, and then they left for home, hand in hand. The boy's laughter mixed with the twittering of birds as they descended the steep meandering path.

Nobody understood why this reticent boy laughed so joyfully that morning. Bahnso, his mother, was astonished. She had never heard him laugh so delightedly. His joy made her laugh, too, but then she suddenly sensed something was brewing beneath this perhaps-provisional happiness. She stopped laughing, knelt, and prayed. Jahzong was her everything and she knew that she must not lose him.

A person who can't take revenge has no seat among others.

Never pass your shoes over a stove if you want to keep your tutelary deities, and never let women touch your weapons if you want to conquer your enemies.

he crops awaited harvest. The sun scrambled up from the foggy horizon, gilding everything yellow. The fields became a golden lake. Waves surged, one after another. Villagers were busy reaping a bounteous harvest like scampering bees. Guhhay stood, belted out a few lines of a harvest song, and then everyone in the field joined in. Though not a battlefield, it was a great place to demonstrate your abilities. In rhythm to the songs, the men competed to reap their allotted area first. The women and children came behind, trussing up the fallen stalks into large bundles. Jahzong straightened his back and looked around. What beautiful scenery! Then he was shocked to see a stranger behind a nearby bush aiming a gun at Guhhay. Nobody noticed because all were engrossed in the fieldwork.

"Grandfather! Someone's about to shoot you!" Jahzong yelled. Guhhay immediately dived into uncut stalks tall enough to hide him. He had remained alert since the outbreak of the fighting with the Divine Goat Tribe, knowing that with Jahzong's father dead, he was next on their enemies' list.

The would-be assassin missed his target and tried to escape, but was quickly shot dead by some sharpshooters who,

as always, had brought their rifles to the fields. From that day on, the villagers were on guard, knowing the other tribe would take revenge.

Jahzong had heard that it was his responsibility to avenge his father from the very beginning of his life. The war between the two tribes was like a volcano. Nobody knew when it would erupt, but it would sooner or later. And now, after the failed attempt to assassinate Guhhay, harvesting was ignored. The crops might rot in the fields and then everybody would starve the next year but their enemies were in the same predicament, bringing some solace. The men stayed at home, polishing and oiling their guns and swords, preparing for the unavoidable coming conflict. The men went in turn to a fortress between their territory and that of the Divine Goat Tribe to keep watch. Jahzong was also on guard several times.

Meanwhile, children played as usual. Only Jahzong seemed concerned about the coming war, though he was only thirteen. Whenever he had time, he went to Guhhay's home to practice shooting a gun at a target, and learn how to sharpen a sword. He practiced with his father's gun and sword, soon became a good shot, and took his father's gun with him wherever he went. He became the youngest hunter in the village. His mother was proud. Jahzong's home had meat when others had none. Gradually, the other children drew closer to him, ending his isolation. He then replaced Jikmed as the new leader of the children.

Others may forgive you but that only makes you feel worse. When you have done something, can you really undo it?

here was less vigilance the next year. Villagers went out to herd, collected fuel, and held several festivals.

One unusual day, Jahzong went hunting and returned empty-handed. Bymaguhreh and Gongbuya were waiting for him to have lunch at the fortress. It was their third day there. As Jahzong neared he mumbled, "What a day! All the animals seemed to know I was coming. I didn't even see a rabbit's tail!"

"Hey boy! It's fine. We still have some tea and *tsamba*.<sup>1</sup> The animals can't hide forever, try tomorrow," said Gongbuya, pouring Jahzong a bowl of tea.

Then Bymaguhreh quickly stood, gestured to a nearby hill, and said, "Look, something is moving."

Gongbuya instinctively snatched his gun from the ground as he stood next to Bymaguhreh.

"Boy! Are you scared? Why are you still sitting there like a log? Get your gun loaded. I'm sure they're from the Divine Goat Tribe," said Gongbuya, loading his own gun.

Jahzong sprang up, looked in the direction Bymaguhreh was pointing, and could make out a group of about ten people

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> *Tsamba* is made of ground, whole-grain roasted barley mixed with hot tea, and then rolled into small lumps and eaten. Butter, dried cheese, and sugar are often added, depending on availablity and personal preference.

moving towards them. Shaking like a leaf in the wind, he tried his best to stand still and not show fear. Even though he had killed many animals he had never shot a person. Then he was jerked to the ground, "You want to die? If you keep standing there, they'll shoot you," said Bymaguhreh.

Jahzong's face suddenly became pale. He asked, "Do we really have to shoot them?"

"Of course, if you don't want to die. Just shoot them like shooting rabbits," said Bymaguhreh.

Everything abruptly became quiet. Jahzong listened to the throbs of his own heart. He was not sure if he was afraid or excited, and then nervously remembered his mother saying, "When you kill someone, his soul will return and torture you brutally until you die." He looked at his calm, more experienced companions who had fought in many battles and won respect from others as men of bravery.

The enemies were drawing near. He aimed at the head of the nearest man. He thought it would be easy to blow his head off. His palms sweated desperately. He remembered he had no father. Because of these men, his mother had become a widow at the age of twenty-seven, while her contemporaries enjoyed their husbands and families. He suddenly longed to blast all their heads off. Jahzong looked at Bymaguhreh eagerly with blood-red eyes, silently asking for permission.

"Let them get closer and then we'll miss nobody," murmured Bymaguhreh, as though whispering to himself. Although Jahzong heard, a fire burned in his chest, pushing him to squeeze the trigger. The atmosphere around them became stiff and he felt it was difficult to breathe. Something extraordinarily heavy was pushing down on him. He told himself to be calm and wait for the proper time to fire.

"Bang!" Jahzong fired. The earth-shaking sound of the gun swiftly penetrated the thick air and rushed far inside the small valley, where the Holy Wind Tribe lay shrouded in a deceptive semblance of peace. Villagers thought the gunshot was from hunters in the nearby mountains and ignored it.

The bullet missed its target and warned the enemies, who seemed to vanish into thin air. Bymaguhreh and Gongbuya looked at him distractedly. Both were about to erupt, but an instant later Gongbuya's body jerked fiercely, as though a snake had bitten him, then fell flat before he could utter a word. The other two stared at the log-like body blankly. Next to Gongbuya's spine, near his neck, blood streamed out, feeding a small pool of dark red blood that quickly grew bigger. He was very dead.

Bymaguhreh stared at his friend's corpse motionlessly. Another brave man called back to his origin. Jahzong knelt by the already stiffening body, sobbing quietly, and wondered, "Why are human lives so fragile? Such a small bullet can take your life away without warning. Maybe it is this impermanence that makes life so precious."

"Jahzong, let's go home," Bymaguhreh said a few minutes later, putting the corpse on his back.

"Go home? Gongbuya died because of my mistake. I won't leave. I'm no coward. I'll make them pay, even if my life is taken!" replied Jahzong stoutly.

"It's not your fault. If there is someone to blame, then it's me, Bymaguhreh, not you. You are a child. It's good of you to think that way, but never forget to use your special gift - your brain," he said as they headed home.

The way back was short and quiet, and soon they were in the village. Several black crows flew in lazy circles above, cawing huskily. They were always the first to announce bad news and when the villagers heard them, they came out, one after another, surrounding the living men and the corpse. Several old men scolded Bymaguhreh for coming back without his friend alive. Gradually the crows grew quieter as the villagers went to the martyr's home to console his aged mother, his only close relative. Jahzong stood motionless, unable to forgive himself. The north wind struck his face like a sharp knife. The death of Gongbuya permanently scarred his heart.

A warm hand touched his shoulder softly. "My son! Don't reproach yourself," said his mother tenderly. "It won't change anything. Learn from your mistakes, son."

As this familiar voice came to him, he broke into tears and long mournful sobs. He had thought he was alone in this tremendous world, too weak to survive amid such ruthlessness. Now he realized his mother would always be with him. When he was about to reach out for his eternal refuge - his mother's arms - his legs failed and he fainted.

We shed tears for what we have done but after the tears dry, the same events are repeated amid yet more tears.

hen he awoke the next day, his mother was kneeling in front of the stone Buddha, praying, a slight figure praying piously for her beloved son, tears streaming down her face. She turned at once when she heard Jahzong and said, "You're awake. How do you feel now?"

"Mother! Water! I'm thirsty," he said.

"Don't move, dear! I'll get some. You haven't eaten for a day," she said as she stood to fetch water for him.

As Bahnso handed Jahzong a bowl of water, the signal-bell sounded. Jahzong grabbed his gun, leapt out of bed, and was running unsteadily towards Guhhay in the village center before Bahnso could stop him. All the village men were already gathered around Guhhay, listening intently to his instructions. He squeezed his way through the crowd and stood next to Bymaguhreh. Only Jahzong and Guhhay remained after Guhhay's directives. "Your job is to protect the elders and the children here," Guhhay said.

Jahzong immediately realized that he was not going with the others to the battlefront. "I'm going with you. I want to shoot off the killer's head. I promise I'll obey your orders this time," he pleaded.

"Somebody like you is needed here. Our enemies may attack the village while we're away. Keep both your eyes open in the daytime, and keep one eye open at night, boy," said Guhhay as he mounted his horse and sped like an arrow after the others.

Jahzong stood staring in the direction the others were headed for a long time. The dust left by the rushing horses was drifting away, and the narrow winding path came into view again. The once vibrating path became drab and normal again as he stood there. After many generations, people still trod the same path as their ancestors.

There was nothing to do in the village with the men away fighting. Every day, old women anxiously stared at the same narrow lane, hoping for the men to return. There was little news and the days crawled by like a heavily burdened snail. Even the messenger crows seemed to have grown bored for they had vanished without a trace. The valley became eerily silent. Though Jahzong was only fourteen, he obeyed Guhhay's order. He was the last to sleep every night, though there was little possibility of an attack. The enemies were busy fighting the Holy Wind Tribe, but he still guarded his own post alertly. He did not want to make a fatal mistake twice.

The conflict between the two tribes dragged on for another year. One day while on guard, Jahzong saw a group of exhausted men with tired-out horses behind them lumbering towards the village. Corpses burdened their backs. More widows and fatherless children. This time he was unsure what the reaction to this catastrophe would be.

When the group drew near, Jahzong sensed something terribly wrong. Every time the villagers had retuned from a battle in the past, Guhhay had ridden ahead on his white stallion, majestically leading his loyal followers. Jahzong noticed something missing, something very familiar - Guhhay. Instead of sitting in the saddle, he was bound tightly to his horse's back. Not only his men, but his old horse too, moved feebly forward, as if a heavy burden were pushing them from all directions into the dusty ground. A presumptuous whirlwind started its way through the exhausted people as they inched forward, burying them in furious dust, but nobody paid

attention to this intrusive wind, as they moved mechanically towards the trembling village.

he next day, the villagers gathered in front of the old village prayer wheel house - small groups of people here and there. Nobody spoke, they only looked at each other's faces now and again, waiting for somebody to break the silence. Finally, a stocky man burst forth, "It's no use sitting here without even a fart. Now we, the leaders of the eight villages, are all here. Who has the balls to speak up?"

"Doorgee! I know what you want. You have been waiting a long time for this," responded the leader of Longwa Village, Dorgo, who had always been Guhhay's loyal assistant. He had advised Guhhay to unite the eight villages in order to keep all the villagers safe from the Divine Goat Tribe. Now that Guhhay the great tribal leader had passed away, only a few village leaders wanted to remain united under a single tribal chief. After Guhhay had become the leader of the eight small villages, the village leaders had lost most of their power. Even though they assisted Guhhay with all their might, they secretly hated him and longed for a return to the time when they were more powerful local chiefs.

Another leader stood and said, "We won't reach a decision if we continue like this. Why don't we return to the lives we had before?"

Jahzong was there as the leader of Rangnan Village, according to Guhhay's wishes. He knew nobody would listen to him, a child. He sat silently, but when he heard the discussion about breaking up the Holy Wind Tribe, he wanted to remind these heartless men of the benefits they had enjoyed by being a part of the larger tribe.

The meeting went on for hours without reaching a consensus. Just as everybody expected, the meeting finally broke into a fight - Guhhay's old loyal followers under Dorgo's lead against Doorgee's followers. Jahzong did not join either side but, instead, went to see his grandfather for the last time.

Standing next to Guhhay's naked corpse, Jahzong wept bitter tears that trickled down to his almost-stopped heart. Awakening from his grief, he whispered, "What a kind grandfather and a great leader you were to us all! But now, see? None of your beloved grandsons put even a blanket over your departing body. Your so-called loyal assistants came before the vultures to tear your body into pieces," and his eyes filled with tears again.

A filthy curtain hung in the doorway, keeping the little room dim, warm sunrays hesitating outside the disgraceful screen. Jahzong wondered if there was also such a curtain between Heaven and Hell. Jahzong turned and glanced once more at the motionless corpse with nothing covering it. He stepped to the curtain, grabbed it in his left hand, took his sword in his right hand, and brandished it at the mild-mannered curtain. The sword suddenly paused. The flesh on Jahzong's cheeks jerked and he fell deep into thought, standing with the sword in his right hand before the calm curtain. He realized it was not vital to cover the corpse with something that did not really belong to it. "After all, people enter the world naked," he thought, then strode out towards the village men who were still fighting in front of the sacred prayer wheel house.

The dull sun was falling behind the magnificent mountain behind the shocked village. Some people had stopped fighting and sat on the ground, looking bored and dejected. Others still twisted on the ground with their previous friends. A group without a leader is like scattered sand on the ground.

Doorgee and Dorgo continued to pound each other.

"Stop!" shouted Jahzong as he approached. "Do you want to be conquered by our enemies?"

"You little dog! Don't tell my men to stop. Kill us all if you're brave enough. Nobody can make me stop!" roared Doorgee, not forgetting to launch blows at Dorgo. Doorgee was the best fighter in the whole tribe, and nobody could defeat him.

Jahzong felt his blood boiling under his skin and charged Doorgee. Everyone stopped and turned as they heard a sharp, horrible cry. Jahzong stood with Doorgee's head in his hand, blood streaming from the stump. The headless body lay twitching next to Jahzong's feet, dark red blood spurting from the headless neck.

Everybody was shocked, especially Dorgo. He knew Jahzong, but never expected a fifteen-year-old boy could kill someone like Doorgee in an instant. Meanwhile, Jahzong furiously stared at the open-mouthed people around him. "Our enemies are ready to take our land any time because the most feared one, Guhhay, is gone. And at this critical moment you fight among yourselves. Do you understand what kind of situation we are in now?" Jahzong roared, like an offended lion ready to pounce on its prey.

Those gathered bowed their heads. Nobody uttered a word. Dorgo picked his sword up from beside the stiffened body and walked through the astounded people. He slowly turned as he stepped out of the group. The dilapidated houses creaked as a world-shaking cheer for a new leader drifted vigorously through them. When the warm, exciting cheer reached his ears, Dorgo wondered where this new leader would lead them and then walked to his home, sighing deeply.

Jahzong was lost in thought, thoroughly stupefied by what he had just done. When he recovered from the shock he noticed that he was standing in the village center. A sudden chill passed through his body as he stared at those around him. "Oh! My Buddha! What have I done?" Jahzong asked himself, now regretful. But he also understood that he could not escape from the trap he had set.

"I knew he wasn't a common boy when he was born," an old man said, spinning a big clacking wooden prayer wheel piously.

"Did you hear the thunder the day he was born?" asked another gray-headed man.

Rumors reached the Divine Goat Tribe the following day. The leader rejoiced in the news of an inexperienced boy taking leadership of the Holy Wind Tribe and prepared to lead an attack on them at this moment of weakness. Meanwhile, Jahzong instructed the villagers to prepare to defend their homes. He knew it was difficult to make someone trust you unless they see action. Therefore, he double-checked the tribe's preparation and also asked the elders for advice.

arkness as thick as a blanket seemed to cover the sky. The once noisy village fell silent. Jahzong stared at the dark trees silhouetted against the quiet stars. For the first time in his life he could not sleep. Suddenly an amiable face popped into his mind, and a gentle voice said, "My last thoughts are of you, though I've entered into complete peacefulness. Believe in yourself!" Jahzong would never forget this gentle, touching mirage.

A warm hand drew him back. Standing behind him was his mother. "Get some rest, son, and welcome a new beginning with enthusiasm," she said worriedly.

Warm sunshine filtered through the creviced wooden wall as Jahzong woke up the next day. Outside, birds were singing joyfully in warm sunshine. The air was filled with the aroma of just-brewed milk tea, whetting Jahzong's appetite. His mother was waiting for him when he got downstairs. "Had a good sleep, Son? Bymaguhreh came this morning. He saw you sleeping like a log so he didn't disturb you. He asked you to come and give our people encouragement," she said gently.

"I slept very well, Mother. Can you make me a bowl of *tsamba*?" asked Jahzong as he washed.

"Oh! What will your people think if they discover their leader cannot even make *tsamba*?" she chuckled and then got a bowl to make *tsamba*.

The door slammed open before Bahnso finished making *tsamba*. Bymaguhreh stood in the doorway and wheezed, "They're coming."

"Good! It's been too long since our grandfather was killed in that terrible battle. I've been looking forward to this

chance. Today will be the best day of my life. Let's go!" said Jahzong, reaching for the gun and sword hanging on the central pillar, and then he kissed his mother goodbye. Bahnso watched her son disappear among the others. Two glistening, tremulous tears rolled from her eyes. Once her husband had also told her that the battle was going to end and that they would eat together when he returned, but he never did. Suddenly she stormed back into the house, picked up the bowl of still-warm *tsamba*, and ran after her son.

Everybody was lying still in the newly made trench, waiting for the approaching enemy. Jahzong lay next to Bymaguhreh. Many thoughts tumbled about in his mind. He remembered Gongbuya shot to death at his feet, and the wornout horse carrying Guhhay's corpse, approaching him. Jahzong shuddered. A warm hand softly touched his shoulder. It was Bymaguhreh, staring at him sympathetically, a glint of passion in his eyes. "Will you always stand by me, Bymaguhreh?" asked Jahzong, looking at him fixedly.

"Of course, as long as you need me. I've only met one trustworthy man in my life, but now he isn't with us anymore because of me," Bymaguhreh said, looking into the blue sky. There was no sign of an approaching storm. He continued, "Once a respected lama told me my birth date was an evil day, and I would bring death to those with me. And I brought the devil to Gongbuya and our great leader Guhhay..."

"No. It has nothing to do with you. It was already fated before we came into this world according to our past deeds. No one can change this, not even Buddha," Jahzong replied sincerely.

The click of guns being loaded disturbed their conversation. Jahzong stuck up his head and saw the leader of the Divine Goat Tribe riding his steed majestically ahead of his fellows. Jahzong whispered to the others, "First let's pray," then he bowed his head a little and prayed as the others followed

him. Jahzong then hissed, "OK, let's greet our 'friends'. Fire after me." The men nodded and moved to their posts.

ahzong breathed deeply before he fired. His hands trembled, but nobody noticed because all were busy finding their own targets. He aimed at the head of a man riding a red horse next to the leader. The man fell off his horse as Jahzong squeezed his trigger, landing on his back. As the rest fired after Jahzong, the enemies' horses whinnied and ran wildly in all directions. The fighting continued for several hours. Only a few enemies finally escaped. Jahzong led his men down to the field where the corpses lay to look for anyone still alive, but those who seemed to be dead were, indeed, dead. It was a complete victory and the first time they had defeated their enemies so utterly. Although Guhhay had led them to several victories, both sides had suffered casualties. This time, however, none of the Holy Wind Tribe had been casualties.

Jahzong searched among the corpses for the enemy leader, whom he had not seen escape. Jahzong was sure he had not fled back to his village. As he was about to rejoin his men, he saw the leader's white horse wandering among the corpses. Jahzong ignored this, and walked toward the others, feeling pity for the horse looking for its master.

"Look! Someone is escaping!" someone yelled. Jahzong loaded his gun instinctively and turned toward the fleeing horse.

"It's the enemy leader!" shouted another man.

Jahzong immediately aimed at the man lying flat on the horse's back, quickly diminishing as the horse galloped away. Though Jahzong could only see a black dot on the horse, he fired just as the horse disappeared into the distance. Several men immediately ran after the horse. Some shouted it was impossible that the bullet could have found the man. Some even whispered Jahzong had deliberately missed in fear of the leader's relatives taking revenge. The discouraged runners stopped. All eyes focused on Jahzong, who was still staring into the distance. Suddenly Bymaguhreh jumped out from behind Jahzong and began trotting in the direction the horse had disappeared.

Jahzong felt the air grow warm and squalid, making it hard to breathe. The others watched Bymaguhreh's eversmaller figure. Jahzong closed his eyes and stood still, waiting for Bymaguhreh to reappear empty-handed.

Time seemed reluctant to step forward and Jahzong felt growing panic. He wanted to be a leader like Guhhay but, now that he was almost there, this unexpected escape had leapt into his life. Jahzong wondered if obstacles would continue to present themselves in this way, stopping him before he really got started. Then a figure appeared in the far distance and came slowly nearer. He watched intently, hoping to see Bymaguhreh carrying something. Jahzong closed his eyes, not wanting to see the result he expected. Everyone moved automatically forward as Bymaguhreh approached but Jahzong's feet seemed to no longer obey his commands.

"Oh! Something's on his back! Look! I bet Jahzong's bullet found the bastard," someone shouted.

"Are you sure? Why can't I see that bastard's corpse?" another retorted.

Meanwhile, Bahnso stood waiting for her son at the village entrance, a bowl of *tsamba* in her left hand. The other hand spun a small prayer wheel. Now and again she raised her head to see if her son was returning. The battlefield was just a few miles from the village. The elders, children, and women remained in the village and crowded into the small prayer-wheel building. Though they had been told to stay in their own

homes, everyone gathered in the same place. They felt a need to talk, but when they assembled not a single word was uttered. Only the sound from the small bell hanging in the room next to the big wooden wheel tinkled again and again as the metal bar from the wheel hit it rhythmically, seemingly trying to awaken the worried people from their deep concerns about their loved ones.

When Bymaguhreh drew closer, he dropped the corpse and shouted, "Jahzong, you got him! You got the bastard! You got him right in the head!" Bymaguhreh then ran to Jahzong, who was still standing with his eyes closed, while others rushed toward the stiffening body. "I knew you wouldn't miss that one," said Bymaguhreh, glancing back at the men joyfully kicking the corpse.

"Thank you for going after that bastard," Jahzong said, his eyes shut.

"Can you guess what I saw over there?" asked Bymaguhreh, pointing into the distance.

"What?" Jahzong said.

"I saw the white horse kneeling by that bastard. How sad! It became mad when I tried to capture it for you. It nearly kicked me in the nuts, so I let it go," said Bymaguhreh, disappointedly.

"How can an animal like a horse have such strong feelings for its master?" wondered Jahzong, scratching his head in puzzlement.

"Sometimes they are more human than humans themselves, don't you think?" Bymaguhreh said.

"Yes. Maybe that's the reason why people always ride horses. They're good companions. Do you ever ride a horse? I've never seen you riding one," said Jahzong.

"No. To tell the truth, I'm afraid of riding horses," Bymaguhreh said and blushed. Jahzong had thought Bymaguhreh was not afraid of anything. Jahzong felt someone more real was standing by him now.

"Hey! Do you really think that man deserves this death?" asked Jahzong, looking even more puzzled.

"Certainly! A man like him will burn in Hell for centuries," pronounced Bymaguhreh with absolute assurance, and then joined the men still kicking the increasingly battered corpse.

ahzong also wanted to join his boisterous fellows, but his body turned against his will and he slowly plodded home. On the way, he saw a group of men kicking a man madly. Jahzong was shocked when the tortured man turned to face him, for it was Jahzong himself - a helpless lamb among fiendish wolves - being tormented by an enraged mob.

A bell clanged clearly and passionately and he was relieved to realize it was only a dream and that, somehow, he was at the village entrance. For some reason, Jahzong did not feel happy, though he had won the battle and slain the leader.

When his mother saw Jahzong coming home alone, she did not offer him the bowl of *tsamba* but instead demanded, "Where are the others? Why are you coming home alone? Anything wrong?"

"No. Things went very well - the way we all wanted," he said and left Bahnso standing alone as he trudged on to their home.

Bahnso wondered what had really happened, though her son had told her things had gone well. He had wanted to lead the villagers to defend his own village, but now that he had done just that, he seemed depressed. Bahnso felt tremendous relief but this emotion was restrained when Jahzong appeared to be under such great pressure. She trailed her son home.

Jahzong lay face-down on his small, narrow bed, thinking about his strange dream, wondering what the final destiny of all leaders was. The cracked door opened before he found the answer. His mother entered with a bowl of steaming noodles and said, "Son, eat this. You must be famished."

"Mother, I'm not hungry. Did the other men return?" he asked, sitting up in bed.

"I guess they're back now. Son! What's wrong? You don't look right," Bahnso said and stepped closer. "Son, remember, don't lose passion for your dream. Also remember that reality may not be what you expected when you achieve your dream, for the gods may punish us by granting us our desires."

The bowl of noodles cooled as they talked. Bahnso said she would reheat the noodles and left. Jahzong lay back on the bed. He could not sleep. Every time he was about to fall asleep, the dream returned, keeping him awake. Jahzong looked out the window and saw black clouds rolling east. His mind was full of questions about the troublesome dream.

Bahnso returned with the reheated noodles, but Jahzong was already fitfully sleeping. She covered Jahzong with a wool blanket and left.

Jahzong awoke. He peered through the half-closed window and saw many people hurriedly passing outside. Nobody was in the house when he got downstairs. A wooden bowl sat next to the stove, its lid pushed a little to one side. The family cat had been eating the food prepared for Jahzong. As he stepped to the front door, he wondered why the cat habitually did not eat from its own bowl.

"Ah!" came a sharp cry. He turned, realizing he had bumped someone, and saw Pema standing with noodles all over her robe, staring at him fiercely.

Jahzong laughed and said, "Hey! Pema, look at you! Why were you in such a hurry to eat noodles?"

Pema, Jahzong's childhood sweetheart, suddenly bowed her head as tears streamed like water through a broken dam.

Jahzong was shocked. They had known each other since childhood, but Jahzong had never seen her so distressed. "I'm sorry, Pema, I'm really sorry," Jahzong said, picking up the empty pot. "This pot of noodles was for someone very important, right? I'll ask Mother to cook another pot for you," said Jahzong, heading inside with the pot in his hand.

Before Jahzong reached the threshold Pema said, "Actually, it was for you, Jahzong."

Jahzong halted, slowly turned, and asked, "For me?"

"Yes. This morning the village will celebrate victory over our enemies. I heard that you fought very bravely in the battle," she said, flushing, and then stammered, "And I cooked this for you, myself. But now look..." Pema again broke into tears. Jahzong was astonished. He had never imagined anyone but his mother cooking for him. Jahzong looked above Pema's head in a fluster. He remembered his mother saying, "The prettier a girl, the greater trickster she will be." But when Jahzong saw Pema still sobbing because of his carelessness, he reached out a hand and gently wiped away her tears. He still did not understand why women had such a powerful weapon -tears. Guhhay had told him to be courteous to all and intimate with few, especially with women, whose tears soften a man's passion for life, and erode his strength to live. Even a man of steel may fall on his knees before a woman's tears. Nevertheless, the seed of love was already sprouting in Jahzong's heart.

Before Jahzong could say more to comfort Pema, Bymaguhreh arrived and informed Jahzong that everybody was waiting for him to begin the celebration. Jahzong was puzzled. Why were they waiting for him? Whenever there was a celebration or a meeting, it was an elder's duty to start it. Although Jahzong did not understand, he walked with Bymaguhreh to the gathering, then turned and saw that Pema was gone. He felt something strange tickling his heart something he had never felt before with other girls. A hoarse voice pulled Jahzong back to life. "Hey Jahzong, are you still asleep? You young people never understand how important it is to get up with the early sun and go to bed with the mild moon," Dorgo croaked, rejoining the group of elders.

People stirred a little when someone shouted, "Here comes Jahzong! Make way!" Standing timidly at the center, Jahzong looked around before announcing the beginning of the celebration. People were rejoicing in this moment of peace and joy. Still, Jahzong saw fear and sorrow in the eyes around him.

Just as Jahzong was about to make the announcement, an old man said, "Listen, my people! We've been waiting a long time for this moment. Now, due to this boy, that moment has come." Moistening his throat with barley beer, he continued, "Buddha sent this boy to deliver us from suffering. I have lived ninety winters, and I am very glad to see the sun brighten once again because of Jahzong."

Jahzong did not know what to do except stand silently as everyone happily looked at him. Nobody spoke. The focus had moved to the group of elders at the far end of the crowd. Jahzong also looked over to the group of elders, but he could hear nothing. Only their heads nodded now and again.

"Attention please," a man said, standing up from the group. He smiled at Jahzong and said, "Here I declare by the Sky and the Earth as our witnesses, and in our Lord Buddha's name, that Jahzong is the new leader of the Holy Wind Tribe."

The crowd burst into cheers. Jahzong was astounded, thinking over what Dorgo just said. He slowly moved near Dorgo after calming himself and whispered, "Uncle Dorgo, I'm only sixteen, I'm afraid..."

Dorgo patted Jahzong's shoulder and said, "I know you can do well, better than your predecessor. This is our wish, and Guhhay's as well."

Jahzong looked around at the reveling people and trembled, unsure if he could shoulder this responsibility, but he secretly pledged, "Unless my fragile bones break, I'll never give up."

Bymaguhreh handed Jahzong a large cup of barley beer. As Jahzong offered some to the Three Jewels,<sup>2</sup> those gathered fell silent. He then swallowed the remainder in one mighty gulp, feeling the strong beer burn all the way down, deep into his gut. And with it, his fear vanished. That cup of beer made

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> 'The Three Jewels' refers to the Buddha, the Dharma (Buddha's teachings), and the Sangha (spiritual community).

his speech eloquent, though later Jahzong could not remember much of what he had said.

He was no longer a child.

he revelry continued and Jahzong got very drunk. The next morning when he woke up his head seemed about to explode and he could not understand why some people drank so often. He had found no pleasure from that pungent beer and was never drunk again.

While Jahzong was suffering in bed, a gentle knock sounded from his bedroom door. "Come in," grunted Jahzong without opening his puffy eyes. "Mother, I'm dizzy and don't feel like getting up this morning," Jahzong said, pulling the cover up over his head. There was no reply. Jahzong felt something was odd, reluctantly stuck his head out from under the cover, and saw Pema standing in the door with a bowl of steaming broth. When she saw Jahzong staring at her without blinking, she placed the bowl of broth next to his bed and left. The appetizing smell next to his bed suddenly attracted his attention.

Jahzong felt better after the broth, got up, and went out for fresh air. He closed his eyes, took a deep breath, and understood why Dorgo said it was important to get up early. Jahzong remembered something important and paced to the prayer wheel building where several black crows wheeled about the small building. Other crows perched atop the roof from which dangled the enemy leader's head, its orbits empty. Vivid traces of black blood from the gaping eye sockets added more horror. Jahzong stepped back a little, and felt the broth churning in his stomach.

At that moment an aged, gray-haired woman emerged from the prayer wheel house, chanting the Six Sacred Syllables.<sup>3</sup> "Boy, killing never brings complete peace," she said, lifting her head, and gazing at the bloody head. "It is a lack of understanding, a fear of something different and thus beyond understanding, that makes people act in hateful ways," shaking her head disapprovingly from side to side, and sighing deeply at the sight of the ghastly head. "May the words that flow between people connect us and create for us a world of peace, *Om mani peme hung...*" she intoned.

The head was gone the next day. Nobody expressed knowledge of where it had gone. Elders came to Jahzong to discuss holding a ritual in the face of this disturbing omen. Jahzong said it was unnecessary. Others insisted on inviting a lama from their local monastery. To lessen his fellows' worry, Jahzong eventually agreed and all the monks from the nearby monastery were invited to the village the following day for a ritual that lasted seven days and seven nights. At the end, the lama said the dead man's soul had been delivered to Heaven and would not harm the villagers. The monks were given butter, *tsamba*, and cheese in return, and then they left.

The head was gradually forgotten and life returned to normal, until a pig rooted out a head near the village some days later. The missing head was again recalled. Shortly thereafter, villagers dug out the body from the same place. It was clear someone had buried the head with the body there. When Jahzong was asked what should be done, he told the villagers not to worry since they had already done the ritual. Villagers then offered the corpse to vultures. Enemies or traitors were usually hung from the prayer wheel house till the crows ate all

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> *oM ma Ni pad+me hUM (om mani peme hung*), an oft recited mantra associated with Avalokiteshvara, the Bodhi-sattva of Compassion.

their flesh. Jahzong also did not understand why he had asked his people to feed the corpse to vultures instead of crows. ahzong did not see Pema for several days after the ritual and missed her as though he had lost his soul. Sometimes he stared out the window for hours thinking about her. Worse, he could not sleep well at night, had little appetite, and was becoming progressively thinner. His mother noticed these disturbing changes, but thought Jahzong was a leader and had many things to worry about, and pretended nothing was amiss.

Jahzong passed Pema's home several times hoping to meet her. He talked to her parents more often. Sometimes he had little to say but still visited her home and expressed concern. Every time he visited, it seemed Pema was intentionally hiding.

Bahnso noticed her son was absentminded at breakfast one morning and asked, "Is anything wrong? What bothers you so much that you can't enjoy your meal?"

"Nothing. Nothing is wrong, Mother," Jahzong replied in embarrassment.

"Son, you're getting thinner and I can't help but worry," said Bahnso, tears starting to swim in her loving eyes.

Jahzong was shocked to see his mother's tears of concern. Since he had no father, Bahnso was his everything and he vowed he would never let his mother shed a tear. He knelt in front of Bahnso and said, "I'm truly fine. I must manage many things."

"You're like your father," said Bahnso, staring blankly at the bowls, as if trying to recall the time they had spent together. "He also never wanted me to worry. He often awakened at midnight and paced back and forth near our bed. I knew he was concerned about the newly formed tribe and about the villagers. Whenever I asked, he just said everything was fine." Beads of tears gathered in the wrinkly corners of her eyes. These tears fell on Jahzong's heart. He understood how much she suffered. Many people had lost loved ones. He also knew that much of this suffering was caused by the never-ending conflict with their longtime enemy.

"Mother, can't we make an agreement with our neighboring tribe?" asked Jahzong.

"Son, you don't understand how greedy they are. They took most of our land and still want more," said Bahnso, wiping away her tears.

"If we don't try, we'll never succeed," said Jahzong, standing up abruptly from his stool.

"We did try but they didn't keep their vow," said Bahnso, her attention drifting from Jahzong. "Do you know how many brave men lost their lives last time they broke their promise? I understand what you're thinking, but don't forget they are untrustworthy," she concluded, got up, and went out to feed the complaining pigs.

Jahzong knew maintaining a good relationship with the village elders was critical. He was the nominal leader, but the real decision-making power was in their hands. Jahzong was still a boy in their eyes. He was the leader only because this was their former leader's command. Some young men also thought he was capable, thus there was general agreement over leadership.

Jahzong called the elders and Bymaguhreh to come to his home, and asked what they thought about the conflict, and whether they should stop. As Jahzong expected, the answer was unanimous. None wanted to end the conflict since their enemies were insincere. Jahzong then agreed it was useless to urge them to negotiate, although he believed killing would not bring real peace.

The meeting was soon over. After all the elders left, Jahzong was about to close the door when a familiar figure passed by. Jahzong rushed out. It was Pema, carrying a wooden bucket of water on her back, moving along like a snail. Jahzong paused, unsure of what to say. When he made up his mind to speak, she had vanished.

Jahzong blamed himself for not acting more decisively. He was puzzled why he was desperate to meet her, but then wilted when she was just several steps away. He returned to his room as deflated as a punctured yak bladder and went to bed without eating. His mother knocked on his door several times. Though he was awake he did not reply. He lay on his bed, his mind full of images of Pema.

Finally giving up the idea of sleeping, he quietly slipped outside where the only sound he could hear was the pulsating of his heart into which everything seemed to have merged. He stopped by the high wall of Pema's home, hesitated for several minutes, and wondered if he should climb up the wall or just go back to bed. At last he decided it was wrong to disturb somebody so late at night, though climbing over walls to sleep with unmarried village women was a common nighttime activity for young men. He heard his mother coughing loudly on purpose when he entered his bedroom. This time when he lay down, he quickly fell asleep.

year passed and nothing happened between Jahzong and Pema. Then, suddenly, Jahzong heard the news of Pema's impending marriage one crisp spring morning. He could not believe it, and climbed over her home compound wall for the first time that night. When he entered her chamber it seemed she was expecting him. They sat next to each other on the bed for a long while. "I've been waiting for this moment all these years. Finally you're here, but I think it will also be the last time," said Pema, removing her robe.

"Why didn't you tell me about this?" asked Jahzong, fire burning in his eyes.

Pema dropped her robe on the floor and said, "Why didn't I tell you about this? Why didn't you propose? You idiot!"

Regret flooded Jahzong's heart. "I'm sorry. It's all my fault," he said, lowering his head in shame.

Pema reluctantly smiled. Was she really waiting for this late apology as she stood naked before Jahzong, displaying beauty shaped by nature? Her light-brown skin beamed soft and smooth in clearly-carved curves. Jahzong's heart sank and he dared not look at her, though he had longed to hold her in his aching arms. "OK, since you are here tonight, there's no reason to refuse. Let's just do it quickly," said Pema, lying down.

This pierced Jahzong's heart like a dagger. He stood, his lust gone, took a last glance at this natural beauty, and dashed home. His mother came out of her room when his bedroom door slammed behind him, gently pushed the door open, and found Jahzong sitting on the edge of his bed, his face buried in

his hands. Bahnso went over and stroked his tousled hair. He slowly lifted his head and glanced at his mother, noticing more wrinkles on her face. He had been so occupied by thoughts of Pema that he had almost forgotten his dear mother. This frail woman standing silently before him radiated warmth from her glimmering eyes. Jahzong felt bitter happiness. Every time he was depressed, she was the one he turned to. What an undutiful son he had been! A son meant happiness to a family, but he could not remember when he had brought happiness to his kind mother. She had been living in grief and mourning since he was born. Her strong shoulders were increasingly stooped by worries and troubles created by her only child. He thought if his deceased father could see what had become of Bahnso, he would not forgive his careless son.

Bahnso told him to go to bed early because, as the leader, he had to bless the bride the next morning, and left the room after covering Jahzong with a blanket. Although he had to wish his loved-one happiness as the leader and not as a husband, he felt the heavy burden was completely gone. He realized how warm and comfortable the home made by his mother was that night for the first time.

Loud singing awakened Jahzong, who thought he was dreaming, then immediately understood that he was late for the bridal departure ceremony. Everybody looked joyful when he arrived a short time later, but Pema's eyes moistened with tears when he wished her happiness. Pretending not to notice, Jahzong escorted her to the groom's home with the other villagers.

Our ancestors made a home in the wilderness, where a man and a woman could live. We are people who take our joy, our courage, and our greatness from pasture and tilled earth, but now this land is the cause of countless deaths.

ymaguhreh stopped Jahzong at the gate, looked around, and whispered, "The Divine Goat Tribe is choosing a new leader today."

Jahzong looked puzzled and said, "So? What's your point?"

"Don't you think it's a very good chance?" said Bymaguhreh, grinning like a naughty boy who had just done some mischief.

Jahzong was totally lost, unable to fathom what Bymaguhreh was thinking. Bymaguhreh always kept a cool approach, and was very straightforward. He liked him for his calm, frank manner. Today he seemed another man. Jahzong knew he had something important to say, but he did not know how to get him to talk. He stared sharply into Bymaguhreh's eyes and then said nothing, knowing sometimes it was better to remain silent.

"Hey, Leader, don't look at me like that!" said Bymaguhreh, his face flushing as red as an apple. "Don't you think it's the best time to give them some bullets?"

Jahzong would surely have agreed a couple of years earlier, and galloped back home to get his weapons. Now he was more restrained and asked, "Who else knows about this?"

"Nobody except Dorgo. I heard it from him but I think all the others are ready," said Bymaguhreh, sensing criticism in the way Jahzong stared at him.

Jahzong knew Dorgo had been waiting for such a chance ever since Guhhay's death. Though he had been loyal, Guhhay had never entrusted much power to him, having concluded that Dorgo, while faithful, did not have much of a brain. Without saying anything more, Jahzong rushed to the gathering place and found Dorgo giving orders to the villagers. "How can you decide this without me?" he calmly asked Dorgo. That was Jahzong - he never showed his real thoughts to others.

All the villagers but Dorgo bowed to Jahzong when they heard him. Jahzong said not a word to the elders, though they never bowed to him. He was convinced that one day they would all show him respect.

"I didn't want to bother you with such trifles, son, so I decided," said Dorgo, smiling complacently.

Jahzong's eyes swept over the still villagers and then he turned to face Dorgo, who was still smiling proudly. "Did any of the other elders agree with your decision?" Jahzong asked in a still calm tone.

Dorgo looked a little confused. This was not what he had expected. As his smile disappeared, he replied in a slightly shaky voice, "They don't know about this, but I think they would agree if I informed them. I know they are all determined to avenge Guhhay. I'll surely go, even if everyone else stays," he concluded forcefully, stirring the gathered villagers' morale.

"Yes, what you say is right, Uncle. But I suggest that we not go because nobody is really sure about this leader selection," Jahzong said.

"You think it's a trap? Let those who think so stay here," Dorgo sneered.

"No, Uncle, I mean..." said Jahzong.

"I'll be responsible for what happens," said Dorgo, and ordered the villagers to set out at once.

As Jahzong saw them disappearing from sight, he remembered the last time Guhhay had led men to the battlefield and had returned dead. Jahzong thought many innocent people from the other village would die. He felt helpless that his men were going to kill children and old people, but he could do nothing to stop it.

"I know you tried. Let's go home," Bymaguhreh said, standing beside him.

"Do you think what I'm doing is right?" asked Jahzong, doubting himself.

Bymaguhreh shrugged and said nothing. Jahzong slowly headed home. Pigs rooted around, looking for food. He stopped at Pema's gate for a few seconds, and then went straight home. He knew news from the battlefield would come soon.

Jahzong waited impatiently at his home with the elders, who feigned unconcern as they sipped tea and talked animatedly. Only Jahzong sat near the fire pit without talking. The door opened and everybody turned around. Bymaguhreh came in with a worried look and said, "No news?" then sat next to Jahzong, who shook his head helplessly without looking up.

"Hey, you two look like someone died. Things will be fine. Boys, come over here and have some tea with us," said an elder as the others laughed vigorously.

Jahzong and Bymaguhreh ignored them. Both were lost in their own thoughts. Bymaguhreh was thinking about the time with Jahzong at the fort - the little boy who had trembled when the enemies approached was now worrying about the men he led.

Jahzong was quietly praying for his men's safe return when the door opened again. All eyes swept to the door as a man stumbled in. Everyone held their breath. "It was a trap. We were attacked," he wheezed. "Some were killed. The rest were captured. Only I ... " he trailed off and then sobbed like a child.

Everybody stared at the man openmouthed. Jahzong slowly got up, moved to the door, suddenly turned, and said, "Bymaguhreh, get your gun. Let's go." It was already dark as rain began to fall. Bymaguhreh returned quickly with his gun and, though some elders objected, they rushed into the night's dark jaws.

The Divine Goat Tribe was not far away, but the heavy rain and the darkness made the meandering path difficult and hazardous to navigate. When Jahzong and Bymaguhreh finally reached their destination, only a few families were still up, signaled by sparks blowing out from the small open vents on the roofs and then quickly extinguished by the pouring rain. Streams of muddy water ran along worn-out paths. No human could be seen.

"Leader, where shall we go now?" asked Bymaguhreh, wiping away the bothersome water from his forehead.

"I'm not sure," Jahzong said, pushing wet hair away from his eyes as he looked around, "but I know this tribe has a meeting hall. We'll find our men when we find that building."

"We haven't a clue where it is. It's so dark, I can hardly see my own fingers," Bymaguhreh said in frustration.

"Let's find their meeting hall," said Jahzong, standing in the rain, the water invading the surface of every part of his body.

"Yes! Somewhere at the village center," said Bymaguhreh through clenched teeth.

"Let's find it, and the quicker the better," said Jahzong, entering the labyrinthine village.

Amid unrelenting rain, Jahzong and Bymaguhreh searched a long time, but all the buildings looked the same in the dark. Jahzong climbed up walls several times hoping to see something familiar. Surprisingly, not even a single local man appeared. It seemed all the locals had vanished without a trace. Panting heavily, Bymaguhreh suddenly ran up to Jahzong, who was atop a wall, searching for anything promising. "Leader! I found it!" he said, pulling Jahzong down from the wall. "I found their meeting hall!"

Jahzong was a little disappointed Bymaguhreh had not found their men, but it was a ray of hope. They ran swiftly to a majestic, rectangular hall. Jahzong pulled out his knife without hesitation and pried the lock from the door. Bymaguhreh pushed it open and entered first.

"Leader, here! They're here," yelled Bymaguhreh. Dorgo was tied to a stout pillar while the others were lashed together around the building's other pillars. They tried to rise from the ground when they heard Bymaguhreh, but failed. Some could not stand because they had been tortured, as evidenced by still-bleeding lash wounds. Dorgo's robe was cut to pieces and his messy hair clung to fresh wounds on his face.

"Can you walk?" asked Jahzong in concern.

Everybody nodded, though some had injured feet. Jahzong told them to walk as quietly as possible, while he and Bymaguhreh protected them.

"I'm staying with you, Jahzong," said Dorgo.

"No. Uncle Dorgo, the path is very dangerous. Your task is not to let anyone slip off," ordered Jahzong. Most men were soon outside the village. Only the men carrying their friends, who were unable to walk, hung back. Jahzong and Bymaguhreh were behind them, prodding them to hurry and catch up with the others.

s Jahzong expected, a local man soon sounded the alarm that the prisoners had escaped. The silent village sprang to life and lit up as men emerged with torches. As their enemies tried to surround them, Jahzong fired at them, attracting all the enemy's attention. Now the enemy chased Jahzong and Bymaguhreh, which was Jahzong's intent. He knew his men would be in danger again if he did not do this. Fortunately, Bymaguhreh knew another path back to the Holy Wind Tribe settlement. They fired at their enemies without aiming as they ran, leading them in the wrong direction. It was too dark to see much of anything.

Jahzong and Bymaguhreh were near their home territory after about an hour of running. Their pursuers' torches fell farther behind. Just as Jahzong slowed his pace something struck his right shoulder followed by a warm stream of blood combined with cold rain dribbling down his back. He suddenly felt he had no energy to continue. Bymaguhreh did not notice and continued trotting ahead. As Jahzong touched the aching place he felt his own warm blood spurting out from the wound.

"Leader, why are you still here? I thought you were right behind me. Rest after we get back to our own territory. Let's go!" urged Bymaguhreh, reaching out to pull Jahzong to his feet.

Though the burning wound on his shoulder made Jahzong nearly faint, he knew it was not the right time or place to stop, for the enemy might catch up with them at any moment. He pushed hard and stood. It seemed his mind had lost control over his body. He wanted to run after Bymaguhreh but his heavy feet did not obey.

Utterly exhausted, Jahzong could no longer walk after some minutes and nearly fainted. Darkness crashed down from everywhere. Though he had never felt so physically challenged, he was unafraid and told himself that he could not die because he bound all his tribesmen together. Bymaguhreh was squatting next to him when he opened his eyes again.

"My Buddha! Are you OK?" Bymaguhreh exclaimed.

"How long was I unconscious? How far are we from home?" asked Jahzong, touching his wound, now wrapped by a piece of cloth torn from Bymaguhreh's robe.

"Within several miles. I'm very worried. You were lying here when I came back searching for you. I thought what the lama said was true - that whoever walks into my life will die," said Bymaguhreh sorrowfully.

"Don't believe what the lama said. I'm not dead," said Jahzong, managing a faint smile.

"Let me carry you. It's been a long time since we separated from the rest. They're probably waiting for us back in the village," said Bymaguhreh, squatting and gesturing for Jahzong to get on his back.

"I can walk. A man can't be defeated by such a small bullet," Jahzong said, trying to stand.

"There's no time to argue! Get on my back!" Bymaguhreh barked. "I wanted to be tough at your age, too, but toughness is situational. You don't need to prove your toughness to me," said Bymaguhreh.

Jahzong insisted on walking back to the village on his own two feet. The rain lessened as they neared their village and then the early-risen roosters crowed.

vercast faces brightened as Jahzong and Bymaguhreh trudged dolefully into the village. When the villagers saw Jahzong's hands trembling, they all put their heads down like children about to confess mischief. Nobody uttered a word, understanding that words do not undo what has been done. Jahzong yearned to go home and rest, but nobody else showed any sign of going home. He went through the crowd holding Bymaguhreh's hand. His eyelids were so heavy he could hardly keep them open. It continued raining, but none sought shelter. Jahzong stood in the center of the village, his right arm in a bloody sling. The elders were all there, their bloodshot eyes testimony that they had not slept all night. "It's good that all of you returned," said an old man.

Everyone bowed their heads lower and kept still. Dorgo bowed his head down to his heels in guilty remorse. Jahzong slowly stepped out from the crowd and said, "Everybody go home and rest. We'll discuss this later," and left for home with Bymaguhreh helping him.

A bullet had passed through Jahzong's right shoulder and he was weak from losing blood. All the captured men were back in the village before noon the next day. Everyone visited him and paid their respects. Jahzong had gained complete respect and trust from his people.

Jahzong recovered after several days of rest and then called a meeting. Jahzong was then informed that Jikmed, Guhhay's grandson, had not returned. Men had gone out the next morning hoping to find him, but had returned emptyhanded. Since there seemed to be no hope for Jikmed, no one had told Jahzong in concern for his convalescent health. Dorgo

apologized for his wrong judgment and for Jikmed's death, and said he would keep his promise. According to tribal law he deserved twenty lashes for defying his leader, but that was insufficient because Jikmed had died. Strict tribal law dictated that he be hanged in the presence of all tribal members but Jahzong pardoned him.

All the elders presented strips of silk to Jahzong indicating their respect at the meeting, signaling that Jahzong was now the true leader of the Holy Wind Tribe.

he year was busy with opening more land for cultivation, repairing several key bridges, and building a new two-story house for Jahzong that he did not move into because Bahnso thought their old house was perfectly fine. That year saw a very good harvest. Some villagers had no place to store their excess grain; consequently, Jahzong's new home became a storehouse.

Jahzong the sent a message to Divine Goat Tribe to negotiate, but there was no response. Some days later he heard that Pema's husband had been struck by lightning and died. That night he dreamed about his childhood with Pema - they were playing with Guhhay's saddle. She fell from the saddle, and Jahzong reached out to catch her. He awakened when he rolled against the wood wall by his bed. Unable to sleep, he went to the window and found it was unnaturally bright outside. He stuck his head out the window and then his heart nearly stopped - his new house was on fire! Fierce flames whirled and twisted cruelly into the sky.

Jahzong grabbed an ax and raced outside. He heard a crack near the gate and thought it was from the fire. Then he heard another crack, a bullet whacked into the wall near him, and he realized someone was shooting at him. More men ran out when they heard the gunshots, but nobody knew the sniper's location. They went back inside as Jahzong ordered.

The new house and the grain were nothing but ashes by daybreak. Time passed and then some women went out first to see if the sniper was near. The men emerged from their houses after they thought it was safe. Everybody was about to explode with anger as they stood next to the pile of smoldering ashes.

Dorgo said nothing, only looked at Jahzong, who said that they still had enough food for the rest of the year and no one was wounded. The villagers began building another new house that day at the same site.

The elders suggested bodyguards should go with Jahzong wherever he went, and that nobody should go outside the village unless they were armed. Jahzong thought, however, that their enemies would not soon attack. Life in the village did not change much, though people were more alert. Then news came that the Divine Goat Tribe would soon attack. Some said they should strike before their enemies attacked, while others said they should negotiate. Jahzong ignored them all, understanding it was not the right time to negotiate and wanting to avoid more bloodshed.

People trusted Jahzong with their lives since he had rescued many of the village men from certain death. With their lives in his hands, he also understood that there was no room for mistake. Every day he gathered the elders and discussed the next step. Although it was difficult for him to go out because of his bodyguards, he still went to spy on the other tribe.

middle-aged mother told Jahzong one morning that her son was missing, adding that he had never before spent a night out without telling her. Jahzong was not very concerned because he knew a boy would not always stay with his mother. He told the mother to go home and wait for news, and then he visited several families and asked if they had seen the boy. Someone said the boy had gone to look for a lost yak. Jahzong sensed something was amiss because the place he had gone was near the Divine Goat Tribe's territory. Jahzong asked Bymaguhreh to take some men and search for the boy.

Bymaguhreh was gone for two days and there was no news. Jahzong then sent Dorgo after Bymaguhreh. Dorgo soon returned with the news that Bymaguhreh was returning. When Jahzong asked if the boy had been found, Dorgo said he was not sure because he returned when he had seen Bymaguhreh in the far distance. Everyone stood at the village gate waiting for Bymaguhreh's return. The mother fainted when she saw a horse carrying a corpse mutilated to the point that the child could hardly be identified. This greatly offended Jahzong. The boy was only ten years old. Jahzong immediately gathered the men and said, "I had hoped we would not need to shed more blood, but look at this poor little boy." He closed his eyes for a moment and continued, "They are inhuman. They are monsters. As long as I live I will make them pay for this little boy's blood." He jumped onto his horse and galloped away and the other men followed.

The village women gathered at Jahzong's home after the men left and performed religious rituals for the dead boy under Bahnso's guidance. The place where the boy had been killed was deserted except for yaks belonging to the Divine Goat Tribe, which Jahzong ordered them rounded up and driven to their village.

Just as the women were about to go home after finishing the death rituals, they saw many yaks being driven towards the village. They understood when the men appeared behind the yaks, and quickly made a pen with ropes. The yaks were driven inside, and then the men dismounted and waited for Jahzong's orders.

"Listen! We must have no mercy because they ignored the consequence of killing an innocent child," Jahzong said, looking at the captured yaks. "Everybody get your knives ready. Let's share this meat!"

The men jumped in among the penned livestock and began slaughtering the terrified, bellowing yaks. The women were soon busy dividing the meat fairly between each household. Rivulets of blood trickled from the piles of hides and the village reeked with the smell of fresh blood. Flocks of frustrated, squawking crows circled the village, making quick dives at the heaps of fresh meat they had no hope of stealing.

Jahzong understood he had lit the fuse of battle and that terrible conflict would ensue. He pondered how outdated their weapons were - all artifacts passed down from their ancestors - and how they lacked weapons and ammunition. He wanted to equip his men with better guns and adequate ammunition, but where was the money? Old weapons ensured losing the battle. Jahzong was on the horns of a dilemma.

ymaguhreh came to Jahzong's one night after dinner a couple of days later, worried about their weapons. "Leader, how confident are we of defeating the Divine Goat Tribe?" asked Bymaguhreh, as Bahnso retreated to the small kitchen.

"I don't know," sighed Jahzong.

"Our guns are too much for little birds, but our despicable enemies? Can we blow their heads off with our rusty matchlocks?" asked Bymaguhreh, smiling ironically.

"Honestly, we can't win with our old weapons, and we lack ammunition," Jahzong said, adding wood to the fire. He looked up as the fire suddenly burned more energetically. "I understand and I'm also very concerned about having new guns, but how can we get that much money?" said Jahzong helplessly, and then slowly stood and paced back and forth.

"Leader, I have a solution. Why don't we collect the meat we distributed to the families? We can exchange it for barley," Bymaguhreh said, admiring himself for coming up with such a good idea.

"Should we put barley into our guns instead of bullets?" asked Jahzong, his worried face darkening, as though Bymaguhreh had profoundly offended him.

"Oh! My leader, please be patient," said Bymaguhreh, handing a bowl of warm tea to Jahzong. "We can sell the meat to other villages. Then do you still think we have to put barley in our guns?" he asked.

"Bymaguhreh, why didn't you suggest this earlier? I knew you would come up with a solution," said a now delighted Jahzong. He quickly put the bowl of tea on the floor and said,

"Go tell the others to collect the remaining meat, then ask Dorgo and other elders to come meet me here."

The young village men busily collected the meat. No one understood what was going on, but when they were told that it was Jahzong's idea, they knew he was planning something.

"Jahzong, who do you think you should send to sell the meat?" asked an old man.

"Our lives depend on this," said another man anxiously.

Jahzong nodded and calmly said, "Yes, that's why you're all here. I want you to choose a trustworthy man to lead this caravan."

"What if our enemies attack before our trade caravan returns? What shall we do?" asked Dorgo.

Jahzong's overcast face lit up and then he said, "I have a plan. At present the most important thing is to start. How about Bymaguhreh leading the caravan, and one of you go with him to assist?"

"Let me go," Dorgo volunteered.

"No, Uncle Dorgo, I have something else for you to do," Jahzong said as he looked at the quiet men, silently demanding a volunteer.

Cewang, another of Guhhay's loyal men, looked around. Everyone stared at their feet and kept abnormally quiet. Cewang turned to Jahzong and said, "OK, I'll go. I'll do whatever is necessary to protect our caravan." Jahzong approved. Cewang had served Guhhay the longest time and had always been reliable.

"Uncle Dorgo, go to Dali and order new rifles. You are the only expert on guns in our tribe. Take no more than four men with you," said Jahzong, waving his right hand, indicating dismissal.

After the meeting, Dorgo started out first with four men to Dali, which was two days away by horse to the southeast. Bymaguhreh prepared to leave the next morning to sell the meat. Jahzong told the other elders to keep this decision a secret from the other villagers. If everybody knew about it, then there was no doubt that the enemy tribe would quickly learn it, too. Jahzong had set not only himself, but also the whole tribe on fire. As long as this was kept secret, there was no increased danger to them.

ahzong took several men and made an inspection tour around his territory after Bymaguhreh left. He designated several new sentry posts for his men to patrol every day.

Seven days passed and Bymaguhreh and Cewang returned with enough money to buy the needed rifles. There was no news from Dorgo.

When Dorgo arrived in Dali, Lhamojew, the local tribal leader, warmly welcomed him with a splendid reception. Lhamojew was Guhhay's old friend, asked Dorgo nothing, and told him to stay as long as he wished. Dorgo was sure Lhamojew had heard about the conflict with the Divine Goat Tribe and was also certain that the leader had guessed why he had come to Dali. Dorgo decided he should not waste any more time enjoying himself in Dali since his tribesmen were waiting for guns. He went to Lhamojew's home that night and said, "My old friend, today I am here to ask a favor," bowing his head in respect. "The Holy Wind Tribe is in a great predicament and we need your help, Leader."

"I heard something about your tribe and your old man. Why didn't he designate you or Cewang as the next leader?" asked Lhamojew, shaking his head from side to side, clucking disapprovingly. "I also hear that a child is now in charge of the whole business," he said patting Dorgo's shoulder sympathetically.

"I don't have the money with me now, but I'll send the money later, Leader," said Dorgo.

"I understand your situation, but this is business, my friend," Lhamojew said, turning away. "I would surely give you the guns if this were the past, but now everything is different. The old man is no longer the leader. Instead, a child is leading stupid people against another tribe. I don't mean to insult your young leader or his people, but that's reality," said Lhamojew.

"My old friend, you don't trust me?" asked Dorgo.

Lhamojew thought for a moment and said, "No, I just can't afford to lose my guns. If you want me to help you retake the territory that belongs to you, I won't say no."

Dorgo replied, "I'm not the leader. I need your guns to defend my tribe and my land. Please don't refuse my request."

"I don't understand why you are so loyal to this little child. Why don't you lead the people yourself?" asked Lhamojew in puzzlement.

"My friend, everybody is waiting for the guns. Please believe me and believe my leader," said Dorgo, falling to his knees.

"Since you have nothing to give as a deposit why don't you leave your right hand here?" asked Lhamojew with a malicious grin.

Dorgo swiftly unsheathed his sword and chopped off his right hand in one fluid motion, astounding Lhamojew. He had said he wanted Dorgo's hand in jest, not believing Dorgo would do it without blinking. Lhamojew paced back and forth near the blood-covered hand. The hand's fingers were tightly clenched as though angry in memory of the pain it had endured in being severed from its master. Lhamojew wondered why this stubborn man trusted his young leader with his heart and soul.

"My friend, will you now give me the guns? I swear in Buddha's name that I will bring you the money!" said Dorgo, clenching his bloody stump, and beginning to shake as shock set in.

Lhamojew had no choice and called a boy to get the guns for his old friend, Dorgo. If a leader did not keep his word, then no one trusted him. Though Lhamojew asked him to stay some days for his wound to heal, Dorgo said he had already stayed too long and left with the rifles.

Dorgo fell off his horse halfway to the Holy Wind Tribe. He could no longer ride because the wound had become infected. Weak and feverish, he ordered the other men to proceed with the rifles.

ahzong was awakened by a loud knock on his door. He grabbed his long knife by his bed and sprang up. "Who is it?" Jahzong demanded.

"It's me," Bymaguhreh said.

Jahzong slowly opened the door, knife in hand. It was indeed Bymaguhreh, wearing a grief-stricken face. "Anything wrong, Bymaguhreh?" asked Jahzong.

"One of our guards came with the news that the men are back from Dali," Bymaguhreh said as his eyes moistened.

"Good news! Good news! Why aren't you happy, Bymaguhreh?" asked Jahzong, sheathing his knife.

"Dorgo's lying somewhere between Dali and our village, or maybe he's already dead," Bymaguhreh said, twisting his hands together in anguish.

"Tell me what happened," Jahzong said in a trembling voice.

Bymaguhreh buried his head in his hands. Tears dropped onto the floor through his fingers. "He cut his right hand off to make the heartless leader of the Dali Tribe trust us. He became so ill halfway back home that he could no longer ride. He ordered the others to return with the guns," concluded Bymaguhreh, tears trickling down his cheeks.

Jahzong's heart sank. He was touched by such loyalty, which gave him increased confidence that they would win the coming battle. Jahzong looked at the sinking moon and marveled that he had changed so much that sometimes he could no longer recognize himself. At first he had wanted to end the conflict without shedding blood, but now he wanted to

slaughter whoever threatened his tribe. He had decided preparing for war was the best way to ensure peace.

"Bymaguhreh, send two men to find Dorgo at dawn, and tell them I want him brought back alive," said Jahzong, as the eastern sky began glowing. ne or two early risers were fetching water from the nearby stream when Bymaguhreh left Jahzong's home with disheveled hair. He stopped outside the gate as a gentle breeze blew his sleepiness away, his eyes bloodshot from tears and tiredness. Another busy day began.

Bahnso made a generous breakfast for Jahzong and herself as usual. The elders had suggested that Bahnso keep helpers to manage the housework, but she refused. She waited downstairs for Jahzong to get up, but went upstairs when he failed to appear after a long wait. She knocked on his door several times, received no reply, pushed the door open, and found the room empty. She went downstairs and tried to eat breakfast but the food was not tasty without a companion. She covered the warm food with a big wool pad and began repeating Buddhist chants in the small shrine in the house. Chanting was now her main occupation since villagers did much of her usual work.

A lama had told Bahnso that if her son committed any sin she, too, was a sinner, for she was his mother. She had been praying to accumulate merit for both her son and herself ever since. Now she spent most of her time praying and chanting, though she was not sure her devotion was enough to cleanse her son's sins.

Jahzong and his men were admiring the new rifles. Jahzong held one. The new gun's odor of oil roused his interest to test it. As he looked about for a target, a man suggested putting a cartridge atop a wall. Jahzong agreed and the man ran over and positioned a cartridge case on a wall. The target was

not very clear but he confidently aimed at it. Everybody was utterly quiet. "Bang!" went his gun and the cartridge case flew into the distance, amazing everyone there with this display of marksmanship. Jahzong faced his men with satisfaction, nodded slowly, and said, "Make a line. Each of you will receive a new gun," handing the just-fired rifle to the first man.

The men stood in front of Jahzong with the new rifles and cartridges, radiating the aura of an unconquerable army. Jahzong did not take one because he had been using his father's gun ever since he could shoot and refused to change. "Each of you fire three times to check your guns now," he ordered, like a commander-in-chief.

Jahzong watched as the men shot, and was pleased. He had been concerned about the coming conflict, but was now confident.

His men fell back in line after the gun test, and waited for the next order. "Listen! These guns are not to be used for hunting, but for shooting our enemies. Remember that only one side will survive," Jahzong said, gazing again at the shining rifles in his men's hands. "Take good care of your guns. Dorgo left his right hand in Dali for them. There is still no news about him. We hope he isn't dead." The men's lowered heads featured eyes smoldering with hatred. Bymaguhreh stepped out from the front line and said, "Leader, we shouldn't let Dorgo's hand lie in a strange place. Leader, it was your father and Guhhay who helped Lhamojew become the leader of the Dali Tribe. Many of his followers starved to death and later, when he became the leader, our tribe gave them fifty bags of barley for free. Lhamojew promised he would help our tribe if we ever needed it," Bymaguhreh shook his new rifle vigorously in the air, studying everybody's face. He continued, "And now this heartless bastard insults Dorgo like a dog. This will be recorded in the history of our tribe, and we will live in shame forever."

Jahzong understood what Bymaguhreh meant, but it was not the time for an eye for an eye. They would soon face the Divine Goat Tribe. "We will get his hand back, but not now," Jahzong said, glancing at Bymaguhreh, whose face was dark with fury. "I understand, but I hope all of you understand this situation. Our greatest danger is from the Divine Goat Tribe, not from Dali. If you want your children and women to lead a peaceful life, then the Divine Goat Tribe is the first obstacle we must overcome."

Bymaguhreh was as silent as the others for he understood Jahzong better than anyone else. Though he was older than Jahzong, he respected and obeyed him and regretted what he had just said. The problem from the other tribe was already annoying enough that Jahzong could only sleep fitfully. Mentioning Lhamojew had added more pressure on his trusted leader. Bymaguhreh stood like a log when the others left.

"Bymaguhreh, do you have anything to say?" asked Jahzong, as though nothing had happened.

"I'm sorry, Leader," Bymaguhreh said.

"What you said is right. I don't blame you for what you said. Indeed, I should thank you," said Jahzong, smiling warmly.

Instead of being angry, Jahzong thanked him. Bymaguhreh was really puzzled. "Thank me? For what?" he asked.

"For helping me understand what others are thinking about all this. I know they think the same way, they just didn't tell me," said Jahzong with a shrug.

"I know you inside and out, but I still couldn't control myself. When I think about Dorgo, the only thing in my mind is revenge," said Bymaguhreh, shaking his head.

hen they both went home, laughing like two friends who had met after a long separation. Nobody was in the kitchen when Jahzong arrived. The covered food was still near the fire pit, but the fire was dead. Jahzong heard somebody chanting in the shrine, followed the sound, and found his mother, whom he joined, kneeling before newly bought Buddha images. The stone Buddha was also there, but looked inconspicuous among the new colorful images. Jahzong made three prostrations and then pleaded, "Mother, I'm hungry, please cook something," rubbing his mother's back, like a kitten showing intimacy to its master.

"Go eat the food by the fire," said his mother, not bothering to open her eyes.

"It's cold already," he said.

"Of course it's cold because I cooked it this morning for breakfast," said Bahnso.

"Mother, I had something very important to do this morning," said Jahzong, holding his mother.

"What was so important? Even more important than your mother?" Bahnso asked, pushing Jahzong's hands away.

"Mother, we got some new guns. Now we don't have to be afraid of our enemies," said Jahzong with glistening eyes.

"Didn't you say you were not going to let our tribe shed more blood?" asked Bahnso.

"I now understand the value of preparing for war if you want peace. I used to believe that killing couldn't bring us peace, but now I believe that if you don't hit the man bullying you, he'll hit you again," Jahzong said.

"Don't say such things here in the shrine. Remember that you can get anything in this world except medicine for salvation," said Bahnso, standing up after having knelt a long time.

"I don't do things I'll later regret, Mother, but I'm already regretting not having breakfast this morning," said Jahzong, rubbing his grumbling stomach and smiling.

Jahzong gorged himself on the food Bahnso soon prepared and served. Bahnso sat looking at her son and could not help but giggle, and then gave him her food since she was not hungry. Jahzong polished off his mother's food without looking up from his bowl. Once full, he yawned then remembered he had another duty, and went outside to see who was on guard. There was no room for carelessness.

Bymaguhreh was at the first post and then they inspected the night sentinels, who seemed well prepared for any unexpected incident.

There were few people outside, though darkness had not completely descended. Every home door was tightly closed, as if there was a general fear of intruders. Jahzong wondered when the storm would come to his beloved tribe. Luck and misfortune favor the same person time and again.

ahzong set out for the sentry post the next morning and, on the way, encountered a nun sweeping the area in front of her nunnery. Jahzong greeted her as he passed, thought she was somehow familiar, and turned back. She was also astounded and stared at Jahzong's face, her eyes quickly shifting away once their eyes met. The broom in her hand shook slightly.

"How are you, Pema?" asked Jahzong, pulling his horse around, not knowing how to initiate a conversation. He had tried to eliminate her from his mind since she had walked away with another man months ago. But now, face-to-face in this unexpected situation, all his memories about her flooded back from deep within a hidden part of his mind.

She took a deep breath to calm herself, but could not stop shaking as a cold morning breeze swept over her slight body. "I'm fine," she whispered, as though talking to herself. She had thought if she got engaged then Jahzong would propose. She had known Jahzong would come the night she left her bedroom window open, but he had not proposed. She understood everyone viewed him as the tribal leader, and as a trustworthy model. Her heart broke when Jahzong wished her good luck the morning of her wedding. Luck and misfortune favor the same person time and again, for calamities soon fell upon on her one after another and she then determined to make a new beginning.

Her family found that she was gone one morning and instinctively knew she had gone to seek refuge from suffering.

Though life in the small nunnery was peaceful, she could not forget Jahzong. She piously prayed for Jahzong each time she heard of conflict between the two tribes.

"Why didn't you tell me about this?" asked Jahzong in embarrassment.

"Should I have asked our mighty leader for permission to become a nun?" retorted Pema, with a timeworn smile.

"I didn't mean that, but at least you could have told me for the sake of our old friendship," said Jahzong.

"All my past was desire. Then when there was nothing left but an empty heart, I found a way to fill it," she said, flushing a little. She had not changed much. Her angelic face was slightly eroded by the rivers of time that gave her an aura of maturity, making her even more attractive.

Jahzong saw from her eyes that she was not yet beyond the clutches of this worldly cycle. Her body still radiated a lustful woman's attraction and energy.

"Did you know I'm still single?" asked Jahzong.

"I heard, but why ask me this?" asked Pema, her eyes drifting away from Jahzong, yet not knowing where to let them rest.

Jahzong was delighted that she still cared. "Of course, you're the cause," he said, not knowing where the courage to speak in this way to a nun came from.

She was astonished that Jahzong had said what she had yearned to hear for years. "Do you know why I refused several marriage proposals?" he asked, looking directly at Pema's lovely flushed face.

Pema's crescent-shaped eyes widened. "I don't know the answers, and I don't want to reply to your questions. Just forget about our once impetuous ignorance," she said.

"Forget about our old relationship?" Jahzong said in disappointment. "How can I forget? Even if the wound in my

heart heals there will always be a scar. Do you really want me to forget, Pema?" asked Jahzong.

The broom fell from Pema's hand as she sank to her knees. Neither Pema nor Jahzong said a word. Jahzong slowly turned as Pema began silently sobbing. The morning sun had climbed above the sleepy mountains, gilding the world gold with its shimmering rays. A blaring white conch shell from the nunnery disturbed the two gold-gilded artistic sculptures near the road. Both glanced at the nunnery simultaneously with a certain sense of guilt.

Pema jumped to her feet at the white conch shell's persistent, shrill blast and ran to the nunnery, wiping tears away with her sleeves. Jahzong stood motionless until she disappeared inside the nunnery's gate. Recalling why he was out so early, he rode on to the first sentry post.

he smell of a roasting hare aroused Jahzong's appetite as he approached the small post. The guards stood as Jahzong neared. After they resumed sitting around the fire, the guards reported in turn to Jahzong, who could not take his eyes off the roasting meat, paying little attention to what the guards said because he was so focused on the smell and sight of the meat turning over the fire.

"Leader, I bet you didn't have breakfast. Let's have breakfast together," said one guard.

"Sure. Why not? Who shot this pitiful hare?" asked Jahzong, rubbing his hands over the fire.

They all looked at each other's face perplexedly, and then one murmured, "I'm sorry, Leader. We didn't listen to what you said, but we only used one bullet." Everybody fell silent, waiting to be scolded.

Jahzong glanced over the men waiting for his reprimand and said, "Well, it smells pretty good. Shall we eat now or wait until it burns to ash?"

Everyone relaxed and got ready to eat. Jahzong was given a thigh and the room was soon filled with laughter once again.

"I heard the leader of the Divine Goat Tribe has a daughter," said one man, refilling Jahzong's empty bowl with warm tea.

"Yes, I also heard that," said Jahzong casually, sensing something strange. "Are any of you in love with her?" he asked, looking at the men around the fire.

"None of us are in love with her. We don't dare love her," a man said.

"She's yours, my leader," said the man next to Jahzong.

"How come she's mine? I don't know her. Maybe she is the ugliest girl in the world," said Jahzong, laughing.

"Leader, since the girl you love doesn't love you, wipe away that rotten love with tears of the soul, and get ready for someone else," the man advised.

Jahzong thought they were making fun of him and said, "What you say is true. Love is not always an even giving and receiving. I'll get this girl tonight, and you all are more than welcome to have fun with her." He was quite amused by his own eloquence.

"Leader, you don't have to go yourself. I think Bymaguhreh should be in on this. What you must do is wait at home. We'll manage the rest," said the man, looking pleased for his leader.

After the next group of guards came, Jahzong returned home with the off-duty men. As they drew near the village, Jahzong saw people rushing in and out of his home. His heart chilled, for Bahnso was often there alone. Worrying that something had happened to her, he ran ahead of the other men. As he got closer it seemed someone was going to marry. People were carrying brightly colored cloth and silk into his home. It seemed they were decorating the home. Many buckets of homemade barley beer were also being carried into the home. Everybody looked so blithe he doubted misfortune had befallen his mother.

He asked several people what was happening as he entered the gate. They looked at each other and laughed uproariously, as though he had made a very clever joke. He noticed Bahnso busily directing the decorating. Consumed by overwhelming curiosity - his family had not held a real party since his father's death - he held his mother's hand and whispered, "What are all these decorations for? What's special about today?"

"Son, why didn't you tell me earlier? I only discovered a few hours ago that you were planning this," she said, pointing to the decorations. "What do you think? Anything you want changed? Now I'll have someone to talk to in my spare time," she said.

"Mother, I still don't understand. Is a relative coming to visit?" asked Jahzong in puzzlement.

"Of course all our relatives will come as soon as they receive the message. But it's fine, since all the villagers are here to help their leader," concluded Bahnso. "How sudden! It would have been much easier if you had told me earlier."

"Hey Bahnso, still remember our bet?" a neighbor woman said, stepping inside with a big wooden bucket of barley beer tied with a piece of white ceremonial silk. "My son still hasn't met the girl of his heart. Your son has, so here is my present!" said the woman, handing the bucket to Bahnso.

"To be honest, I only heard the news this morning from Bymaguhreh. Jahzong wanted to please me with such a big surprise," said Bahnso, tasting the barley beer and happily nodding approval.

The woman joined the other busy people. Jahzong felt utterly lost. Thinking he might be dreaming, he pinched his thigh fiercely and then jumped at the pain. "Mother, I'm truly puzzled. Who did you say was getting married?" asked Jahzong, his brows drawn together in thought.

His astonished mother felt his forehead and said, "Are you well? I know it's exciting to get married, but don't be silly!"

"Just tell me who is marrying," said Jahzong.

Bahnso was shocked. Afraid he was overexcited and disoriented, she told him to sit.

"Mother, look at me. Do I look confused?" asked Jahzong in irritation.

"No, but how is that you don't know about your own marriage?" responded Bahnso, looking at her son cautiously.

"I also heard something about this at the sentry post this morning, but I thought it was a joke and ignored it," said Jahzong, who then summoned the elders to discuss this seemingly ridiculous marriage. Once they assembled, Jahzong asked if it was their idea for him to marry a girl he had never seen. They said they had heard the news that morning and added that it was now too late for him to turn back. Bymaguhreh had been gone for several hours, which meant they were probably already on their way back. Finally they decided that Jahzong should play it by ear, since invitations had already been sent to nearby tribes.

Jahzong and the elders waited anxiously at Jahzong's home, hoping the girl was not terribly ugly. The others were still busy as bees preparing everything. The whole tribe pulsated with anticipation.

Bahnso could not calm herself, wondering what kind of girl her daughter-in-law would be and continually peered through the door, looking in the direction from which the bridal group would come. Jahzong fidgeted in a corner. He had just seen Pema and all his old memories had flooded back. Now a strange girl was suddenly entering his life. He wished his sagacious father and grandfather were with him to sort things out. The elders in the room were intelligent and experienced, but he lacked intimacy with them. Images of a nun with a freshly shaved head played over and over in his mind. He had already caused Pema enormous suffering and thought it was time to compensate her by spending the rest of his life with her. Now this stranger? His friend's kindness? What should he do?

heers erupted and Bahnso shouted, "They're coming! They're coming!" The elders vigorously stood and rushed outside to see the bride. Jahzong hesitated, wondering if he should also go out to meet her. He was full of curiosity when he heard the cheers outside increasing in volume and hesitatingly joined the crowd who had gathered around a girl. Jahzong could not see her face because she was talking to Bymaguhreh, as those around her noisily commented.

Bymaguhreh smiled over her shoulder at Jahzong. The noisy crowd moved aside, leaving Jahzong and the girl alone at the center. She slowly turned, facing her groom. Jahzong could not believe it. He had thought Pema was the most beautiful girl in this world, but now he understood another type of beauty. This woman standing before her groom's luminous eyes was anything but bashful - a very different person than timid Pema.

Bymaguhreh stepped away when he saw Jahzong and his bride both in a daze and then said, "Leader, just a minute. You're not supposed to meet your bride until this evening," pulling Jahzong by a long sleeve of his robe back inside the home.

Jahzong was now eighteen and much more of a manboth physically and mentally - than a boy. He was tall, strongly built, and his broad shoulders accentuated his narrow waist. A single thick braid of jet-black hair was wrapped around his head and fastened into place with coral and turquoise ornaments. His sharp, not-too-long nose sat under doublelidded large eyes in a tanned, squarish face. The only imperfection in his face was a left upper incisor that was noticeably longer than its neighbors. He had a deep voice that was growing deeper and he spoke slowly and clearly.

At this moment a woman put a fox hat on the girl's head and pulled it down over her eyes. Then several women squeezed out from the crowd, and escorted her away.

Jahzong slammed the door shut after Bymaguhreh followed him inside. Bymaguhreh went straight to the small kitchen and served himself a bowl of cold tea. He was a frequent guest at Jahzong's place and he now made himself at home. When he emerged from the small kitchen, sipping the tea, he saw Jahzong still standing by the door, his chest heaving. Jahzong became enraged when he remembered his own situation and directed his ire at Bymaguhreh, who had put him in this dilemma.

Bymaguhreh realized his recklessness had deeply upset Jahzong. "Leader, I know what I did was a little rash, but..." he said, moving near Jahzong.

"A little rash? Do you know how much I am hurt by your bit of rashness?" panted Jahzong.

"But you must understand, my leader, sometimes you have to give up something small for your people, for yourself," said Bymaguhreh, gulping a mouthful of cold tea.

"What? Give up my love for my people and for myself?" Jahzong said.

"Leader, never bet on love," Bymaguhreh said, putting his right arm around Jahzong's neck though Jahzong tried to push him away. "I know you can't forget Pema, but she's a nun now," he said tugging Jahzong towards the fire pit. Bymaguhreh added wood to the dying fire and planted himself near the fortified blaze.

Jahzong flopped down by Bymaguhreh and said, "Nothing can stop me from loving Pema. I've already caused her to lose too much. I can't let her suffer further."

"You can't give her up because you feel it's your fault that she went through all this alone, but does sympathy equal love?" said Bymaguhreh, rubbing his stiff hands above the crackling fire, warming them.

"Do you really think this strange girl is trustworthy? Isn't she an eye that her father wants by my side, observing and reporting everything to our most hated enemy?" asked Jahzong, leaning against Bymaguhreh.

"Leader, don't worry. She's very straightforward. She was promised to a tribal leader's son by her father," said Bymaguhreh, staring at Jahzong's questioning eyes.

"Then why did she come to me instead of going to her groom?" Jahzong asked as Bymaguhreh put the empty bowl aside.

"Well, that's another story. What I heard is that she dislikes the leader's son and quarreled with her father about it," said Bymaguhreh, grinning mischievously.

"That's interesting, but I don't pity her and I'll never trust you again, Bymaguhreh. You did this without my permission," said Jahzong helplessly.

"I thought this would heal the wound deep in your heart and also better our current situation. But if you really can't accept this, then I'll offer her to someone else. I promised her I'd find her a dependable husband," responded Bymaguhreh dejectedly.

The bride was surrounded by enthusiastic women who were decorating her like a doll in the adjoining room. They were reminded of their own special clothing and adornments when they had been brides. However, none had had such a beautiful Tibetan robe and silver milk hook attached to her sash as did this girl. How simple their marriages had been! As they dressed the bride, everybody complimented her on her wedding clothes and praised her good fortune.

Jahzong sat by the fire, forgetting that Bymaguhreh was there. Finally, he reluctantly looked up at Bymaguhreh's dark red face and said, "OK. Bymaguhreh, I'll marry her." This was followed by a long uncomfortable silence. "But I'll not give up Pema," he said, already standing.

"Is there anything I can do to help you get ready, Leader?" asked Bymaguhreh, staring blankly at the winking fire.

"I'm ready. I want to be alone for a moment, Bymaguhreh. Don't let anyone bother me," said Jahzong, trudging upstairs to his bedroom.

As Bymaguhreh looked at Jahzong's retreating back, he felt his heart pound. He went to the small kitchen, and found a bucket of barley beer. He needed it to wash away the unhappiness from his buzzing, confused head.

arkness slowly wrapped its wings around the sun as the whole village seemed to suddenly hold its breath in fear this regular visitor would swallow it. Villagers were rushing to Jahzong's home where the bride waited impatiently in the stifling room. Nobody had seen Jahzong and Bymaguhreh all afternoon. "Our leader is a shy creature. I wonder what he will do tonight?" someone said.

"Maybe he'll need someone to show him what to do," said another man, making a funny face.

Soon singing could be heard at the bride's door, encouraging her to come out. Children crowded at the door as the singer started the wedding ceremony. Young, unmarried men made a human wall all the way from the bride's room to the main part of the house, where the wedding ritual would take place. Holding silver bowls brimming with barley beer in their hands, they sang praises and extended good wishes as the bride passed by.

The elders had already taken their seats in the house, drinking exuberantly from their big wooden bowls. The bride came in with her companions leading the way straight to the oldest man in the house. She removed the fox-skin hat and bent before the ancient man to receive his blessing and good wishes. Now the ancient melodies of the time-honored weddings songs merged with the smell of the mellow liquor, wafting through the whole village. Everyone felt invigorated, hearing the wedding's melodious sounds.

Jahzong stayed in his room, for he was not to meet his bride until the end of the wedding ceremony. He felt lonely after a while and wanted to talk to Bymaguhreh. He walked downstairs and found Bymaguhreh lying in the kitchen by an empty bucket. Jahzong slowly sat by him, a flood of sentiment submerging his heart. He understood why Bymaguhreh was drunk. He was unmarried and had planned all of this for his young leader and for his tribe, risking his life in enemy territory to kidnap this girl. To his surprise, he was scolded rather than praised. Jahzong lugged Bymaguhreh upstairs, undressed him, and put him in his bed.

It was almost midnight and people were leaving one after another. Jahzong was shown into a newly decorated room where his bride was sitting coyly on the edge of the bed. He stood timidly, looking at her covered face. She pulled off her hat and said matter-of-factly, "Jahzong, why don't you come over here?"

Jahzong moved his wobbly legs forward and stood nervously, his heart pounding, with a face as flushed and red as an overripe wild strawberry.

"Come sit. I won't bite you unless you bite me first," she said, scooting aside to make space.

"I don't even know your name," said Jahzong, sitting carefully by her.

"But I know your name. Jahzong, right?" she said, starlike eyes glinting in the dim light.

"My name has reached the further tribes and soon all the tribal leaders will kneel at my feet," boasted Jahzong proudly. Jahzong turned to look at her and saw she was giggling uncontrollably. Jahzong felt a little sick at heart because no one dared laugh at him in his tribe, but now this girl sitting by him was laughing insolently.

"What are you laughing at? What's so funny?" asked Jahzong, his face overcast.

"Look at you! Still acting like a child. Don't be angry. I'll tell you my name," she said, moving closer to Jahzong mischievously.

"I can find out your name even if you don't tell me," Jahzong said. And then a deeply disturbing and arousing scent struck his nerves. "I wasn't angry. I was just..." said Jahzong in embarrassment.

"Though I'm sure you can learn my name, call me Dehgee. I've heard many things about you. Why is your tribe's most feared man so timid?" Dehgee said, holding Jahzong's hot sweaty palms in hers.

This time Jahzong did not resist. He felt irresistibly attracted and stimulated. Jahzong tentatively put an arm around her as she leaned against him.

"I've never thought I would be in your arms, Jahzong. My father's enemy's arms. I'm not his property. He cannot just give me to others as he likes," said Dehgee, unrestrained tears streaking Jahzong's chest.

Jahzong gently stroked her charcoal-black hair, surprised this seemingly happy girl had such bitter tears to shed. He wondered how many of his joyful-appearing men were really happy. Were they all like this poor girl with such pain in their hearts?

awn broke. Jahzong and Dehgee lay in bed, not yet recovered from the night's activities. Suddenly someone rushed in. "Leader, get up! Get up quickly!" yelled Bymaguhreh, picking up Jahzong's robe from the floor.

Both Jahzong and Dehgee were surprised by Bymaguhreh's sudden intrusion. "Didn't you know we were sleeping, Bymaguhreh? How dare you rush in without knocking!" said Jahzong, pulling the coverlet up to hide his naked wife.

"We're under attack, Leader! Put on your robe and get ready," said Bymaguhreh, tossing Jahzong his robe.

"Under attack? Whose attack?" Jahzong said.

"We are surrounded by our old enemies. Their leader said that if we don't send his daughter and you to him, he'll kill all the villagers," said Bymaguhreh, peeking out the window worriedly.

Jahzong sprang out of bed, grabbed his gun, rushed to the door, and then halted suddenly, looking at his still wife strangely. "I got it. I got it!" said Jahzong, approaching his wife, who was still timidly holding the coverlet in her arms.

"Leader, you got what? Let's go. We're in terrible danger!" urged Bymaguhreh.

"I told you she was an eye planted by her father. Now you see? Her father is already here. This is all planned, Bymaguhreh," said Jahzong, jerking Dehgee out of bed.

"Jahzong, leave her alone. This has nothing to do with her. Even if it is as you say, then it was me who brought her here, I'm responsible," said Bymaguhreh, heading out. Jahzong turned abruptly and followed Bymaguhreh. His men were ready, hiding in every village corner. A man came to Jahzong and said, "It seems there are many more people than just our old enemies. I saw men who are not from the Divine Goat Tribe. Maybe some other tribes are supporting the Divine Goat Tribe."

"I can't think of any tribe that would help them," Jahzong said worriedly. "Without outside help, we are evenly matched, but if another tribe has come to their aid, we are outnumbered and in great danger, especially since they have taken key positions around our village," said Jahzong, searching for a solution.

"I know who's helping my father," Dehgee said, suddenly appearing in her new robe beside Jahzong. "It's the Black Hat Tribe. They made a deal. You've surely heard that I was promised to a tribal leader's son. He is from this tribe. They agreed that the Black Hat Tribe would help us, but the prerequisite was that I had to marry the son," said Dehgee in an aggrieved tone.

"Do you think we can win this time?" asked Jahzong in embarrassment.

"It's very clear that you have no chance of winning," said Dehgee, moving closer to her husband.

"I can see that," said Jahzong, shrugging helplessly.

"Then what shall we do? Shall we just sit here and wait for them to kill us?" asked one man.

"Of course not. Since we have enough guns and ammunition we won't just sit here and wait to be killed," said Bymaguhreh, full of confidence.

"Leave me alone for a while, please," said Jahzong, dismissing his men.

Bymaguhreh led the others to inspect their current positions. Jahzong sat in a corner, trying to think of a solution. Dehgee quietly sat by him, gently stroked his tangled hair, and

said, "Jahzong? Don't worry too much. The situation is crystal clear. You and your people don't have much choice."

"No. There must be a way," Jahzong said calmly. He was no longer the same shy man who dared not look in his bride's eyes. "I can't let my enemies kill my loyal people," said Jahzong, gazing into Dehgee's sparkling eyes.

Dehgee was delighted and now sure she had married the right man. She had been regretful the night before when she saw the man she had heard so much about was unable to look her in the face, but now he stood, personally shouldering tribal responsibility. Her rejoicing heart ached at seeing how her husband was dreadfully bothered by the tribal conflict.

"I'm sorry, Jahzong. I brought you and your people disaster, not happiness," said Dehgee.

"It's too late to blame yourself. Blaming won't change anything now," said Jahzong.

"I don't regret marrying you. Actually, I'm happy that I made this choice, but today the man who causes my husband so much worry is my father. I don't want you or my father to die," said Dehgee, fiddling with her fingers.

"I also don't want to die and I don't want to kill others, but it's not up to you and me, Dehgee. There is only one who can live - your father or me. That's already fated," said Jahzong, trembling a little.

"Why? Why must you or my father die? I won't allow it," said Dehgee, wiping tears from her rosy cheeks.

Bymaguhreh and several other men suddenly raced up to Jahzong and whispered in his ear. Jahzong's face paled. He sighed weakly, stood, reached out, took Dehgee's hand, and said. "We have no choice. I'll go meet him alone."

"No. You can't. What they really want is you, Jahzong. Why do you decide this?" asked Dehgee, gripping his hand.

"Dehgee, you may return to your father. He's about to attack. Our people have no place to hide. Your father sees every move we make."

"They'll kill you, Jahzong. I can't let you do this," said Dehgee in concern.

Bymaguhreh said he would accept whatever decision Jahzong made. Some elders even said if Jahzong led they would follow him, whatever the result might be. Some women joined the crowd with axes and sickles, determined to kill enemies intent on depriving them of a normal life.

Jahzong tried to restrain his gathering tears, turned, and wiped them away. He could not persuade himself to lead these devoted people in a rush at the enemies' muzzles. Everyone was impatiently waiting for the order to fight. He looked over his loyal, devoted people and said, "Thank all of you for trusting me. I also want to fight, but it's different this time. It's not worth sacrificing your lives. I've made up my mind. No more words. Everybody return home."

Nobody moved. All stood solidly in front of Jahzong. "I've an idea!" shouted Dehgee, squeezing through the crowd surrounding Jahzong.

"I've thought of every possible way of dealing with your father. My going there is the only possibility," said Jahzong dejectedly.

"I've an idea, Jahzong. He's my father. Take me as hostage and tell him to leave. He'll do it because I'm his only child," said Dehgee.

Everyone was shocked, never imagining Dehgee would oppose her father to help Jahzong. After prolonged insistence, Jahzong agreed and then went out to meet Dehgee's father, Sahnguh.

When Sahnguh heard Jahzong was coming, he laughed menacingly, sure Jahzong would die at his hands. When his chief assistant told him that Jahzong was not alone, he ignored it. He told Sahngee-Renchin, his new ally and the leader of the Black Hat Tribe, that the men coming with him were bidding farewell to their young leader.

Sahngee-Renchin and the other leader strode to Jahzong with their bodyguards. The three tribal leaders stood face-to-face, seething with hatred. "You are Jahzong? How do you feel now that you're a prisoner?" sneered Sahnguh.

"This is what you deserve, Jahzong, for stealing my son's wife," added Sahngee-Renchin.

Some men jumped out from the crowd to capture Jahzong as Sahnguh nodded. Bymaguhreh stepped before Jahzong, a shining rifle at the ready, staring at the approaching men, who halted abruptly, and then everybody reached for their guns. Jahzong glared at the men, who were aiming at each other, and ordered his men to lower their rifles.

The other two leaders looked pleased by Jahzong's rationality. "You're very clever, Jahzong, in realizing that it's useless to oppose us," said Sahnguh, looking proudly at his friend.

"Where is my daughter-in-law? You can't separate people who really love each other," pronounced an enraged Sahngee-Renchin.

"Yes, we can't separate those fated to be together, so why don't you give up? Dehgee doesn't love your idiot son," said Jahzong, without looking at Sahngee-Renchin.

"How dare you insult my friend! Though your tribe is big, it's still under my thumb. Don't you believe my men will stamp your tribe flat at my word?" said Sahnguh, gently patting his friend's shoulder.

"I believe you, Sahnguh. But don't forget that your daughter is in my hands," responded Jahzong.

"What? Are you threatening me with my daughter's life? How is she? Where is she, Jahzong!" demanded Sahnguh.

Jahzong's men hustled Dehgee to the front at Jahzong's order. Sahnguh and Sahngee-Renchin were astounded, staring at each other open-mouthed.

"Since we have no choice, I'll kill your innocent daughter first," said Jahzong, cocking his rifle as if he were going to kill Dehgee right then and there.

"Stop! Jahzong! If you kill her, I swear to Buddha that I'll slaughter all your people, including the old ones and the children," said Sahnguh.

"All my people have been ready to sacrifice themselves at my command ever since I became their leader. We do not fear death. It comes to all of us in time. Do you want your daughter to go first?" said Jahzong, aiming his loaded gun at Dehgee's head.

"Don't kill her, Jahzong. Please don't kill her! We can make a deal," said Sahnguh as Sahngee-Renchin approached him and whispered, "Friend, don't negotiate. We won't have this chance again. Now is the best time to avenge your predecessor, who was killed by this little son-of-a-bitch. Don't make a stupid decision."

Jahzong and his tribesmen looked at the two men anxiously. Nobody could hear a word. Jahzong's heart pounded ever harder. Dehgee was his last ace. His life and his people's lives depended on this. Only Dehgee noticed that the gun aimed at her head was shaking slightly. She turned and gave Jahzong a comforting glance as Jahzong and his men prayed secretly in their hearts.

"You say that because the girl on the edge of the razor is not your daughter. I don't want to lose my only child, Sahngee-Renchin," shouted Sahnguh, breaking the silence.

"You think I don't care about Dehgee? She is my daughter-in-law. I care about her as much as my own son, Sahnguh. We can live in peace the rest of our lives if we kill this bastard," said Sahngee-Renchin, trying to persuade his friend.

"Live in peace? How am I supposed to live in peace without my only daughter? Will you live in peace if you lose your son, Sahngee-Renchin?" asked Sahnguh, looking at his daughter.

Dehgee's tears streamed down her cheeks when she saw her father losing his ally to save her. She knew how hard he had worked to gain this support and wondered why she stood by Jahzong's side, against her own father.

"Sahnguh, it's simple: Leave now and nobody will hurt your daughter," said Jahzong.

"Everything will be fine, Jahzong, just please don't hurt my daughter," pleaded Sahnguh, ordering his men to lower their rifles.

"What about my son, Sahnguh? Will you keep your promise?" asked Sahngee-Renchin, pulling Sahnguh to his side.

"Saving my daughter is the most important thing, right? I don't want to lose my daughter and you don't want to lose your daughter-in-law," said Sahnguh.

"You've made up your mind, Sahnguh. Let's go home," said Sahngee-Renchin, staring menacingly at Sahnguh, whose face paled like death. Sahngee-Renchin assembled his men and marched off, leaving Sahnguh and his men. As Sahnguh watched his hard-earned advantage leave, he sluggishly looked up at the ardent sun, lurched, and was then supported by his bodyguards.

"Jahzong, now I think you can release my daughter," said Sahnguh in a melancholic tone.

"Of course. She is your daughter and I've no right to keep her here. Take her if she wants to leave," said Jahzong, lowering his rifle.

"Dehgee! Come to your father. My dear daughter! Let's go home," Sahnguh said, stepping forward.

Dehgee knelt before her father and made three prostrations as tears rolled down her pale cheeks. "I'm sorry, Father. I can't go home with you," said Dehgee.

"What? Why? Jahzong, you promised I could take her home," said Sahnguh angrily.

"Yes. I promised you could take her back home. But if she doesn't want to go, I can do nothing, Sahnguh," said Jahzong, feeling pity for his opponent.

Everyone looked at Dehgee, still kneeling and whimpering before her surprised father. Bymaguhreh comforted her and felt guilty for having arranged this. He sat by her and daubed her tears with his dirty sleeve.

"Why is it you who have come to comfort me? Why not Jahzong?" gasped Dehgee as she masked her wet face in her hands, sobbing desperately.

"My dear, let's go home. I'm sorry I didn't take better care of you. I was wrong to betroth you to Sahngee-Renchin's son. I'll do whatever you say," Sahnguh said, his bloodshot eyes moistening.

"I'm sorry Father. I really can't go. I married Jahzong. I'm sorry that I didn't tell you earlier," said Dehgee, feeling even guiltier.

Now her father understood why she could not return home with him, and why she had risked her life to save Jahzong and his people. Sahnguh knew Dehgee better than anyone else and realized nothing he could do would change her mind.

"I'm happy. Do you know why, Dehgee? I'm happy that you've found someone to rely on," said Sahnguh tenderly. "Jahzong, please care for my daughter. If anything happens to her I promise that you and your people will never know peace."

Jahzong nodded slightly, and then Sahnguh took a final look at his daughter and left. Dehgee remained kneeling in the same place, sobbing bitterly. Bymaguhreh stepped back as Jahzong gestured. Jahzong stood by her side for a moment, looking at the crowd. Then he knelt by Dehgee as some villagers gestured for him to comfort her, and silently embraced her from behind. Bymaguhreh told those curiously watching to go home. Everybody left reluctantly, looking back over their shoulders at the two entwined figures, and then Bymaguhreh slowly turned away from the reconciled lovers.

ime passed and Jahzong and Dehgee were at home in their small dining room, which was unusually full of joy. After many dark thorny ventures, Jahzong and Dehgee had found missing love in each other. Bahnso and Dehgee were busy cooking in the small kitchen. Jahzong wanted to help, but was told that there was nothing he could do. He waited in the dining room alone, constantly peeking into the smoky kitchen. Once dinner was finally ready, all three sat on a brand new carpet in a semi-circle near the warm fire.

Jahzong noticed an extra pair of chopsticks and a bowl, but the appetizing smell from the newly cooked meat meant he could no longer restrain himself. He picked up his knife and attacked the steaming meat, and then noticed Dehgee and his mother's chopsticks were idle. He asked them to eat before the meat got cold, but they only smiled mischievously, and nodded joyfully when he asked if someone was joining them for dinner. He put down his knife and waited impatiently, wondering who the special guest would be. At that moment, the dining room door slowly swung open and in came Dorgo. Bahnso and Dehgee quickly stood up in welcome. Jahzong could not believe his eyes and stared at the visitor in surprise. Dorgo stopped and said, "Leader, shall I come in or just stand here?"

"Is it really you, Dorgo?" asked Jahzong, glancing at his mother and Dehgee.

"Of course it's me. Why didn't you invite me to your wedding?" asked Dorgo, feigning anger.

"Please come in, Dorgo. I thought you were..." said Jahzong in embarrassment.

"You thought I was dead? Actually I visited the King of Hell, but he thought I was no use there and sent me back," he said as Bahnso and Dehgee giggled.

Now Jahzong was sure the man standing in front of him was Dorgo, not a ghost. He jumped to his feet and warmly embraced him, then felt something missing. "Your hand?" asked Jahzong, gently touching the stump.

"Now the meat and food are really getting cold. You two can talk during the meal. Come, let's eat," said Bahnso, motioning to Dorgo to sit first.

"I donated my right hand to Dali. Don't worry about it," joked Dorgo, waving the stump.

"Tell me Dorgo, how did you come through all this? Everybody has been worrying about you for ages," said Jahzong as they all sat down around the food.

"I'm sorry to make you worry about me," apologized Dorgo, putting down his chopsticks.

"It was my idea not to tell you," said Bahnso, putting a piece of meat in Dehgee's bowl. "I got news of his leaving the night before he left from Dali. I was afraid someone would waylay him on the road home. I saw Bymaguhreh was exhausted from his long journey, and you were always busy, so I sent several men to protect them without telling you and Bymaguhreh." She paused, offering Jahzong and Dorgo more meat, and then continued, "The men I sent found Dorgo dying alone by the road. They took him to a nearby village for help. He insisted on going home after two days, but our men told him it was your idea that he should wait until the wound was well healed."

"I'm sorry I wasn't with you when you needed help," said Dorgo to Jahzong, looking down at his bowl.

"Uncle Dorgo, please don't blame yourself. You didn't know about it and it wasn't your fault. We all must thank

Dehgee," said Jahzong, putting meat from his own bowl into Dehgee's bowl.

"I'm very glad you two are together, Dehgee. Thank you very much, not only for taking care of our leader, but also for saving our village," said Dorgo as Dehgee blushed.

"Uncle, it's not only your village, now it's my village, too. I'm very glad that I can share some of Jahzong's burden," said Dehgee.

They saw Dorgo off after the meal and then the three returned to the small dining room and sat in the dim, chilly room. Bahnso retired to her room to do evening chanting, while Jahzong and Dehgee sat near the pulsating fire, looking at each other lovingly. Dehgee moved closer to Jahzong and leaned against him, their distorted shadows mingling to dance on the walls in the faint light.

Jahzong's home, reluctant to bother the lovebirds. Several times he turned to go home, but it was an emergency. He braced himself and then pushed open the door. Dehgee stood up alertly when they heard the door creak open, and bumped into Bymaguhreh in the doorway. Jahzong took out his knife and ran to the door when he heard Dehgee's screech.

"It's me, Bymaguhreh," he said.

Jahzong, gripping a long knife, let Bymaguhreh in and pulled Dehgee into a comforting embrace. Jahzong knew Bymaguhreh would not visit at such an hour if it were not important. He took Dehgee upstairs to their bedroom, kissed her good night, and quickly came back downstairs.

"What's wrong, Bymaguhreh? I know it's something important," said Jahzong, leading Bymaguhreh into the kitchen.

Bymaguhreh looked around cautiously and said, "Sahnguh was killed on his way back to the Divine Goat Tribe."

"Really? Who did it?" asked Jahzong.

"One of Sahnguh's men came to me early this evening and said Sahngee-Renchin waylaid them. People who didn't surrender were killed on the spot," he said as his eyes shifted to focus on the dining room door. "Jahzong, don't let Dehgee know about her father's death."

"Where is that man now?" asked Jahzong, dark clouds covering his face.

"He's at my home, resting. He luckily escaped from being killed and came to us for help," replied Bymaguhreh, pitying the unfortunate leader and his tribe.

Jahzong knew the man from the Divine Goat Tribe had come for help because he was the only one who could avenge the deceased leader. Jahzong and Sahnguh had opposed each other, but Jahzong had felt a ray of hope for ending their conflict with Dehgee's arrival. His obligation now was to carry out his filial duty by avenging the death of his father-in-law.

"What shall we do now?" asked Jahzong.

"Since he left his daughter in your hands, you must make Sahngee-Renchin pay," said Bymaguhreh, shrugging helplessly.

Jahzong stayed up until midnight after Bymaguhreh left, thinking about how to break the news to his wife and how to deal with their enemy. Worried that Jahzong had not joined her, Dehgee dragged herself languidly downstairs to find him blankly staring at the smoking fire. She tiptoed into the dim room. Jahzong did not notice she was behind him and jumped when she touched his shoulder. He grabbed the unexpected hand but quickly let go when he saw Dehgee's face distorted in pain.

"Something's bothering you? What are you thinking about?" asked Dehgee.

"Nothing. I just couldn't sleep. You shouldn't come out like this or you'll catch cold," said Jahzong.

"I awakened and found you gone. I was frightened," said Dehgee, rubbing her puffy eyes like a child just awakened from a sweet dream.

They returned to their bedroom, hand in hand. Jahzong lay awake in bed while Dehgee fell asleep, her head on his shoulder. He gazed at his calmly sleeping wife, bitterness churning in his stomach. A girl had lost everything and became a nun because of him. Now the girl lying by him had been disloyal to her own father for him. Her father had been killed

and he was the cause. He was uncertain how or if he could patch the holes in his heart.

he next morning Dehgee awakened Jahzong. He was panting heavily as sweat flowed from his young naked muscular body. "Jahzong, what's wrong? Are you sick?" asked Dehgee, gently stroking his damp hair.

"A nightmare. A ghost was nagging me all night," said Jahzong exhaustedly.

"I heard you calling someone's name. Are you OK? Shall I ask a lama to come and do something?" asked Dehgee, wiping sweat from Jahzong's broad forehead.

Jahzong realized he had been calling Pema's name in his dream. "Whose name was I calling, Dehgee?" asked Jahzong as he guiltily gave her a warm hug.

"It seemed to be a girl's name," Dehgee said. Jahzong's heart did a somersault when he heard this. "You know women are often jealous, but I don't care who you call in your dreams as long as you love me," said Dehgee, stroking and patting Jahzong's bare chest and belly affectionately.

Jahzong felt even guiltier as he remembered how she had saved the whole village. He was sorry to hold her in his arms while calling Pema's name. But the more he tried to forget Pema, the more he dreamed of her.

Jahzong stayed in bed the whole day, unsure if he should visit Pema. Time passed. The sun was almost behind the front mountain, immersing the village in deep, lingering warmth. Women were dashing to the river to fetch water with their young daughters in tow. Clusters of old men were enjoying the soon-to-disappear warmth, complaining about the shortness of their lives.

Jahzong stuck his head out from his bedroom window, resting his aching head in his cupped hands. Some children passed under his window, driving their pigs home and singing joyfully. Jahzong spontaneously hummed after the children but soon stopped. His hoarse, rusty voice was no match for the children's innocent melodies. Jahzong had never sung before an audience but he often hummed when he was alone. Looking at these happy, seemingly innocent children he remembered how short his childhood had been - and how unhappy.

Jahzong heard a gentle step coming towards him. He continued looking out the window, ignoring the person behind him. "How do you feel?" asked Dehgee, brushing up against him.

"I'm better. Look at these children, Dehgee. I was carried away by old memories from my childhood," said Jahzong as another group of children passed near.

"Old memories are often beautiful and don't grow older as we age," said Dehgee, recalling her own childhood.

"There is not a single memory from my childhood that is beautiful except when I was with my grandfather, Guhhay," said Jahzong with a deep sigh.

"I had a very nice childhood, playing with my parents and our servants. I was the treasure of my family, and the whole tribe," she said delightedly. "But I was forgotten after Mother's death. Father and the whole tribe grieved and nobody played with me. Only loneliness and grief accompanied me until one day I heard your name. They trembled when they said your name. I was curious why people were afraid of a child and then I secretly vowed that if I were going to marry in my life, you were the one."

Jahzong put his arm around her shoulder and said, "I never thought about marrying you till Bymaguhreh brought you here. I heard from others that my enemy had a daughter, but I didn't know your name."

"I know you resisted the idea of accepting me," said Dehgee.

"Look at those children! They worry about nothing! All they have to do is enjoy themselves," said Jahzong, playfully gazing into Dehgee's eyes.

"Why do you look at me like that? Is there anything on my eyelashes, Jahzong?" asked Dehgee in embarrassment.

"No. Your eyelashes are the most beautiful in the world. Do you know what I am planning?" asked Jahzong, taking her into his arms gently.

"What?" whispered Dehgee, feeling safe in his strong arms.

"I am planning a baby, a baby as beautiful as its mother," said Jahzong as Dehgee drew back shyly.

hat night after Dehgee and Bahnso went to bed, Jahzong wandered outside without any particular purpose. Finally he found himself at the gate of the nunnery where Pema was seeking enlightenment. Someone standing in the dark like a ghost called to him as he was about to knock on the door. It was Bymaguhreh. "What are you doing here so late?" asked Jahzong in a fluster.

"I was taking a walk," replied Bymaguhreh, standing still in the warm night wind.

"What a coincidence! I also couldn't sleep so I took a walk, too," Jahzong said uneasily.

"Are you ready for an exciting adventure, Jahzong?" whispered Bymaguhreh.

"What kind of adventure?" asked Jahzong.

"Sahngee-Renchin will transport grain to the Black Hat Tribe tomorrow," said Bymaguhreh, glancing around.

"Where did you get this information? Are you sure?" asked Jahzong, already planning an attack.

"From one of our eyes in the Divine Goat Tribe. He said Sahngee-Renchin has hidden his men along the road in case you attack," said Bymaguhreh as Jahzong's eyes widened.

"They are well prepared. That old fox knows we may attack, making it even more dangerous," said Jahzong, squatting beside Bymaguhreh.

"Most of their men are probably strung out along the route between the two tribes," said Bymaguhreh, digging deep into his cache of experiences.

"How about striking when they are packing the grain?" said Jahzong.

"That's the weakest link in their chain, but what if they have stationed men around the Divine Goat Tribe?" asked Bymaguhreh.

"Did our spy say where they have the fewest men?" asked Jahzong.

"No, but I heard the Divine Goat tribesmen will be kept in the meeting hall during the whole process. They're afraid they'll make trouble," said Bymaguhreh.

"I see. Then some of their men will have to guard local people in the meeting hall. That's their weakest link," said Jahzong, still uncertain.

"Right. We'll launch a surprise attack," said Bymaguhreh confidently.

"I don't know why I'm trembling. It never happened before. Is it a bad omen?" asked Jahzong, gazing awkwardly at Bymaguhreh.

"That's what happens when a man marries. Concern about family, a beautiful wife, and future dreams does it," said Bymaguhreh good-naturedly.

Never make an enemy but if it happens that you have one, go get him first, otherwise you'll be the victim.

arkness fell, leaving the exhausted mountains near the quiet village languid in the rapidly cooling darkness. All the households except Jahzong's were dark. Elders from the Holy Wind Tribe crowded into Jahzong's small sitting room. Though nobody had begun talking, something emergent was in the air. Jahzong and Bymaguhreh whispered to each other on one side of the crowded room. Others waited patiently for the meeting to start.

Finally a gentle cough broke the ice. Everybody looked towards where the cough emanated from. Jahzong was standing next to Bymaguhreh, his overcast face emotionless as he said, "Tonight I called all of you to my home. I guess you know why."

A stir went through the men as they stared at each other curiously.

"The Black Hat Tribe is our enemy and the time has come to settle this. Conflict will come to us sooner or later, Jahzong. The Black Hat Tribe is at least as strong as we are since they have taken over the Divine Goat Tribe," said Dorgo.

The group suddenly came alive with animated talk in groups of twos and threes. Suddenly a loud voice from a dark corner attracted everybody's attention. "Can't we settle this in peace? Don't all of you, the fate-controllers of this village, understand that if we make war with this tribe then we will be

the most powerful tribe? But, did any of you think the other tribes will allow this to happen?"

"Do you mean if we fight the Black Hat Tribe the other tribes will interfere?" asked another man.

Bymaguhreh stood up, glancing over the small, dimly lit room and said, "I'm younger than all of you except Jahzong here, but I have fought many battles with our ex-leader and now I am fighting for our young leader. I know from experience that if fighting is the only way to solve the problem, then it's better to take action earlier rather than later."

The room fell silent for a moment. The elders were unsure if what Bymaguhreh said was true, but they had much faith in Jahzong.

Dorgo said, "Jahzong, you have something on your mind, otherwise we wouldn't be here. Don't delay. Our limited minds can't come up with any new ideas. Please get to the point."

"Jahzong, just tell us your plan. Whatever it is, we'll follow and fight beside you," another man said.

Jahzong knew it was time to explain. Before, he had been unsure if the elders would give him unqualified support, but now he was reassured.

"Thanks to the Three Jewels for protecting us from harm and evils so long, thanks to the spirits of our tribe's heroes who have guided us through these thorny journeys, and thanks to all of you for supporting my predecessor and me for the sake of our whole tribe," Jahzong said.

The elders' puzzled faces lit up as Jahzong's eloquent speech proceeded. Seeing the changes in their faces, Jahzong's spirits lifted and he continued, "Bymaguhreh learned from our spy in the Divine Goat Tribe that Sahngee-Renchin will transport grain to his tribe tomorrow. This is a good chance to settle our affair, but I want to hear your ideas. This is why I called you here."

The clear velvet sky allowed the plate-round moon to shine through the window, immersing those in the small room in its cold, milk-like rays that pierced the cracks in the wooden walls. Suddenly the room became deadly silent as the unusually round moon made itself felt. "Hey! Is tonight the fifteenth?" someone asked.

Everyone shifted their eyes to Jahzong, who was gazing at the beautiful full moon. "Jahzong, what sin we have committed tonight!" said an elder, spinning a golden prayer wheel shamefully. Suddenly the crowded room was filled with the hum of the Six Sacred Syllables.

"What's going on?" asked Bymaguhreh, looking lost at this unexpected turn of events.

"Om mani peme hung! Om mani peme hung! How dare we discuss killings rather than praying tonight!" said a white-headed old man, removing his ivory beads from around his neck.

Jahzong now realized it was the fifteenth day of the lunar month - the day of a full moon. His mother had taught him to do nothing bad and to avoid evil thoughts on the fifteenth. He slowly looked over his shoulder at Bymaguhreh, who was standing helplessly by the piously chanting people, pulled himself together, and said, "Listen everybody, I know it's improper to talk about killing tonight, but what do we Tibetans say? 'Chance only favors one once.' Tomorrow may be a turning point in our history. If we can save our tribe, the sin we commit tonight will be worth it."

Nobody uttered a word until Dorgo put his prayer wheel back into his robe pouch and said, "There is no doubt all of us here have taken the lives of many innocent animals and the lives of some of our enemies in our lifetimes. But we consider this heroic and not sinful. Moreover, what we are planning tonight is for all the tribe, not just ourselves. Jahzong, my

young leader, I'll always be with you whatever the situation may be. Is anybody else with us?"

"I think Buddha will forgive me for following Jahzong. Leader, I am here whenever you need me," said the white-headed old man, smiling proudly.

It was almost midnight as the other men also proclaimed their trust in Jahzong. Now a deep soft voice in Jahzong's heart sang as he used to with other children:

Thousands of stars in the dark sky shine so brightly but not by their own light;

The mountains look so beautiful but not by their own nature.

A lonely lion never survives to the next day;

A lonely man never steps over his own threshold.

"Jahzong?" a sleepy voice called from Jahzong's bedroom.

"Did you tell her about her father?" whispered Dorgo, stepping near Jahzong.

"Not yet, Dehgee. I'm coming up right now," said Jahzong, beckoning everybody to listen carefully. "Bymaguhreh, go get all the men ready. We have to be concealed along the road by daybreak. Go! Get ready!"

They left just as Dehgee was making her way downstairs and Jahzong was closing the door. "I was awakened by a nightmare, and you weren't there. I was so scared, Jahzong," said Dehgee as Jahzong turned and held her tightly in his arms.

"It's all right, dear. I'm here," Jahzong comforted, not knowing whether to tell her the truth or wait until he returned from battle.

Dehgee stared up from Jahzong's warm arms into his troubled face for a long time, and said with tear-filled eyes, "I dreamed of my father. I saw him with blood all over his body. He begged me for help. I didn't know what to do."

Jahzong trembled. Not knowing what to say, he held her tightly, fearing other disasters would befall her. Jahzong walked her back to their bedroom and then turned to leave. "Where are you going, Jahzong? Is everything OK?" asked Dehgee, squeezing his hand.

"I must do something tonight, but I'll be back very soon. Tell Mother not to worry," he said, leaving Dehgee in the lonely bed.

Tears fell as she stared at the slowly closing door, thinking it was hard to be human, but harder still to be a woman. She had rarely wept before she married. She had thought she had nobody to worry about but, after marrying Jahzong, she had often shed tears, for he was living on a precipice and she felt she might lose him at any moment. She could not sleep after Jahzong left and at last tiptoed into the quiet shrine. For the first time in her life, she felt the need to pray for her husband, who lived so dangerously.

Bymaguhreh to attack the Black Hat men guarding the grain stored in the Divine Goat Tribe's village. He ordered Dorgo to stop the Black Hat men who would come running when they heard gunfire. Jahzong then personally led a band to the valley he had described as the weakest link in the chain. The Black Hat Tribe leader would pass this way as he and his men rode to the Divine Goat Tribe village.

Bymaguhreh and his men reached the Divine Goat Tribe village first as the round moon rode high in the sky, gently illuminating all that was underneath. They could see the guards around the storehouse, looking around now and then for anything suspicious. Bymaguhreh stationed men at various points and then led other men stealthily near the storehouse to wait for daybreak.

Jahzong arrived with his men before dawn and realized that it was a natural fortress. A path meandered between two huge steep mountains covered with pines and poplars. Jahzong concealed his men along both sides of the forest path, waiting for their prey to fall into the trap.

Dorgo was on his way to the Black Hat Tribe. There was no shortcut, only a narrow zigzagging path. The tribal settlement was located at the confluence of three sky-touching mountains. The Black Hat men had established posts along the path, making it difficult for any creature to pass unnoticed. To Dorgo's surprise, most posts were empty. Only a few men guarded two posts. The others had all gone with Sahngee-Renchin to the Divine Goat Tribe. Dorgo stationed his men near

the two manned posts and then waited for gunfire from Jahzong, as did Bymaguhreh.

The moon was sinking behind a fragrant juniper-covered mountain as the cold morning air pushed through Jahzong's warm Tibetan robe, chilling his bones. He could hear the rhythmic chatter of teeth on his left. As the moon dropped behind the shivering mountain a mixture of strange sounds rose from the ground. The trees seemed to be stretching like old men, emitting popping sounds that echoed in the small valley.

Jahzong soon forgot the bone-cracking morning air, and was lost in this natural chorus. He could hardly believe a gruesome storm was brewing amid such harmony. Many would soon bid farewell to this wondrous world at this golden time of day. He wondered, "Is this chorusing of nature my death knell?"

A flock of birds suddenly fluttered skyward near their hiding place. "They're coming, my leader," a man next to him whispered. Jahzong gazed at the darting birds, imagining himself a bird, soaring freely in the infinite sky.

"Leader, they're coming," the man next to Jahzong elbowed him, repeating the information. Jahzong signaled for the men to load their guns, slowly rubbed his hands together, and then snapped off some weeds obscuring his target.

Sahngee-Renchin rode ahead of his men on a spotted white horse, triumphantly humming a folk song as his whip gently and rhythmically tapped his silver-trimmed saddle. The horse suddenly jerked its head high into the air and whinnied. Sahngee-Renchin assumed this was because of the noisy morning birds, and continued humming while lightly lashing his horse's flanks. Simultaneously, Jahzong's men busily chose their targets as the sleepy sun stuck out its head carelessly from behind a magnificent mountain, turning the world around Jahzong into gold. Jahzong felt as though he was about to slaughter a trussed-up cow as Sahngee-Renchin gave every indication of being utterly oblivious to his certain, imminent

death, as he continued enjoying the few remaining seconds of his life.

Sahngee-Renchin and his men stepped directly in front of the snipers. Jahzong carefully aimed at Sahngee-Renchin's head, closed his eyes, and squeezed the trigger, not wanting to witness his target's final surprised grimace. The small valley was suddenly suffused with the acrid smell of gunpowder. Jahzong's men ceased firing after a bit, and then Jahzong reluctantly pried open his sensitive eyes to have them stabbed by bright sunlight. Corpses littered the narrow path, including the corpse of Sahngee-Renchin, who had died with his eyes wide open.

Life can be surprising. You may lack interest in something until the day you discover that one of your closest relatives is involved in it. You will never chant the Six Sacred Syllables if no catastrophes come your way.

ema heard the golden prayer wheels around the nunnery spinning swiftly in the morning. The constant chanting of scriptures around the nunnery confided to Pema that Jahzong was up to something dangerous. She went to Jahzong's home after a hurried breakfast and beat the golden knocker against the door. Receiving no response, she opened the door and went straight upstairs, knowing where Jahzong's mother would be. To her surprise, Dehgee was in the shrine with Bahnso. They knelt side-by-side, praying. She had never seen or heard Dehgee pray before.

•••

As Jahzong fired, the guards at the two posts near the Black Hat Tribe ran out empty-handed, ignorant of what was happening. Bullets thudded into their pliant bodies before they realized what was happening.

Jahzong and his men busily collected the guns and bullets from the dead and those who had surrendered. Jahzong ordered the captured men to haul the corpses back to their tribe and also ordered men from his group to go to the Divine Goat Tribe village to help Bymaguhreh. He took the rest of his men, the prisoners, and the corpses to the Black Hat Tribe village.

Bymaguhreh was having a difficult time in the Divine Goat Tribe village. The storehouse and the hall where the local people were being held were adjacent. There was a small post atop each wall. Several of Bymaguhreh's men had been seriously wounded after trying to take these two places, though nobody had been killed.

Bymaguhreh and his men were behind a wall and desperately looking at each other helplessly. Finally, Bymaguhreh vigorously stood and said, "The sun is already above our heads, but we remain pinned down here. A man who is courageous only once in his whole life is like a shining butter lamp in people's hearts forever. In contrast, a man who lives like a cowardly rat will be forgotten like a fart in the wind." Inspired, his men jumped to their feet in readiness when they heard this.

"Bymaguhreh, give me a little time and I'll get those cowards," declared a young man, holding a sharp sword in his right hand.

"I'll help him, Bymaguhreh. I've passed through sixtyfive summers and winters without ever having done anything special, and I don't want to live just waiting for death. Permit us to fight side by side, Bymaguhreh," said an old man, glaring fiercely at the two buildings.

"Bymaguhreh, our leader has sent men to help us. They've just arrived," said another man.

"Really? That means Sahngee-Renchin is finished, but we haven't completed our job yet," said Bymaguhreh in embarrassment.

Suddenly a man was thrown from the top of the wall around the gathering hall. Before Bymaguhreh understood what was happening, the door flew open and a man waved from the door, gesturing to Bymaguhreh and his men. Bymaguhreh wondered if it was a trap that would put him and everyone else in great danger, but what had just transpired seemed real. Finally he reckoned that even if it was a trap, his men

outnumbered the enemies. "You ten cover us," said Bymaguhreh, and then ran ahead with several other men.

A chaotic scene met his eyes when he reached the door. Guards from the Black Hat Tribe were desperately fighting the local people. Everybody stopped as Bymaguhreh fired his gun into the air. "People from the Black Hat Tribe, listen! Your leader, Sahngee-Renchin, was shot dead this morning on his way here. You have a chance to live if you surrender, otherwise you'll meet your leader in another world," said Bymaguhreh and then ordered his men to shoot whoever failed to lower their gun.

It was easy to take over the storehouse once the gathering hall was secured. Bymaguhreh told the local men to guard the captured men and then ordered his men to aim at the enemies from atop the wall where it was easier to target the enemies' heads.

"My respected master, I have an idea. You won't have to waste a single bullet but you still can take that place," offered a skinny prisoner.

Bymaguhreh asked, "How?"

"My respected master, give me a chance and I'm sure I can persuade them to surrender," pleaded the man.

"It's really a good chance to escape, isn't it?" said Bymaguhreh, staring sharply into his eyes.

"In Buddha's name, I won't escape. There is no way to do so even if I wanted to," he said calmly.

Bymaguhreh agreed, put a stick on the ground, and said, "If you don't return by the time the shadow reaches here, I'll kill everyone in there."

The man ran swiftly to the storehouse after bowing to Bymaguhreh, who waited in the hall, throwing impatient glances at the stick. Not long afterwards, another man ran up to Bymaguhreh and said, "They've opened the storehouse."

"Load your guns and get on top of the wall just in case," ordered Bymaguhreh. He, too, loaded his own gun, knowing that being alert was critical.

A group of men edged out of the storehouse, holding their guns above their heads. As they proceeded towards the gathering hall, a group of ten men stepped from behind a thick wall with guns aimed at the slowly moving crowd. The skinny man led the group, holding his head up arrogantly, waving at the men on the surrounding wall. The men at the door took their guns and knives as they entered the hall.

The skinny man approached Bymaguhreh and said, "My respected master, see? You have them without wasting a bullet," and then bowed obsequiously.

"Not me. It was because of your contribution that we didn't have to kill," replied Bymaguhreh gratefully.

"No! I just carried out your strategy. You are the best commander I've ever met," he said, grinning.

Bymaguhreh thought, "If this man really speaks the truth, then why did I fail to take these two buildings?" and then he ignored him.

eanwhile, Jahzong and Dorgo had gathered all of the Black Hat Tribe. Jahzong released the captured men and said, "I'm sorry for families who lost loved ones in this battle. I also know the grief of losing someone very close, but our lives will not and should not stop. I'll pay the cost of doing rituals for those who have died."

"Leader, the bastard left two big storehouses full of grain," said Dorgo, pointing to two magnificently constructed storehouses standing adjacent to Sahngee-Renchin's house.

"What should we do with the grain, Uncle Dorgo?" asked Jahzong, sweeping his eyes over the grief-worn villagers.

Dorgo thought for a moment and said, "The grain actually belongs to these people. Let's return the grain to them."

"Yes! Let's do it right now," said Jahzong, pulling Dorgo towards the storehouses.

"Wait! We should give grain back to them, but not both storehouses," said Dorgo.

"What? Why?" asked Jahzong in confusion.

"One storehouse of grain is enough for them for one or two years without growing any crops. We'll need the other one to solidify our new position," said Dorgo.

Jahzong slowly paced back and forth, contemplating. Finally he took a deep breath and said, "Everybody go get some big sacks. We're going to fairly distribute a storehouse of grain among you."

Jahzong turned to Dorgo after the villagers left and said, "What you said is true. We'll need grain later for the development of our tribe."

When the villagers returned with empty bags. Jahzong pried off a gigantic gold-plated lock securing the storehouse door. Noticing discussion among the villagers, Dorgo said, "I tell you he is descended from Heaven to bring us happiness and peace."

More curious people squeezed through the crowd near Dorgo. "Hey everybody! I said he was not an ordinary boy!" yelled a young man from outside the circle as he tried to wiggle his way through the crowd to the center.

"Of course he's not ordinary. Didn't any of you hear that a rainbow appeared over his house the day he was born?" Dorgo said. He paused for effect, and then continued, "Stranger still was the thunder that sounded from early morning to evening, though it was bright and sunny. Have none of you heard this?" continued Dorgo, wagging his head in disappointment.

The crowd burst into clamor, looking at those beside them, expressing surprise. Jahzong was frightened when he saw all the people pressing around Dorgo, thinking a riot was in progress and immediately drew out his sword, ready to rescue Dorgo. As Jahzong drew closer, he heard Dorgo enthusiastically extolling him, "Let's thank our Lord Buddha for sending this brilliant boy to lead us through a long thorny journey to a happy life."

Before Jahzong could turn away from the stirring crowd someone shouted, "Here is Jahzong, the great leader!" Suddenly everybody was on their knees, prostrating to Jahzong. Amid the worshippers was Dorgo, busily engaged in showing respect to his young leader. Jahzong was astonished and wiped away beads of sweat from his forehead with his long sleeve before the prostrations ceased.

The villagers joyously stood up after making three prostrations to Jahzong. Though some had lost their beloved sons and relatives several hours ago, this young man had brought new hope.

"From now on we will start a new life. No one should suffer under my leadership," Jahzong said. "You are now a part of the Holy Wind Tribe. The Black Hat Tribe no longer exists. I hope everyone in our tribe will share happiness and pain," he said as the crowd around him cheerfully welcomed a new beginning.

"Leader, let's not forget to distribute the grain!" yelled Dorgo from among the cheering people.

arkness was falling and villagers, eager for the men to return, grew more anxious. Gradually the old ones and the children gathered at the small prayer wheel building, though none entered to spin the prayer wheel.

Everybody stayed outside, hoping to catch sight of the men returning. Children suddenly came running, shouting, "They're coming home! They're coming home!"

When the women in Bahnso's shrine heard the children yelling, Dehgee and Pema flew out, but Bahnso did not so much as open her eyes and continued chanting, her eyes firmly shut.

Dehgee and Pema reached the noisy crowd and saw Bymaguhreh surrounded by people in high spirits. Their hearts chilled from not seeing the one to whom they were so devoted. They feared catastrophic news from Bymaguhreh would demolish their will to live.

"Hey! What are you two doing here?" asked Bymaguhreh as he noticed them staring.

"We heard the noise and came out to see what was happening," quavered Pema.

Before Bymaguhreh could reply, Dehgee asked anxiously, "Where are the others?"

Bymaguhreh paused as they stared eagerly into his dilated eyes, coughed into his fist, and said, "They won't be back..."

"What happened, Bymaguhreh?" interrupted Dehgee.

Pema nearly fainted when she heard that Jahzong and the others would not return. Dehgee reached out and held her. Pema leaned weakly against Dehgee, weeping uncontrollably, astounding those around them. Bymaguhreh ran up in a nervous and confused manner and said, "Don't! Please don't cry. Nothing happened. They're just busy distributing grain to local villagers. From now on they are part of our tribe!"

This news delighted everyone and Pema flushed, bowing her head in embarrassment, realizing that Dehgee was looking at her strangely. Bymaguhreh continued apologizing for playing such a nasty joke. The more he apologized, the redder Pema's face became. She was ashamed for having acted improperly in front of so many people. Overwhelmed by the good news, the villagers danced and sang in groups. Nobody felt in the mood to dwell on Pema's odd behavior.

"When will they return, Bymaguhreh?" Dehgee asked.

"They'll probably be back tomorrow. There are many things to discuss and plan. Our tribe's territory and population has increased. Jahzong must plan how to administer the whole tribe, and make appropriate rules," said Bymaguhreh as Dehgee held Pema tightly by the arm.

Pema told Dehgee and Bymaguhreh that it was time for her to return to the nunnery. Bymaguhreh shook his head with a deep sigh as Pema disappeared. Dehgee was desperate but tried to control herself, watching the disappearing figure as it slowly merged with the horizon in the distance. She had thought love needed two understanding hearts to share.

"Dehgee, I know how you feel about her," whispered Bymaguhreh as he saw Dehgee standing with an overcast face, hardly breathing.

"What? What did you say, Bymaguhreh?" asked Dehgee as she returned from her thoughts.

"You really must forgive her, Dehgee," he said.

"Forgive whom?" she asked.

"Pema, of course. Who else?" replied Bymaguhreh.

Dehgee asked, "Do you think I'm jealous, Bymaguhreh?" and then burst into peals of laughter.

"You aren't? Why?" he asked, scratching his messyhaired head in supreme puzzlement.

"I'm not jealous, I'm afraid," said Dehgee as she abruptly stopped laughing.

"Afraid of what?" he asked.

"I'm afraid that one day I'll lose Jahzong. As the saying goes, nobody can avoid fate," said Dehgee, sighing helplessly.

 $^{"}$ I don't understand you,  $^{"}$  said Bymaguhreh, looking into her face.

Dehgee left without saying more, suddenly ran back to Bymaguhreh, and said. "I haven't heard from my father since we met here last time."

Bymaguhreh looked as if he had lost his soul, realizing Jahzong had not informed her of her father's death.

"I heard that you went to my father's tribe. How is he?" asked Dehgee.

"He..." said Bymaguhreh, not knowing how to continue.

"Was he still mad at me, Bymaguhreh?" she asked as Bymaguhreh drowned in frowns.

"No. He...was...fine," he replied as Dehgee waited impatiently.

"I knew he wouldn't really be mad at me," said Dehgee and headed home.

Bymaguhreh was left behind open-mouthed and then rushed home in fear she would return with more questions.

The news of Jahzong's victory reached other tribes before the raided land ceased trembling. The leader of a neighboring tribe visited Jahzong the day after his return from the Black Hat Tribe and told him of a secret meeting. He wanted to be the first to congratulate Jahzong on his new status as the most powerful regional leader. As expected, he told Jahzong that although his people's stomachs were rubbing their backbones, they would be ready to serve him whenever he needed. Jahzong could hardly keep his blood-shot eyes open, asked several elders to keep the visitor company, and then excused himself.

"Just a moment, my Lord," whispered the leader, grasping Jahzong's tattered, dirty sleeve.

"What?" asked Jahzong tiredly.

"I have something for you, my lord," said the leader in a low, proud voice, glanced at the elders occupied with talking and laughing, drew something from his robe bosom, stepped closer to Jahzong, and said, "A personage from Lhasa gave this coral snuff-bottle to my great grandfather. It has been passed down in my family as a legacy."

Jahzong accepted the gift without looking at it and strode into the room where Dehgee had prepared his favorite food.

"Jahzong, quick! Your food is getting cold," said Dehgee as Jahzong entered listlessly.

Jahzong inhaled deeply as he sat near the food by the adobe stove. "I really missed your cooking. I haven't had such

delicious food for days," said Jahzong, putting the snuff-bottle on the stove.

Dehgee picked up the gold-rimmed snuff-bottle as Jahzong ate. "What a beautiful snuff-bottle! Whose is it, Jahzong?" asked Dehgee.

"It's a gift from a friend. Keep it if you like it," replied Jahzong through a mouthful of food.

"Did you get this from Father? I saw in Father's eyes that he loved you, though you two opposed each other," said Dehgee as Jahzong continued eating.

This reminded Jahzong of Dehgee's father. He had not informed her of her father's death, but now he was more concerned about the snuff-bottle given by the other leader. "How do you know it's your father's snuff-bottle?" asked Jahzong, placing his chopsticks across the bowl.

"I may not recognize his silver chopsticks, but I will always recognize his snuff-bottle because I broke it and he repaired it by putting a thin piece of gold around the broken part," said Dehgee, happily recalling a treasured moment from the past.

"But don't you think two things might be exactly alike?" asked Jahzong.

Dehgee held the snuff-bottle tightly in her hand as if fearing to drop it again. "Look at this dirt-filled slit here," she said, showing a long circular slit to Jahzong. "This slit on the side is as familiar to me as are the lines of your hand."

vibrant chorus awakened Dehgee the next morning. The snuff-bottle suspended by a cord from a wooden nail on the wall jumped into her view as she opened her puffy eyes. The door slowly pushed open, and in came Pema.

"Hey! Pema, are you fine? You look terrible," said Dehgee, sitting up in bed.

"Jahzong is killing too many people!" said Pema as she closed the door behind her.

"Killing too many people? What do you mean?" asked Dehgee with dilated eyes as Pema sat by her on the bed.

"You are his wife, and you don't know that he is about to take someone's life?" said Pema.

Dehgee jerked on her yak skin robe and flew out, the door slamming forlornly behind her. A crowd milled about, looking at the man who was about to be executed. Dehgee shoved through the crowd to the front. She heard people saying the condemned man deserved death for deceiving their leader. Dehgee understood deceit was immoral, but thought it did not merit death.

Suddenly the crowd exploded. Everyone threw stones and mud balls at the man, who was on his knees with both hands tied to a pole. His face was covered with long dirty hair that danced tiredly in the gentle breeze. Those in the crowd became incensed at seeing Dehgee's gloomy face, thinking that she, too, was infuriated by the man's treachery. Another volley of stones and mud-balls thudded against the man.

"Stop! Stop torturing him! Why are you all so cruel? Don't you have any compassion?" shouted Dehgee, panting briskly.

Silence. Everybody stood mute, hands full of stones and mud balls. Nobody expected such anger from Dehgee. She had seemed so gentle and tolerant. Nobody could remember a strong word from her.

"Release him," Dehgee told Bymaguhreh, who was responsible for the man's execution. "Take him to your home, Bymaguhreh, and give him enough food to fill his belly," ordered Dehgee as the others stood in confusion.

"But Jahzong said nobody had the right to spare this man's life, Dehgee. I'm afraid I can't..." Bymaguhreh said uncertainly.

Dehgee fell to her knees before Bymaguhreh had finished. Those gathered shivered a little as they saw Dehgee's helpless figure trembling in the tender morning breeze. Some dropped the stones and mud balls from their hands in shame. "OK! Release this man! Quickly!" shouted somber Bymaguhreh, helping Dehgee to her feet.

Bymaguhreh had never imagined that Dehgee could be so frail, imagining her to be the strongest woman he had ever met. He escorted Dehgee home guiltily as several men took the prisoner to a nearby house. At that very moment Jahzong and the elders arrived at the prayer wheel building where the man was to be executed and were startled that the prisoner, Bymaguhreh, and several other men were gone. Only some villagers remained, silent and unmoving, as though they had been struck by lightening.

"What happened? Where are the others?" demanded Jahzong in concern.

There was no reply, as though demons had stolen the villagers' tongues. Seeing his people like this made Jahzong's heart stop beating for a moment. He became more anxious as the villagers dropped their chins even lower. Seeing the villagers' depressed figures and noticing Bymaguhreh's absence, a chill went through his body straight to his backbone.

He had never had such a feeling in battle. He feared something unexpected had befallen his best friend, Bymaguhreh.

he elders approached as Jahzong sat on the ground, head buried in his hands. "My leader, don't worry. We'll do whatever is necessary even if it means war," said Dorgo, patting Jahzong's shoulder.

"That's true. Shall we walk you home, Leader?" asked another elder man.

"Right. First we'll walk you home," said Dorgo as Jahzong slowly stood in desperation.

As they walked to Jahzong's house, they saw Bymaguhreh sitting on the threshold. "What happened Bymaguhreh? Are you OK?" asked Jahzong, joyfully running to Bymaguhreh.

"Dehgee is in bed," said Bymaguhreh in low spirits.

The small bedroom was extremely quiet. People held their breaths a bit fearing it would disturb her. Suddenly the bed twitched as she tried to open her cracked lips. Everybody stood as soon as they heard her faint voice calling Jahzong, who told the others to leave him with his woman. They reluctantly trudged to the half-opened door while turning back to look at the pale young woman in bed, as if leaving a deathwatch.

Jahzong found Dehgee looking paler than death. Hearing the approaching footsteps she tried to sit, but failed. Tears trundled down from her dull, half-opened eyes as Jahzong held her cold hands. Finally she murmured, "Jahzong, please don't kill any more."

"I promise I'll never kill again, Dehgee. Please don't fall asleep! Please!" he said, pressing his warm soft lips hard against her cold hands.

"Jahzong, Pema said that if you kill other people during your life," she paused to moisten her chapped lips and said, "you'll go to Hell and burn forever."

"I promise nobody will die. Don't worry about me," he said, a tear wetly plopping on the back of Dehgee's gentle hand.

"I just don't... don't want you to burn in Hell," murmured Dehgee. Beads of sweat appeared on her pallid forehead as she gripped Jahzong's hand fiercely, and then she fainted as Jahzong looked into her anguished face.

Those outside rushed in when Jahzong called desperately. Jahzong told Bymaguhreh to bring the only local doctor. A white-headed man soon arrived, panting unevenly. He drove out everyone except Jahzong, who squatted in a corner near the bed. The doctor examined Dehgee skillfully, as those outside shoved each other to better peer through a narrow crack in the wooden door.

Night silently crept over the village. Increasing numbers of people gathered outside Jahzong's house. Some prayed piously for their leader's wife - Dehgee - who had saved the tribe in its moment of greatest peril. Some shed tears as they talked about how kind she had been to them. The doctor carefully checked Dehgee's pulse a third time in the darkening house.

"Congratulations, my leader!" said the doctor, laughing and looking over his shoulder at Jahzong.

Jahzong did not believe what he had just heard or the reason for the doctor's laughter. He slowly raised his head and looked between his fingers at the doctor, who smiled.

"What? What did you say?" asked Jahzong in confusion.

"Good news! You'll be a father in a few months," said the doctor as he gently placed Dehgee's cold hands back under the cover.

"Are you sure? I'm going to be a father soon?" said Jahzong joyfully, springing to his feet.

"Yes," the doctor said. "And Dehgee's fine, just a little discomfort, nothing serious. It happens all the time."

Outside Bymaguhreh shouted first, "Our leader is going to be a father!" Those anxiously gathered at the gate exploded as they heard Bymaguhreh's happy shouting. Everyone suddenly knelt and made prostrations to the rising, utterly full moon.

Jahzong slowly went to the window and gazed at the moon, feeling the whole universe was celebrating this great news. It was the fifteenth day of the month.

He called Bymaguhreh in and said, "Set that traitorous leader free." Jahzong smiled at the delighted people outside, though they could not see him.

"What? Set the bastard free? I understand that tonight is the fifteenth day of this month, and you don't want to kill anybody on this special day, but did you tell Dehgee that this bastard stole her father's snuff-bottle?" asked Bymaguhreh as Jahzong moved his attention to the bright moon.

"No, but I don't think it's necessary. I don't want to welcome this new life with blood-stained hands, Bymaguhreh," said Jahzong, gently touching the turquoise around his neck given by Guhhay as a welcoming present, eighteen years earlier.

As the boundless sky ornamented itself with millions of stars the villagers outside began singing and dancing. Now the moon was high in the sky. As Jahzong looked up, a big black chunk of cloud crept over the bright moon, casting a black shadow on the still vibrating village.

## **TRANSCRIPTIONS**

В

Bahnso, pad mtsho प्रत्रस्

Bymaguhreh, pad ma dkar po यद्रायाद्राप्राद्रा

C

Cewang, tshe dbang ਛੋਂ 'ਨ੍ਧਨ'|

D

Dehgee, bde skyid নই শ্বীনা

Dorgo, rdo gor ई में रा

Doorgee, rdo rje 美達

Dzorge, mdzod dge ঝাইন্নিগ্

G

Guru, gu ru শৃস্থ

Gongbuya, mgon po yag ঝর্ল্ ব'র্ম'অন্

Guhhay, gu he गुःहै।

Η

Huadan Zhaxi, dpal ldan bkra shis ব্যক্ষ্ৰ্যসূত্ৰী

J

Jahzong, leags gzong ঝুল্মাল্রিনা

Jikmed, 'jigs med এইশৃশ্মীম্

L

Lhamojew, lha mo skyabs ঝু'র্ম'ষ্কুবন্স্

Longwa, lung ba এ도'지

N Nahwah, rnga ba হ'ব। O Om mani peme hung, oM ma Ni pad+me hUM र्हें या है यह है P Pema, pad ma খ5'ঋ| Q Qiang 羌 Qiujie, chos rje र्केश है। R Rangnan, ra sngon र धूँना S Sahnguh, sangs dga' শ্বস্থা Sahngee-Renchin, sangs rgyas rin chen শ্বন্ধানুশ হিন্দ্রী Sichuan 四川 T

tsamba, rtsam pa স্থামা

Zorgay, mdzod dge মার্ইন্'ন্থী

Z

## खुवारावार्वेदा सुवार्थेवार्देदवी र्केंद्रिया

## र्डे अप्यर्थिय मुन्न सर्द्ध्य अर्दे र प्रसुस्।

त्रु अश्राक्ष्य प्रश्चिम् स्याचित् भेषा व्याक्ष स्वयः भेषा स्याक्षेत्र प्रश्चिम स्वयः स्व

## व्यः द्वायिषात्र शास्त्र स्वर्थः सर्दे राजसूत्र।

$$\begin{split} & = \frac{1}{2} \left[ \frac{1}{2} \left[ \frac{1}{2} \left( \frac{1}{2} \right) - \frac{1}{2} \left( \frac{1}{2} \right) \right] + \frac{1}{2} \left[ \frac{1}{2} \left[ \frac{1}{2} \right] + \frac{1}{2} \left[ \frac{1}{2} \left[ \frac{1}{2} \right] \right] + \frac{1}{2} \left[ \frac{1}{2} \left[ \frac{1}{2} \right] + \frac{1}{2} \left[ \frac{1}{2} \left[ \frac{1}{2} \right] + \frac{1}{2} \left[ \frac{1}{2} \right] + \frac{1}{2} \left[ \frac{1}{2} \left[ \frac{1}{2} \left[ \frac{1}{2} \left[ \frac{1}{2} \right] + \frac{1}{2} \left[ \frac{1}{2} \left[ \frac{1}{2} \left[ \frac{1}{2} \right] + \frac{1}{2} \left[ \frac{1}{2} \left[ \frac{1}{2} \left[ \frac{1}{2} \left[ \frac{1}{2} \right] + \frac{1}{2} \left[ \frac{1}{2} \right] + \frac{1}{2} \left[ \frac{1}{2} \left[$$

 $\tilde{g}_{1}\cdot\tilde{g}_{2}\cdot\tilde{g}_{3}\cdot\tilde{g}_{4}\cdot\tilde{g}_{1}\cdot\tilde{g}_{2}\cdot\tilde{g}_{3}\cdot$ 

मान्यायवा सुराम्यायवा सुराम्यायवा सुराम्यायवा सुराम्यायवा सुन्यायवा सुन्याय

स्वान्त्रान्त्रम् स्वान्त्रम् स्वान्त्रम्यान्त्रम् स्वान्त्रम् स्वान्त्रम् स्वान्त्रम् स्वान्त्रम् स्वान्त्रम् स्वान्त्रम्यस्वान्त्रम्यस्वान्त्रम्यस्वान्त्रम्यस्वान्त्रम्यस्वान्त्रम्यस्वान्त्रम्यस्वान्त्रम्यस्वान्त्रम्यस्वान्त्रम्यस्

উষ'ইমা

यमानी र्स्ट्र प्राया अपना में प्राया क्षा क्षेत्र क्षेत्र क्षा क्षेत्र क्षेत्र क्षा क्षेत्र क्षेत्र क्षेत्र क्षा क्षेत्र क्षेत्र

"तर्दर्श्वाक्षक्षे ष्राध्यक्षर्वाक्ष्यं क्ष्यं व्यव्यक्ष्यं व्यव्यक्षयं व्यव्यक्षयं व्यव्यक्षयं व्यवव्यक्षयं व्यवव्यक्षयं व्यवव्यक्षयं व्यवव्यक्षयं व्यव्यक्षयं विष्यक्षयं विष्यक्षयं विष्यक्षयं विष्यक्षयं विष्यक्षयं विष्यक्षयं विषयं वि

दर्श्वे चॅरम्महुम्बाक्षः विद्यवश्यक्षः वी द्वे सार्यक्षः चे प्रेरम्बा सार्वितः क्षे स्वाद्यक्षः विद्याप्तः स्व

त्रव्यः। श्रृणः श्रृंदः वे दें ग्रवेंद्रश्राश्चा विषाः श्रेवः यः त्रितः स्टः ह्रण्याः श्रेवः श्रः धिव। विश्वः त्रातः त्रश्लें व्यादः यदः विष्टा श्रेवः श्रेवः

र्देव'दे'ब्रुट'य'वे'श्रद'दर'ळे'यवे'दशुव'ष'वेष'येद| ग्रीट'यबेर'क्रुट'षीबार्ख्यवाब' अक्षश्चाचक्किर्-र्-वाङ्ग्ञाचीरा। त्यशावाचेराचीराध्नेराक्ष्र्राख्न्-क्ष्र्रातुन्-तुःचाङ्ग्वाचिरार्-वा याश्चराहे।विराध्यावमाञ्चयाये। विष्याधिरश्चर्याचमामे म्यार्ट्याची स्वाप्तर ब्रद्धिः वित्रावास्त्रावास्त्रात्त्रात्त्रात्त्रात्त्रात्त्रात्त्रात्त्रात्त्रात्त्रात्त्रात्त्रात्त्रात्त्रात्त त्वेषाःषीःवदःवःभ्रेःभ्रेःदभरःयरःयर। हैः<u>स</u>्दःषीःबिंदःवःषदःयःद्वाःद्वाःश्वाषाय। भ्रेः য়৾ৼ৾য়য়য়৻ৠৄ৾ৼয়য়য়ড়ৼঢ়য়৾য়ৄ৾ৼয়ৣ৾৻ড়য়ড়য়য়ড়য়য়৻ৼৼয়য়ৣ৻য়৻ঽঢ়ৢ৾ঀয়য়ড়য়ৼ৻৸ৼ৻ यः भ्रीः हैयः यमः विः वना र्केनः यम। र्क्षनः सम्भानें त्रः नुना रक्षेत्रः योः स्त्रेः सम्भाने स्वा निश्र ग्रीश्वर साहि त्विं राजें। यदा द्वारा पङ्कीरा सेदा। वि सेवा वीश्वर से तीदा द्वारा पेंदिः *ॠॸॺॱॻ*ॱॴज़ॸॱॸॱक़ॕॸॱॻ॓ॺॱॻॷॺऻ*ॱॺॸॱ*य़ॕॱॻऻढ़॓ॺॱॻॖॏॺॱॺढ़ॱख़ॖ॔ढ़ॱॴॱॺ॒ॸॱऄॗॸॱॸऀॻॱ ययः ब्रें न्द्र यः रेट ब्रें बिन नेब ब्रें अ क्षेन यउन्। क्लें चुर नु विर विर क्लें तह्रअः विदःदेरः शुरः विदः। र्डेना रेदे स्ट्रेदः नी तह्र अः स्रुदे पवितः दुः अः स्टर्अः सदः त्रायः य'सेर'यर'कुब्रा

म् न्यां क्षेत्र खंदी अर्त क्षेत्र स्था क्षेत्र क्षेत

श्रू तथा देन। मिन विश्वा मिश्रा श्रू न्या मिन विश्वा मिश्रा स्वा मिन स्वा मिन स्व मिन

यर्गान्यः अर्क्ष्ट्रं च क्ष्र्ं दे च क्ष्रं का क्ष्रा का क्ष्रं का क्ष्रा के क्ष्रं का क्ष्रं क

दर्श-न्यंत्र-र्ध्यायन्य विकास्त्र विकास्त विकास्त्र विकास्त्र विकास्त्र विकास्त्र विकास्त्र विकास्त्र विक

"मडेश धुना दरे ता क्रेंश दर। वि श्वा का सार्ट श्रेना महेश खिरा दर्श की साम्य के सार्च निक्ष की साम्य की साम्य

म्ब्रास्त्रम् अस्त्रम् अस्त्रम्य अस्त्रम् अस्त्रम् अस्त्रम् अस्त्रम् अस्त्रम् अस्त्रम् अस्त्रम्यम् अस्त्रम् अस्त्रम् अस्त्रम् अस्त्रम् अस्त्रम् अस्त्रम् अस्त्

अवाश्वाव्यं स्थान्त्र स्यान्त्र स्थान्त्र स्थान्त्य स्यान्त्र स्थान्त्र स्थान्त्र स्थान्त्र स्थान्त्र स्थान्त्र स्य

ઌ૽ૼૼ૽૽ૼૼૹ૽ૢ૽ૡૹૢ૽ૹૹૢ૽ૹ૽ૣૹૹૹ૽ૢૼૹૹઌ૿૱ૹ૽૽૱૱ૢ૽ૹ૽૽૱ૢ૽ૡૡ૱ૡૹ૽૽૱ૡૢ૽૱ૡૢ૽૱ૡૢ૽૱ઌ૽૽ૢૹ૽૽૱ઌ૽૽ૢ૽૱ઌ૽૽ म्बर्मार्ज्यः व्यवस्थान्यः त्राम्बर्धिनः स्वर्धाः स्वर्धः स्वर्धः स्वर्धः स्वर्धः स्वर्धः स्वर्धः स्वर्धः स्वर <sup>ૄ</sup> છું આ અસ્ટ્રેંચા ગ્રી. મેં શ્રું માલ્યું માત્રા માનું વા. તા. તેમાને એ. ફ્રેંમાલરા આર્થીના વામા ત્યાં. જા. માને ત્યા त्वेर। तर्ने वे सु नायर वेगा नाया हे सुर केव र्या या सुर में र में खेर वहनाया नेगा म्या विश्वस्याम्यविष्यक्रीश्वस्याभेत्रस्य स्थितः स्वीतः स्वीत्रः स्वीतः स्वतः स्वीतः स्वीतः स्वीतः स्वीतः स्वीतः स्वीतः स्वीतः स्वीतः स ક્રેદઃવચાસાત્રાત્રાતા હોવા પાચાદ્યવાતા સાધુદા | સહસંચાત્રેત્ર ધુવા ર્ફેંચા **''**ધા য়৴৾য়ৢ৾৴৾য়৾ঀ৾৻৴ৼ৻য়৴য়৾ড়৴য়ৣ৾৾৻ড়ৢ৾৽য়ঀ৾৾৻ৢড়য়৴য়ড়৻ড়ঀৢ৾ঀ৻ঀ৾য়৻ড়য়৻ড়ৼয়৻য়য়য়৻ য়ৣ৾৴৽য়৽ঀ৻য়৽ৣ৽*৽*ঢ়৽৶য়ৢঢ়৽৻য়৸৽য়৾৴৽৻ৢ৾য়য়৽৻য়ৢ৾ৄ৻ৠঢ়য়৽ঢ়৾৴৽ঢ়৾৽৴ৼ৻য়৽য়৽৻য়য় यदे।विंद्राची:बेदावस्यादे।याद्येवाळदासी:महिंग्याचादी:यश्रसादाञ्चेवार्सेदा। दीवार्स्या अन्यवाद्याः मीक्षांविः याप्तक्षापर्वे बाग्नुकार्के । षाः अवा "द्वे माने बासुम् विः र्के सः देः याः याचेत्। यावबरार्थायेत्रस्य। विवित्तर्भत्यस्तित्र्वाधिवायात्ता रार्द्वेयावित्रा নৰ্শ্লুশ্বামাইন।

ୠୖ୶ୖୠ୕୴ୖୄ୲ଽ୕୲୴୶ୖୢଈ୕୷୵୵୕ୢ୷ଽୢ୕ୠ୵ୡ୕ୢ୵ୡୢ୷୷ୠ୷ୠ୕୴୷ୡ୶୷୷୷୷ୡୢ୵ୄଌୣ୵ୢ୴୷୶୲ चर्चा हूं. खुर्चा. सर्थे ब्री. की. बेर. दी. कीर. ही. मूच. मूच. तालूट हा. ही. वर्षेची सर्वा. क्ट. सा ૡટ્ર્યાશ્વાયશ્વાસ્થાયા શક્રુપત્રા શ્રું જે. શ્રું વ. ટ્યા દ્યા તટ્ટેન તા વિન. ગ્રી. છેવા વ. ચૈંતા વિસ એ૬:૨ે૬| હદ્દેશૄષાએ૬:વે.ઌ૽ૼ:વક્કુ૬:વા.શ્રૅવ.દા.૬દાસુશૃષાયામૂર્વેદાવયાર્વે! શહેયાનું અ के। व्रीकायाञ्चमवार्वेदावीवायर्वेदार्श्वेदायदेर्ष्वेदात्रार्वेष्णेष्यत्वादार्व्वप्रवेदायेदाया **୵**ଽୢୡ୶୲୶୲୶ୖୣଈ୵ଊୣୠୣ୷ୖୡ୕୵ୢୠୣ୵୕ୖ୶୵ୖ୶୕ୣ୷ୣ୷୕୶୶୶ୖୠ୕୶ୄ୷୷୕ୡ୕୶ୄ୷ୣୠ୕୶୷ୄୖଈ୕୵ୄୄ୲ र्थे र्झेन न्द्रा हिंस स्दरमी न्द्रान भेद छी. स्वाया छीत्र। मिं से ही सामानित पार्या में सूर्यों રુટી ' ગુજા. તતુ. ધ્રિટ. ટી. ધ્રુ. જા. હુટ. જ્રેટ.જીટ. જાતવ. ચુ.જૈયાજા. યોક્ર્ટ. વિર. છી. જીયી ૡદ્દેવાં જા. સેન્. ગુરુ, વિંદ. ને સુંન. છેને. તા. શુરૂ ના જો શરા તા કું તા સો કો જો જો જો છેને. ૡઘુુમા શ્રેષા ત્રુર દ્વામાર્સે તસમાર્ત્સુ વક્ષા ક્ષાય લેવા વાયતે કે ત્યા તેને વાય ત્રામાં ત્રામારા કે વાય સાથે ন্মম ন্ম বেইল্ম মূল্ম ব্যা "ল্ডম ধ্ৰুল্ ন্ৰ্ৰি স্থান্ত্ৰীম ন্ত্ৰীৰ মূল য়য়ৼ৻ৼয়৻য়ৼ৻য়ড়৻ড়য়ৼ৻ৠৼ৻ড়য়৻য়য়য়য়৻য়ঀ৻ড়য়৻য়ৠৼ৻ঀয়৻য়য়৾ঢ়য়৾৻ঀৼ৻ दे'स्टावेसस्यावः**ग्रीशः**र्शेटः।

त्र न्त्रेन न्त्रें अया असे अव ग्राम व अर्के ग्"

स्वाश्वायक्ष्या स्वायक्ष्या विष्या स्वायक्ष्या विष्या स्वायक्ष्या विष्या स्वायक्ष्या स्वायक्ष्य स्वायक्य स्वायक्ष्य स्वायक्ष्य स्वायक्ष्य स्वायक्ष्य स्वायक्ष्य स्वायक्य स्वायक्षय स्वायक्ष्य स्वायक्षय स्वायक्य स्वायक्षय स्वायक्षय स्वायक्षय स्वायक्षय स्वायक्षय स्वायक्षय स्वायक्षय स्वायक्य स्वायक्षय स्वायक्षय स्वयक्षय स्वयक्षय स्वयक्षय स्वयक्षय स्वयक्षय स्वयक्ययक्य स्वयक्षय स्वयक्ययक्षय स्वयक्ययक्षय

यवरःश्चॅरः ग्री-रे-मुल्यः श्रुव-र्यः वे श्रे-सुर-द्व-र्ये ते श्रुव-र्य-र्ये व व न्या श्व्य-र्ये त्ये स्वा त्या व न्या व व न्या व व न्या व न्या व व न्या व व व व व व व व व व व व

ब्रियाः खंत्राः खेताः योः कयाः श्रीतः यायाः व्यायः व्यायः व्यायः व्यायः व्यायः व्यायः व्यायः व्यायः व्यायः व्य अवाः खंत्राः व्यायः व्यायः

"डि:बेन्यायायद्दर्द्द्यामी सेन्। द्वेस्युम् क्वेंच्यार्ये विक्षाया वेद्वेद्युम्युक्षिद्वेष

"बाळाददीः के तद्वे स्व ब्यूवायाया "बेबाञ्चवाका वार्वेट वीका अर्थे ग्रांवा ग्रांवा हुःक्षुः नेदका विदेश्वे पायक्ष्रा

त्यः विषयः विषयः

यद्भारत्यात्र विकास क्षेत्र विकास क्षेत्र विकास क्षेत्र क्

ञ्जन्य न्यां प्रत्येष प्रस्थान स्थान स्था

"ष्यायाय। मुँ भूयमा न्दान्तमा नुँ न्युन्य न्दान्य मिन्य न्या मिन्य न्या प्राप्त मिन्य मिन

व स्वेता साम्राव ता साम्राव ता स्वा स्वा स्व स्व साम्राव स्व स्व साम्राव स्व स्व साम्राव स्व साम्राव स्व साम्राव स्व साम्राव साम्राव स्व साम्राव साम्

ज्. ध्रेय. यह रच . ब्रूट. । द्वि. यरियाबा. ध्रे. या. याये या. ब्रूटा. याक्ष्मबा. यं ब्राटीटा जा. दलवाबादावार्षेत्रकृत् बेरायमा बे। विदायक्तरमा बेरायमामा वाबेरा ग्री वदामरा য়ৣ৴। अर्वे। ऄॗ॔गबाक्तत्वा द्वेटा तुःग्बॅबा अर्वे। वगः भ्रे। इसवा ग्रीबा गस्र वा चदेः व्या र्हेगा पर पार्वे वाबेदे सूराया ५५ दर्गे ५ त्या क्षेत्राया ५८ तर त्रा गु छे त्यराता दर्गे ८८। वशक्र्रें त. प्रकृति मु मालका निया मु द्वारा ना वितायते से महस्य ग्रीका समीव गिरी प्र શુવા શરીય.વ. શ્રું અ.ત. ક્રેમઅ. ગ્રીઅ. ૪૮. પ્રશ્ન ૪. હ. વાદુ. હું ૮. શ્ર. હંં તે ને ગ્રી શ. વર્ષા *चेटा*। ब्रिक्ट्युंद्रमुवादाञ्चेबायाद्रयायाद्रयायाद्वयायदेश्याक्त्र्वा त्र्रम्भुस्य अवस्वार्मे इत्येश्वास्य में प्रमानित्रम् । स्वार्मे स्वार्ये स्वार्मे स्वार्मे स्वार्मे स्वार्मे स \$'तर्टेदे'स्'व'स्वापाय'अटा। भ्रम्यकारेम'स्वाबाम्बाह्मरमार्थेदा। हे'सवदे'स्वा *नै*टःषीःषाश्रेपात्रःश्रेप्तःश्रेपाशुःहेःषाश्रेष्यःश्राप्तदःषाहदात्रश्रार्थेत्। श्रेप्तंदाशःश्रेष्त्रशः याञ्चेयाप्यकाम्बिमामीकागुरार्रमायार्केरा।

"र्श्च-च्या श्च-च्या श्च-च्या श्व-च्या श्व-च्य-च्या श्व-च्या श्व-

वर्षः द्वेशः व्यव्यायात्र । द्वाः क्षुवाद्यः स्वाः यविष्यः विष्यः विष्यः विष्यः विष्यः विष्यः विष्यः विष्यः विषयः विष्यः विषयः विषय

श्री श्री स्वार स

त्र्यः श्रुम। तुरुरः अः खुर्या अः रश्चिरुयः यसः रहिषायः अपः ग्रीः र्षाः याद्वस्यः त्रयः ग्रीः यः स्ययः ग्रीः यः गुर्वरः अः खुर्या अः रश्चरुयः यसः रहिषायः अपः ग्रीः र्षाः यद्वस्य त्रयः ग्रीः यः प्रस्थाः ग्रीः यः

श्रवी टार्क्स्य सटारेन प्रस्ता मान्य स्वाप्त स्वाप्त

भूतश्रदेरप्पत्यादग्रर्गरप्रां कृत्यीश्रादश्रेष्ठात्श्रात्रश्रेष्ठात्र्यः हेत्र्याद्यात्रात्र्यः कृत्यात्र्यात्र भूतः वित्रात्र्याः भूत्रात्रात्रात्र्यात्रात्रात्र्यात्र्यात्र्याः वित्रात्र्याः वित्राः

यर.भ्र.थ.त्य्यम्.र्थ. त्याभ.र्. जटबा श्रीयश्रा भर्म्यत्रा सम्बा सीश प्रट. सूर्यः स्रीयः

"भ्रमान्यमा हिंदारदेर्गमायाकाषीमा निदार्भेदायान्तीमेता मेरामिनाया

स्वा अर्ग्। व्हिं स्वावस्य वावत्यक्षित्र वित्य स्वावस्य वित्य स्वावस्य वित्य स्वावस्य वित्य स्वावस्य वित्य स्वावस्य स्वस्य स्वावस्य स्वावस्य स्वावस्य स्वयस्य स्वयस्य स्वयस्य स्वयस्य

ञ्जन्म नार्बेट नीम "टर्जेम रें सम्यासे सन्दर्ध व निर्माणित वस्रा "बेम देश रें सर्मि मुं इत्यो

"दे प्रम् प्रम् अभा हिंद स्ट प्रके भे पर्दे त्वा मिं हैं से वेंद्र मी अप

र्षित् कर् त्र्र्या स्वरात् त्रा स्वराधित स्वरा

स्राप्त्राचित्र। श्रेश्वराय्येत्रकृतिः क्रिंग्यायाः स्राप्त्राच्याः स्राप्त्राचित्र। श्रेश्वर्षः स्राप्त्राचित्रः स्राप्त्राच्याः स्राप्त्रः स्राप्तः स्रापतः स्रापतः

"विः क्षें : चवाः के अत्रायक्ष्यः विष्णः विषणः विषणः

यर्थान्ने ह्रिय्ता हे के ने काहे के। स्रात्त कार प्रेत्त का का प्रेत्त का का प्रेत्त का का प्रेत्त के प्रेत्त का का प्रेत्त के प्रेत्त का का प्रेत्त के प्रेत के प्रेत्त के प्रेत के प्रेत्त के प्रेत्त के प्रेत्त के प्रेत्त के प्रेत्त के प्रेत के प्रेत्त के प्रेत्त के प्रेत्त के प्रेत्त के प्रेत्त के प्रेत के प्रेत के प्रेत के प्रेत्त के प्रेत के प्रेत्त के प्रेत के प्रेत के प्रेत के प्रेत के प्रेत के प्रेत के प्रेत्त के प्रेत के प्रेत के प्रेत के प्रेत के प्रेत के प्रे

यन् अन्तर्भान्त्रस्य म्वान्यत्र स्वत्य स्वत

मूर्या त्यादे हे बावेस यें कुवाया मूर्या हिसायादर्शे "बेबायवा

"बिरायायम्। द्वी द्वी या स्वाप्त स्वा

"हिंद्रिः भ्रे त्यत्र। भ्रे त्वैषात्यतः दर्षे स्यत्। दः यदः अप्तग्रदः ये स्थेतः यः त्यसः हिंद्रः

द्वीर र्यावा प्रति यथा। वा विद्या वि

भ्रेःमान्त्रायसम्बाधित्यसम्बाधित्यसम्बाधित्यसम्बाधित्राम्यसम्बाधित्यसम्बाधित्यसम्बाधित्यसम्बाधित्यसम्बाधित्यसम् भ्रिमाञ्च्याचित् त्य्या चित्रायसम्बाधित्यसम्बाधित्यसम्बाधित्यसम्बाधित्यसम्बाधित्यसम्बाधित्यसम्बाधित्यसम्बाधित् नर्देश्यम्बन्धतम्बाधित्यसम्बाधितम्बाधितम्बाधितम्बाधितम्बाधितम्बाधितम्बाधितम्बाधितम्बाधितम्बाधितम्बाधितम्बाधितम

यमायार्द्द्वार्या विमामीश्वाञ्चनाशार्त्वेद्यामीयायात्वेत्यात्वेत्यात्वेत्यात्वेत्यात्वेत्यात्वेत्यात्वेत्यात्व सुम स्टामीश्वास्टात्याश्चमायाञ्चत्या "वेशाखायशायवा द्वाञ्चेत्यात्वेत्या "देत्वेश्वाट्या "देत्वश्वाट्या "देत्वश वकार्मे मिडेमा गुरा से केंद्र दिरे क्षेदा सुम समामायका प्रक्षा गुरा से दिन में का

त्रमुलःक्रॅट्रं।

त्रमुलःक्रॅट्रं।

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त्रमुलःक्र्रंन्नःक्रेस्यःक्रंन्नःक्रेस्यःक्रेस्यःक्रेस्यःक्रंन्नःक्रेस्यःक्रंनःक्रेस्यःक्रंनःक्रेस्यःक्रंनःक्रेस्यःक्रंनःक्रेस्यःक्रंनःक्रेस्यःक्रंनःक्रेस्यःक्रंनःक्रंवेद्रःक्रंनःक्रंवेद्रःक्रंनःक्रंवेद्

क्षेत्र प्रति स्वित्त्वर्था "लेश्वर्थश्वर्ष्ण विश्वर्थश्वर्षण विश्वर्षण विश्व

ध्रमश्रम्भ स्टान्त्रे स्टान्त्रे स्ट्री स्टान्त्रे स्टान्त्रे स्टान्त्रे स्ट्राम्स स्टान्त्रे स्ट्रम्स स्टान्त त्रम्य स्ट्रीन्द्रम्य स्टान्त्रे स्ट्री द्रान्त्र स्ट्री स्टान्त्र स्ट्रीन्द्र स्ट्रम्य स्ट्रीन्द्रम्य स्ट्रीय स

मुं हे हिरे तर्थे दश्या प्रश्लेष्ठ वश्यावत मी प्रत्या स्वराय विश्व व्याप्त स्वरा विश्व स्वरा विश्व व्याप्त स्वरा विश्व स्वरा

श्रुकायात्त्रस्रकाम्याव्याय्त्रस्यात् श्रुण्यात्रस्यात् । श्रुण्यात्रस्यात् । स्वायात्रस्य स्वायात् स्वायायात् स्वायायात् स्वायायात् स्वायायात् स्वायायात् स्वायायात् स्वायायात् स्वायायात् स्वायायायायायायायायाय

त्रक्षा तक्ष्याः भ्रीतः द्वारत् त्वार्यः विषाः त्वार्यः त्वीकाः तव्याः त्वार्यः त्वार्यः त्वार्यः विष्यः व्यार्यः विष्यः विषयः विष्यः विषयः विष्यः विषयः विष्यः विषयः विष्यः विष्य

য়ৢट त्व्ह्ंच स्ट ने दक्षं चें क्षेत्र में अप्या मुंद्र स्वा चित्र स्व से मुंद्र स्व से मुंद्र से मुंद्र से मुंद्र से मुंद्र से मुंद्र से मुंद्र से से मुंद्र मुंद्र मुंद्र मुंद्र मुंद्र से मुंद्र म

द्याः क्षेत्राः क्षेत्राः त्रां क्षात्रः त्रां क्षेत्रः त्रां कष्टितः त्रां कष्टितः त्रां क्षेत्रः त्रां कष्टितः त्रां कष्टित

"मि.भी. बाबाबायका वी.के.किन्। ५.५.किं. यक्किन् खी. तर्वी. यन्ता. तरी. व. व्यान्त. या. भेव.वया विन.क्कि.केंस्यकाया खु.त्या व्यानी चेका क्षेत्राया विवा वीका सम्मानस्था

र्कें द्वेंबर्र्दे अदश्कुण्यर से।

यदा स्थापा स्थाप स्थाप

क्षेत्रवाद्यात्र्याः क्षेत्राचाद्यात्र्याः क्षेत्राचाद्यात्र्यात्यात्र्यात्र्यात्यात्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्यात्यात्र्यात्

स्ता "डेश्राश्रेश्रश्चा नरा । हिंदा की स्त्रा शास्त्र प्रकार प्रकार प्रकार स्त्रा हिंदा की स्त्रा हिंदा की स्त्रा स्त्रा स्त्रा हिंदा की स्त्रा स्त्र

रक्षः लूजः लेबो. बीकुषो. श्लूः । प्रतः यदीरका पर्येबो. या. प्रेका । घरः श्लूषो. श्लूषो. श्लूषो. श्लूषो. श्लूषो वहराष्ट्री केर्द्रार्द्रवार्द्रवार्द्रवार्वां वार्यात्वार्क्ष्याता क्षेत्रवार्वा वार्या देते ही र्देता वार्व्या र्क्षेत्राचेदःग्रीःगद्रवा भ्रुग्नाश्चार्वेदःग्रीश्चाद्रगःवदेःविदःददःद्रभुव्यःवदेः।वस्रश्चानुःवरःदः रकार्षिया हे स्वादी विवा को र्षेट् स्वया विवाय हो है से धर सेहा यदे येसार्थे राष्ट्र पश्चरः द्वीः स्थः लेग । युश्च। रशः संत्यात्यः मितृमशः तशः मस्तिः त्यमः मीशः देः पञ्चरः लेदः म्पार्यात्रमा में साम्या में भूरा साम्राप्त मान्या मान्या में स्वारा में साम्या मान्या में स्वारा में स्वारा में स्वारा में स्वारा में स्वारा में साम्या में स्वारा में साम्या में स्वारा में साम्या में स्वारा में साम्या में साम्य में साम्या में साम में साम्य में साम्य में साम्य में साम में साम्य में साम में सा रयाची र्स्नो स्तर तु र सुराया यहेगाया अगया गर्ने र मी असुर र्स्ने याची पर्ने उत्तर प्र चक्क्वाय:प्रप्रदेशेस्य प्रस्थार्थेत्य:क्ष्याश्चार्यः देशेस्य दुवः तुः वार्थेव:त्यवाः वी:व्यप्तः प्रसः वी: ब्र्यामायखेर पर्ट क्रिया यी प्रयाद या बार प्रति हित्य प्रयाद में विभावी प्रयाद या थी । *ॺ*ॴॴॸॣ॔ॻऻॴय़ढ़ॖॱॸऺ॔ॣॴग़ॣॶॴॹग़ॹॴॹॶॗॸॱऄ॔ॱॺॶॴॶॴॶ विषाः सन्तर्भ सर्वो त्रषाः सन्तर्भ सन्तर्भ सन्तर्भ सन्तर्भ सन्तरम् सन्तरम् देश सन्तरम् सन्तरम् देश सन्तरम् सन् )ર્વે ત્રે 'વટ' વરે અનુવ વ'ર' સ્ટર<sup>ે</sup>ફેં ર' ધ' છે ર' અવિવ 'સેંદે' ધ્રું ગ**ચ**ાશુ વ' શુવા 'દુ 'ચેંદ' |

म्यास्यासी स्थासी स्थासी मार्था स्थासी मार्था स्थासी स्था

र्षित्। त्रायदेवासेत्यतेषुःर्सेष्वास्त्रेश्चराष्ट्रार्चेरायाःकृत्यस्ता हें र्षेरात्राहेश्हेः पितृश्वात्रेक्षास्यस्त्राह्यस्त्रेष्ट्यस्त्रेक्ष्यस्त्रेक्ष्यस्याः

"र्बेर्। न्याःवें सः रः र्कें क्रयायायवेषातुः यह्याः प्रक्षायाके विद्याः विद्य

शु. इ. तिविभा चाबुच . त्यूच .

अन्तरायाश्चनात्वन्य। अन्तरायाश्चनात्वन्य। अन्तरायाश्चनात्वन्य। अन्तरायाज्ञात्वन्यः स्वान्तरायाञ्चन्यः स्वान्तरायाज्ञात्वन्यः स्वान्तर्यः स्वान्त्यः स्वान्तर्यः स्वान्तर्यः स्वान्तर्यः स्वान्तर्यः स्वान्तर्य

"न्याः धार्यदेशवयाः वर्षेत्रः सान्ते वाक्षान्यस्य स्वायः वाक्षेत्रः वाक्षान्यस्य स्वायः विकास

यश्चरः त्याः स्वान्तः त्याः स्वान्तः स्वानः स्वान्तः स्वानः स्वान्तः स्वान्तः स्वान्तः स्वान्तः स्वान्तः स्वान्तः स्वान

स्वाश्वास्त्र हैं त्यश्वाच्या च्या श्री त्या स्वाश्वास्त्र विश्वास्त्र विश्वास्त्र विश्वास्त्र स्वाश्वास्त्र स्वाश्वस्त्र स्वास्त्र स्वाश्वस्त्र स्वास्त्र स्वाश्वस्त्र स्वाश्वस्त्र स्वाश्वस्त्र स्वाश्वस्त्र स्वाश्वस्त्र स्वाश्वस्त्र स्वाश्वस्त्र स्वाश्वस्त्र स्वाश्वस्त्र स्वास्त्र स्वाश्वस्त्र स्वाश्वस्त्र स्वाश्वस्त्र स्वाश्वस्यस्य स्वाश्वस्त्र स्वाश्वस्यस्य स्वाश्वस्यस्त्र स्वाश्वस्य स्वाश्वस्त्र स

क्षु-तिक्ष-

अभक्ष अभियाय ते श्री मा श्री दी दी दे त्या स्व का स्व का

त्यवायार्चेत्राची बिकास्त्रेस्य विकासिस्य विक

ख्याश्चरायाङ्करायायङ्करायाः देशाया विश्वास्त्राया विश्वास्त्राया क्षेत्रः स्वास्त्राया कष्त्राया स्वास्त्राया क्षेत्रः स्वास्त्राया स्वास्

द्यार दें 'क्कें 'व व का यर का हे "विं कें 'वें व खुरा | "वे का क्षेर कुर तक्र वें र तुं या।

धे क्ष्यः या माश्रमः धुरामी त्वया त्वा श्री क्ष्यः प्रमास्त्रे प्रमायम् मार्थे व्याप्त स्त्रे प्रमायम् स्त्रे स्वाप्त स्त्रे स्वाप्त स्त्रे स्वाप्त स

योश्वादित्रःश्वेषाः स्वाद्याः श्वेषः विष्याः प्राद्याः स्वाद्यः स्वादः स्वतः स्वादः स्वतः स्वादः स्वादः स्वतः स्वादः स्वादः स्वादः स्वतः स्

"ने प्रम् त्र प्रम् विष्य प्रायम ने विष्ठ प्रायम के विषय के कि प्रम के विषय के व

अन्याश्रास्त्रित्यं च्यात्रित्यं श्रुप्ता स्वार्थः विष्या विष्या विष्या विष्या विष्या विष्या विष्या विष्या विषया विषया

द्म्या स्थान्य । स्थान्य स्था

ঝুল্মাল্র্রিনেল্নিমাহর মারেপ্ররা অল্যম্মার্ড্রার্ড্রান্ত্রিন্য র্রিন্যুদ্রেমীর্জন্মমান্দ্র *ॸ*८ॱषीॱढ़य़॓ढ़ॱढ़ऄॕ॔॔॔॔॔॔॔॔॔॔य़ॱय़ॸॱॾॖ॓॔ॡढ़ॺॱऒॾ॔॔॔॔॔॔॔ढ़ॱॷॹॹॵॾ॔॔॔॔ॸॱॺऻऀॹॱढ़ऀ॔ढ़ॱय़ॱॹॖढ़ॱक़ॕ॔॔॔॔॔॔ र्श्वेरफॅन'दर्वेद'य'दर्भे'दे'हर्भेन'यश्याद'मुय'तु'श्रय'दर्श्वेय। सुन्यश्चेद्रपी'दर्श्वे वशम्बद्याः स्ट्रांस्याच्याः स्वर्याः स्वर्याः स्वर्याः स्वर्याः स्वर्याः स्वरं स्वरं स्वरं स्वरं स्वरं स्वरं स खेट में र चें . बीर जाता से र चा केर बोट अर चर्मे बोला शिला कूटे . यवाय जा रेश कूटे. विश्री भर्देयो. भवर. भु. एयोष. भ. योर्ट्रेयोश्व. एव्. भ. वीयो क्षियोश. योज्ञर. योश. रेवी. व्र्. पश्चैताःश्वरः वेदावरः तर्वरः तयदश्च श्वरः दुः दुदश्वश्व। द्विषशः कदः श्वेदः यदेः द्वाः वेः चर्डला ग्राम् विष्वा ग्राम्य अत्राहेत्। नेया देम कुलाव केवार्या विषय विषय देशा देशा देशा देशा वि ऄॴज़ऻॸॆॸॱॺॴॻॸॸॱॻॱॿॕॴॱॸॸॱय़ॕॱऄॸऻॱॹॖॱऄॴढ़ऒ॔ॱढ़ॎड़ॆॺॱॻॖॴॱॸॆॱॹॗख़ॱऻॺॱ**क़**ॱऄॱ न्नदशस्टा द्विमशमित्रभगरःवि:म्रश्चिरायःरेत्। द्वेदशदेरःमर्विमागाःरदावीःभ्रेष्यः नि:स्रश्नामुक्ताःगुरःसःसूरः।

स्वाक्षायात्र। त्वान्यंत्रश्चे स्वाक्ष्यः त्याः स्वाक्ष्यः त्याः स्वाक्ष्यः व्याक्ष्यः व्याक्ष्यः व्याक्ष्यः व्याक्ष्यः व्याक्ष्यः व्याक्षयः व्यावक्षयः व्याक्षयः व्यावक्षयः व्यावक्षयः व्यावक्षयः व्याक्षयः व्यावक्षयः विष्यवक्षयः विष्यवेष्यवेष्यः विष्यवेष्यः विष्यवेषयः विष्यवेष्यः विष्यव

रेग देव गुर ह र्च पश्चर वश्वर मा शेर्ड केंद्र अर श्चेत्र अत्र स्वा विव यश रट गी यदग र्च राजेंद्र स्वाय स्वाय मेंद्र मी अश्चेत हे र्च रा

"र्देश्यन्दः। श्रेष्वेषायर्वेषीयन्त्र्या । अस्त्राचीयाः विष्याम्याचीयाः विष्याम्याचीयः विष्यामः वि

"महें स्वर्त्व स्वर्त स्वर्त्व स्वर्त स्वर्त्व स्वयः स्वर्व स्वर्त्व स्वर्त्व स्वर्त्व स्वर्त्व स्वर्त्व स्वर्त्व स्वय्य स्वर्त्व स्वय्य स्वर्त्व स्वय्य स्वर्त्व स्वय्य स्वर्त्व स्वय्य स्वय्य स्वय्य स्वय्ययः स्वय्ययः स्वयः स्वय्ययः स्वयः स्वय्व स्वयः स्व

सुनायः नार्वेदःनी सूदः यमः आवतः न्युनायः हेः र्तेः न्दः हेः सुनाःधेतः यथा न्युनायःयोदःयतदःन्गादःर्वेम् श्रुन्यायः व्यायदः न्युनायः हेः र्तेः न्दः सुनाःधेदः यथा नुःत्युमःयोदःयवस्य न्युम् <u> ५७४-च्य</u> त्यम क्षेंदर् ५ क्षेत्र व्यवस्था

ત્રાજેંત્ મુંગ વર્ષેત્ પ્રાપ્ત સંસ્થાન ત્રાપ્ત સ્થાન સ્થાન

मीच्राची, मीटाया प्रशिका भीचा भीचा मीच्राच्राच्या प्रशिक्ष मीच्राच्या प्रशिक्ष मीच्या प्रशिक्य मीच्या प्रशिक्ष मीच्या प्रशिक्ष मीच्या प्रशिक्ष मीच्या प्रशिक्ष मीच्या प्रशिक्ष मीच्या प्रशिक्य मीच्या प्रशिक्य मीच्या प्रशिक्य मीच्या प्रशिक्ष मीच्या प्रशिक्य मीच्या प्रशिक्य मीच्या मीच्या प्रशिक्य मीच्या प्रशिक्य मीच्या म

"षायो विदे मुन व नहिंबा वे वेन वत्य वेष क्ष्य न्य । न्य नक्ष्य वा भूगवामार्गेर्मायार्वेद विदे ने विक्र में विया विद्या क्ष्य न्य ।

"ब्रिंद् विं विष् धेव विष प्रका विंद रहे देवे वेश हैं शे अर्वेद वि है है। "देश कें केंद्र विष्ण केंद्र विष्ण

क्ष्यः यह त्यं न क्ष्यं यह स्थान क्ष्यं यह स्

भ्रेश्वायादे स्टामी मृताव के लिया विदाय के तिया के त्या के त्या के त्या के त्या के त्या के त्या के तिया के तिया के तिया के त्या के तिया के ति

"र्बिन्यिन्ने प्रमान्य प्रमान

"८अ.८े.च.४अ.३.७५४.१५५८७६८.घ.७५८.चीअ.८तत्त्राक्ष.घेय.३अ.तर्भर.

र्चेश्वायः वयाः सेटः सः नेः यक्षुतः त्र सः ने स्वा "केः वियाः सेना"

"र्लेव प्रायक्षत्य स्थाने ना हे प्रवादि स्थाने स्थ

ॷॖॖॖয়য়য়ऒॕ॔॔॔ॸॹॣॏॹऒऒॕॱढ़ख़ॖॗॺऻॱख़ॕ॔ॸॱॸॖॖ<sup>™</sup>ॸॖॖॸॱढ़ऒॕ॒ॱढ़ॏॺऻॱख़ॱॻॸॺॱॻॕ॔ॸॱढ़ॏॱॺऻॸॖॗॸॱ ॸ॓ॱढ़ॸॖॱख़ॕॸॖॱय़ॱॸॖऀॱॸ॓ॸऻॖ<sup>™</sup>ॠॖॖॖॖয়ॱक़ॖॺॱऄॖॺॺॱॠॕॸॱॻॸॱॶढ़ऻ

"वरःवरः यः भ्रेः यः चक्षूश्च व चतुयः कष् भ्रेः व दः के। "वेश्वः य दः सः दग्रारः यँशः यवः यर।

"देन ने अर्थे वया श्रेन्स प्रेंब्स प्रेंब्स स्वार्थित प्राप्त क्षेत्र क्षेत्र

"र्लेव्यस्त्रेंद्वर्ग व्यव्यक्त व्य

"अर्देग्या श्रुक्षयायदि पर्योद्याय हिंद्र श्रीक्षद्रिक्ष म्वस्था हिंद्र श्रीक्षर्य विकास के सेद्र अर वर्द्द्र "डेक्ष सुम्बल्या केंद्र से सुद्र विवास हिंद्र मी विद्रा

"दे.द.चन्दर्भ्याः श्राच्याः अस्त्री श्रीश्राचाः यद्देः स्वाश्राच्याः वश्राच्याः वश्राचः वश्राच

ल्रा श्रमश्रम्भ श्रम्भ श्रम्भ श्रम्भ ग्रीश्र दिया ग्रीश्रम्भ म्यान्त स्त्रित स्त्रम्भ स्त्रम्य स्त्रम्भ स्त्रम्य स्त्रम्भ स्त्रम्य स्त्रम्भ स्त्रम्भ स्त्रम्भ स्त्रम्य स्त्रम्य स्त्रम्य स्त्रम्य स्त्र

श्चु न्या विद्या स्वा विद्या विद्या

"अ:बुटः । वु: च: बस्रक्ष: उर्न: ८र्नेट: ब्रॅग: हु: येगक्ष: बुच: बुटः। "लेक्ष: छ: स:

र्वेग्राम्युः तश्चुरः द्रम्यस्य सन्तर्भः सन्तर्भः सन्तर्भः सन्तरम्

याक्रियःविद्यः भ्रीत्रां त्विषा स्त्रां त्या स्त्रां स्त्रां

"ष्टर्स्स द्याया मास्त्री क्षेत्रायाम्बद्धाया मित्राया मित्राय मित्राया मित्राय मित्राय मित्राय मित्राय मित्राय मित्राय

विं मित्र्याम् अपनायमः मुक्षान्य स्त्रम् स्त्रम् सार्म्य स्त्रम् सार्म्य साम्यास्त्रम् साम्यास्त्रम् साम्यास्

स्याः स्य स्याः स्य "द्र्वा"लेश्वालयाः श्रीन्डिंगाः चुर्ताः त्र्याः व्यान्यः वयः व्यान्यः व्या

"तक्ष्म या या बा तक्ष्म या या बा "लेखा र्ड्स्ट्रा स्ट्रीया या या ब्रिया या खेना हैं दा स्ट्रीया या या बा विकार् हैं दा स्ट्रीया या या ब्रिया स्ट्रीया या या ब्रिया हैं दा स्ट्रीया या या ब्रिया हैं या स्ट्रीया या या ब्रिया हैं दा स्ट्रीया या या वा ब्रिया हैं दा स्ट्रीया स्ट्रीया या या वा ब्रिया हैं दा स्ट्रीया या या वा ब्रिया हैं दा स्ट्रीया स्ट

<u> हे'ब्र्प्सुं</u>ध्रुवा

मिं ह्वें वेस या स हिन्स में दा पदा सब "देंब दें सब हिंद या नहींया न धेव। "बेब या प्यापाया वे श्वाबा मोंदा। यदा सब में हिंद या से प्रावाय का है दिया से प्रावाय की स्वावया की स्वावय "दाया"

"भित्र। न्वरश्चर्यश्चर्या क्या व्याप्य प्रत्य विष्ठा विष्ठा व्याप्य प्रत्य विष्ठा विषठा विष्ठा विष्

अप्राक्ष मुर्चर मि अप्रकार्य मि अप्रकार में मि अप्रकार मि अप्रकार मि अप्रकार मि अप्रकार मि अप्रकार में मि अप्र

युवाश्वा वार्चिट तर्चे । विद्रा वाद्या विद्रा त्या के नार्चिट वाद्या विद्रा विद्रा वाद्या विद्रा विद्रा वाद्या वाद्या वाद्या वाद्या विद्रा वाद्या वाद्य वाद्या वाद्य वाद्या वाद्या वाद्या वाद्या वाद्या वाद्य वाद्या वाद्य वाद्या वाद्य वाद्या वाद्या वाद्या वाद्या वाद्या वाद्या वाद्या वाद्या वाद्या

श्रे मो श्रें क्षिम मे श्रे म

स्वार मर्जेट मेर मायट है वर्षेट म्यायश हुर या वा म्र में लेगा व रो

"र्ज्ञन्द्र। द्रांश्रेश्वर्ष्ट्र विद्या प्रति । द्र्या प्रति । द्र्य प्रति । द्र्या प्रति । द्र्य प्रति । द्र्या प्रति । द्र्

ञ्चन्राम्बित्रः चित्रः वित्रः वित्रः

धै। क्र्यः अश्चान्यः यहवाश्चः श्चेः याः वीदेः स्वनः विद्यायः यः स्थः वीशः वाहनः। स्वनः वी भुवाशः वार्श्वेदः वीश्वः स्वनः विदेशः वायः यः प्यतः वीशः वाहनः। स्वनः विदः नवाः वीश्वः यादः वीश्वः स्वनः विदेशः वादः विदेशः वाहिवाः वादः अश्वः वीशः वाहनः। स्वनः विदः नवाः वीश्वः यादः यादः विश्वः वाहनः। स्वनः विदेशः वाहिवाः वादः यादः विश्वः वाहनः। स्वनः विदः विश्वः वाहनः।

हें में र ग्रीक स्वाक मर्बेर में ख्या य ग्रीक केंट्र है। "बिंद ग्रीक वियायर स

चन्। क्र्यासम्बद्धाः त्रा के उत् क्षेण न्या। त्रेण या सर्दिका उत् क्षेण युका व वका क्षेण्या या विष्ण क्षेण या के उत् क्षेण प्या प्रेण प्रेण प्रेण क्षेण ख्रिण प्रेण प्रेण प्रेण प्रेण क्षेण ख्रिण प्रेण प्र

हीश्रावश्राद्यं अर्था ने वश्रायबिर क्षेत्रोश्रायों क्षेत्राययों क्षेत्रये क्षेत्रयाययों क्षेत्रययों क्षेत्रययों क्षेत्रयाययों क्षेत्रय

यानाचेरायदश्यायश भुनाशनाचेंद्राधीक्षेत्रस्त्राध्यात्राचेंद्राधीक्षायचेंद्राधीक्षायचेंद्राधीक्षायचेंद्राधीक्षाय केवाव्यक्षाय्यक्षेत्राचेत्र्वेत्राव्यक्षिक्षायद्द्राधाद्वेष्णश्च । याक्षेत्राक्षायदेश्व अस्य स्वरायश्चिष्णः स्वाच्चेत्रायद्वायश्चित्राचेत्र्वेत्रस्यावे अस्य स्वरायाद्वा अर्थे। व्याप्तावे स्वरायवे स्वरायश्चिष्णः स्वरायचे स्वर

"ष्याया द्वस्थाद्यायस्थात् भ्रे स्वायात्र्यात् स्वायात् स्वाया

र्वेर।"बेरायाञ्चनश्चार्वेदानीश्चात्राद्धेत्रम्। र्वेवाळेवारेयांत्राद्धर्ताः विराधितायाः न्याते। ञ्चनश्चार्वेदानीश्चात्राहि।वदायश्चेनश्चा

यः द्रं म्याः तम् मानदः भ्रमः देना अन्यः भ्रमः मान्यः भ्रमः मान्यः मानदः मान्यः मानदः भ्रमः मानदः भ्रमः मानदः भ्रमः मानदः मान

मुं, ब्रांच्यात्र प्रवृत्त प्रांच्या क्ष्या क्ष्या

याचीवायदेत्यम् चित्रम्भ्यः चीः द्वान्यः मिश्राः चीः स्वान्यः स्वन

यः धेवः यः दरः देवः द्वाः स्वरः देवः स्वरः स्वर

ञ्चनश्च व्यव्यक्ष "उर्द्धा क्षेत्र के स्वर्ध स्वर्य स्वर्य स्वर्य स्वर्ध स्वर्य स्वर्य स्वर्य स्वर्य स्वर्य स्वर्य स्वर्य स्वर्य स्वर्

ष्णः सम्भाविः त्यात्वे तद्दान् भी स्वास्त्र विष्णः स्वास्त्र स्वास्त्र विष्णः स्वास्त्र स्वास्त

"ब्विंद्र-द्रद्राब्विदेरकात्वरकात्वरकात्वर सेद्रा"डेकायद्र कर्केकायत्वद्रर्वेदरद्गा द्रग्रस

मुन्नायायात्राचेन्ना

स्वायायात्राचेन्ना

स्वायायाव्राचेन्ना

स्व

"ष्याया दिं क्रेंत्या न्दा विया यक्षेत्रा ग्री क्षेंत्या यमः वृत्रा श्रीत्रा यश्वरा विवा विदासी।"

"त्। विं क्षं नेपामुला डे तर् धिवापादित ग्रीका शे हिंग्मा विं क्षं श्राप्त सक्षेत्र सक्षेत्र

"म्याने र्क्षेत्र अप्तान्त्र विश्व विश्व

"दे'द'र्क्स केंद्र भ्राचेद क्षेत्र चीता यद केंद्र भ्राच्या विक्री यद केंद्र भ्राच्या विक्री व्यव केंद्र केंद्र भ्राच्या विक्री यद केंद्र भ्राच्या विक्री केंद्र के

यक्ष्म् । "विं र्क्ष्म र्ये स्वाप्त निं र्ये विष्ठ निं र्यं स्वाप्त स्वापत स्वाप्त स्

स्तार्यः त्वार्यः त्वार्यः त्वार्यः त्वार्यः विष्यः त्वार्यः विष्यः विषयः विष्यः विष्

स्यामः अञ्चर्यम् वार्षेत्रः में स्वार्षः में द्वार्षः प्रमानः स्वार्षः स्वरः स्वार्षः स्वरः स्वार्षः स्वार्षः स्वार्षः स्वार्यः स्वार्यः स्वार्षः स्वार्यः स्वार्यः स्वार्यः स्वार्यः स्वार्यः स्वार्यः स्वार्यः स्वार्यः

योज्ञूट. यो अर्ज्जू. यो यो प्राप्त क्षेत्र स्वाप्त स्वापत स्वाप्त स्वाप्त स्वाप्त स्वाप्त स्वाप्त स्वाप्त स्वाप्त स्वाप्त स्वाप्त स्य

याँ त्रां स्वी त्या या सुवाश्चा अपावित ते स्वत् स्वाय स्वत् स्वाय स्वत् स्वाय स्वत् स्वाय स्वत् स्वाय स्वत् स् या स्वत् स्वी त्या या सुवाश्चा अपावित स्वाय स्वत् स्वाय स्वत् स्वाय स्वत् स्वाय स्वत् स्वत् स्वत् स्वत् स्वत् स्वाय स्वत् स्वी त्या या सुवाश्चा अपावित स्वत् स्वत्

म्राविद्या क्रिंचाकुर्चाकुर्जिर्जिर्जिश्चात्रमान्त्राव्यात्रम् विकासान्त्रमान्त्रम् विकासान्त्रम् विकासान्त्रम् च्यात्राच्यात्रम् विका क्रिंचाकुर्जित्यात्रम् विकासान्त्रम् विकासान्त्रम्य विकासान्त्रम् विकासान्य

स्वार्था महितास्त्र विकास मित्र स्वार्थ स्वार्य स्वार्थ स्वार्थ स्वार्थ स्वार्थ स्वार्य स

"अञ्चतः सह्मामी देव त्दरे हिंदः ग्रीकाराया सम्दाराय के सेत्। "के का स्वमाका मार्वेदारीमा जुदार्क त्यसासी संवन्।

चन् अश्व प्रचान्त्र प्रमुख्य विष्ठ प्रमुख्य । विश्व विष्ठ प्रमुख्य विष्ठ प्रमुख्य । विश्व विष्ठ प्रमुख्य विष्ठ प्रमुख्य । विश्व विष्ठ विश्व विष्ठ विश्व विष्ठ । विश्व विष्ठ व

त्र्रींत्र या ते भ्रम्भ मार्चेद मी अध्या विद्या श्रा थे मे प्रमात्र स्थित हि त्र्युम। विद्या क्ष्य मार्चेद से अध्या विद्या श्री क्ष्य मार्चेद से क्ष्य स्था विद्या क्ष्य मार्चेद से क्ष्य स्था विद्या क्ष्य मार्चेद से क्ष्य स्था क्य स्था क्ष्य स्था क्ष्य स्था क्ष्य स्था क्ष्य स्था क्ष्य स्था क्य स्था क्ष्य स्था क्ष्य स्था क्ष्य स्था क्ष्य स्था क्ष्य स्था क्य स्था क्ष्य स्था क्ष्य स्था क्ष्य स्था क्ष्य स्था क्ष्य स्था क्य स्था क्ष्य स्था क्ष्य स्था क्ष्य स्था क्य स्था क्ष्य स्था क्य

यन् अ'यर्नेन् भे'यर्नेन् ग्रीकायमन् श्रुटः। विं सेकान्मेन्कान्मार्भेकार्याः

यानश्चित्रस्त त्रिं संस्थान विष्ट्रा स्वत्य विष्ट्र स्वत्य स्वत्

चीत्। त्यां मीं मीं खेना द्राय्य अर्थे म्यां मां मां स्वार्थ स्था स्था मां स्वार्थ स्था स्वार्थ स्था मां स्वार्थ स्था मां स्वार्थ स्था स्था स्वार्थ स्वार्थ स्था स्वार्थ स्था स्वार्थ स्था स्वार्थ स्था स्वार्थ स्था स्वार्थ स्था स्वार्थ स्वार्थ स्था स्वार्थ स्वार्थ

प्रमानिक त्यक्ष निवास क्षेत्र क्षेत्र

चनाः स्वतः स्व स्वतः स

यदः अप्तान्त्रा द्वारा क्षेत्र व्याच्या व्याच्या व्याप्त व्यापत व्याप्त व्यापत व्या

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"दर्ने र्मे म्मूयम यवद र्मे लिमा स रेन् न्सा "लेम यन स न्यार र्मे हैस य र्मे द्या क्रिया न्यार स्थापन स्थापन

देवादेराभुगश्चार्वेदाले व्याचिश्वार्यात्वेद्वस्य र्वेदा श्रेस्रश्च देवादे स्वाप्त क्ष्या क्ष्या स्वाप्त क्ष्या स्वाप्त क्ष्या स्वाप्त क्ष्या क्ष्या स्वाप्त क्ष्य स्वाप्त क्ष्या स्वाप्त क्ष्या स्वाप्त क्ष्या स्वाप्त क्ष्या स्वाप्त क्ष्या स्वाप्त क्ष्य स्वापत स्वाप्त स्वापत स्वाप्त स्वाप्त स्वाप्त स्वाप्त स्वापत स्वाप्त स्वाप्त स्वाप्त स्वापत स्वाप्त स्वापत स्वापत

"वर्गाःच। होत् ग्रीकादायाते स्वयात् ।" यत् अपत्यात् यात् वर्षाः वर्षाः

र्थे त्यादे र्बे्द प्रेवे कुर्व अवाकायार्वे र त्वर र्षेट् कुर्वि वया रेट्। क्षेर विक्र

तुः यो अन्तः योव 'तुत्र प्यमुगाका व्याँ न् मुः नेन। विव 'गुर होव 'ने र विवा या कि विवा की विवा यो कि विवा की व विवा "हिंन् योव 'न् सुका येका "वेका सुगाका मार्केट मीका देवा।

"र्हे म्यूर अप महिंग्बा श्रुश ग्रुट शे नेश दश मिंदे । त्र वश में प्र में प्र

हैं में मान महिंग्या थे केंद्र स्वाधित हैं में मान स्वाधित हैं में मान स्वाधित स्वाधि

"मडेबाधुम र्नेबासुम नेवासुमानीर्नेबानुक्षितासीर्मेवान्त्रीयानाः विकास्तिन्यामान्यान्य विकास्तिन्य स्थान्य स्यान्य स्थान्य स्थान्य स्थान्य स्थान्य स्थान्य स्थान्य स्थान्य स्य

र्या यहवाबा ब्रा यादबा चर्च. ब्रे भ्रेट. ग्रंथा या भ्रेषा भर्यः विषा ययदबा हे ब्रा

ॷॴॴऒॕ॔॔॔ॱढ़ॾ॔ॖॴॹॖऀॴवि८ॴय़ढ़ऀॱॸॕऻ॔॔ॸॱॴॺॱढ़ऻॎॕॸॱॸॖ॓। "ऻॕॗॎ॔॔॔॔ॸॱॹॖऀॱॿॴऒॕॸ॔ॱॴॠ॓ॱ य़ढ़ऀॱक़ॖॖॖॖॖॖॖॖॖॖॖॖॹॴॕॎॸॖऻ"ऄॴय़ॵढ़ॴय़ढ़ॎॕॸॱॸॖ॓। "ऻॕॗॎ॔॔॔ॸॱॹॖऀॱॿॴऒॕॸ॔ॱॴॠ॓ॱ

"यदी मार्थे हु तिमा को धिता हिंदा ग्रीश यह शाता यदेंदा शामन दमा यदी नशा यस्ट रहें मा डिश सूर दमेंदा ग्रीश

"भेता ष्यासा दकायसूकात..."

कूंच.श्रम.कृ.शु.यालेज.ट्रम.टेटबात.टट.याझूच.त्रम.बुट.या.च्रम.बुट.त.चेम.बुटा. पट.कृंदु. वृत्यू.श्रय.मिलेज.ट्रम.टेटबात.टट.याझूच.त्रम.बुट.या.च्रम.बुटात.चेम.बुटा.वि.चुश्राच्या.चेम.चुटा भ्रेशः मन् मिर्वेन प्रमार्केयः कुमः स्प्राध्या । स्वाध्यायकीन स्थायकीन स्थाय । स्वाध्यायम् । स्वाध्यायम् । स्व

"चर्णान् गुर्स्स क्ष्य व चर्डिस ग्रास्त्री ५ हिस ५ वर्षे। "बेस पर्स्स म्यास्य र्थे संस्थानुमान व वर्षे संस्थानुमान विकास क्षास्य व

"विंश न्यत्रेश्वा ना प्रायान्तेत खेर्षित्। "देश सुन्या नार्वेद नीश प्रायान्तेत खेर्ष्या । "देश सुन्या नार्वेद नीश प्रायान्तेत खेर्ष्या । "देश सुन्या नार्वेद नीश प्रायान्तेत । "देश सुन्या नार्वेद नीश प्रायान्तेत । "देश सुन्या नार्वेद नीश प्रायान्तेत । "देश सुन्या नार्वेद निंश स्वायान्त्र । "देश स्व

यवश्चर्याः वियाः यो स्थाः यो

भ्रम्भ मार्चेट मीश "या येया या या येया मार्चे या या येया ये

द्रम्याण्यका।

द्रम्यान्तिः के अन्त्रस्य विश्व विश्व

"ओ हिंद्र महिका मान्य प्रकार के का की मिल्य की के किया की किया मिल्य की किया मिल्य की किया मिल्य की किया मिल्य की मिल्य की किया मिल्य की मिल्य की

भूँ लट पश्चर होश होट। उद्यवा बहुवा हि. शे.क्ट समार्श्ची वाया प्रक्री श्रेम

पञ्चित्राबिद्यान्त्रित्रान्त्राह्में स्वाप्त्र स्वाप्त्

"वर्गे न। न न क्रें मन वा वर्गे। "बेश वान बें म नु र्वे न प्रि हैन मी हु ने वा सुन होने ने ही भा

"यन् अन्तर्भार्ये। दान्तरत्रें क्षित्रेत्।"डेश्वन्तिं क्षेत्रें क्षेत्र्यः वर्ष्यः वर्षः वरः वर्षः वरः वर्षः वर्षः वर्षः वर्षः वर्षः वर्षः वरः वरः वर्षः वर

वियार्षेर्प्यप्रकारीका विरायारे हेर्त्वा विकें व्ययहेर् हुर्पेर्।

"रः र्ह्में अप्ते प्यान्य प्यान्य स्थान स्यान स्थान स्यान स्थान स्यान स्थान स

मुद्दरम् अत्ययः यः दर्भ वित्यमः स्वयः म्यान्यः स्वयः स्व

"देत्। ब्रेंप्वतिःत्ग्रीयःवःसॅत्मुःदेत्।"डेब्रायत्ःअःत्ग्रारःसॅब्रार्बेंप्व्यव्यवः व्यायम्

"तर्शे न्।वरायाने तर्सेवानु तर्शे यन्। यान्यान्याम् के स्रमायश्चित्रकान्। स्रमायबन्। "वेशाययावश्चायम् विश्वसायम् विश्वसायस्य विश्वसायस्य विश्वसायस्य विश्वसायस्य विश्वसायस्य विश्वसायस्य

कर्रायाहे खुरातु त्यों कु अदाया वित्वाया यह वा विवाया या क्रायाहे कु स्वाया के स्वया के

"तर्ग्: या त्राह्मेर् वया त्राह्मेर् वया "वेश सुग्राश गार्वेट गुराव व्या सरत्वेता

"देद् र्क्केंद्रे भ्रीत्वर्श्चेता का हेद्या छो सेद्य "डेका भ्रुवाका वर्षेट क्षेत्रका र्ग्यावा की

קקבין

"अरहेर। दबाविः क्रेंदिः यतुवः बरहेरः हुटः। यर्गे या "बेबायरः अर्गारः यंबः वयः वृत्रः हुः यया

त्यरायः यार्क्षेत्राक्षः क्षेत्रः याः व्याः व्यः व्याः व्यः व्याः व्याः व्याः व्याः व्यः व्यः व्यः व्यः व्यः व्यः व्यः

र्दे म्यान्य के करायाय के करायाय के क्षेत्र के मान्य मान्य मान्य के स्थान के स्थान

"वित्र कें त्र्ति व्याक्ता कें त्र वित्र क्रिया क्रिया कें त्र वित्र कें त्र के त्र

क्ट.भन्न.भर्यु. त्रुं. क्रुंच. क्रुंच. चेन्न। ज.चन्न.भट. च. भन्न. लूट. वलटा। क्रेचन

यार्चरः यो अप्तरं रहें व्यारः अर्थे या अर्थ या या प्राप्त या प्राप्त रहें विकास के अर्थ या अर

"अवाश्वार्वेटः। टाब्रिंट्रट्रा अव्यातुः वत्त्व "डेश्वार्ट्रः व्यारा वाश्वयः

"भ्रेव। ल.पि.ट्र्. ग्रेम जमावश्च प्रेव प्राच्या हिंद् ग्रीश वि र्क्ष जमावहिंदा विद्युद्द पुरी क्ष प्राप्त हैं भी बिका स्थान क्षा के प्राप्त की हिंद ग्रीश वि र्क्ष जमावहिंदा

यह प्राप्त के के बाद मा पड़े के प्राप्त के के प्राप्त के के प्राप्त के प्राप्त के के के प्राप्त के प्राप

यः दर्द्वयः विष्यः विषयः विष्यः विषयः विषय

त्याः चॅश्चः व्याः स्वाः व्याः व्य

द्वार्क्षर्गायात् । विवार्द्वास्त्रावायात्रायहं वायित्वेदायर्क्षर ।

वायान्यायात्र । विवार्द्वास्त्र विवार्ष्वायात्र विवायत्वेदायर्क्षर ।

वायान्यायात्र विवायत्वेद्वास्त्र विवायत्वेद्वायात्र विवायत्वेद्वायाः विवायत्वेद्वायः विवायत्वेद्वायः विवायत्वेद्वायः विवायत्वेद्वायः विवायत्वेद्वायाः विवायत्वेद्वायः विवायत्वयः विवायत्व

पञ्च अर्थेन प्रमान के अं त्या प्रमान के अं त्या प्रमान प्रमान के प्रमान के प्रमान के प्रमान के प्रमान के अं त्या प्रमान के अं त्या प्रमान के अं त्या प्रमान के प्रमान

"दर्गोद्यः अर्क्केवा माश्रुअः या हिंदा भो श्चिता या वा कि त्या प्राप्तः या प्राप्तः या प्राप्तः या वा कि त्या या वा विकार वा विका

शुवःर्षेर्।

"न्-दर्के ब्रिअन्दर्भियम्य त्वाद्य विश्व स्वीत् विश्व स्वीत्र विश्व स्वीत् स्व

"यन् सान्यान्यां त्रुः स्वान्यत्रः विवान्त्रः विवान्त्रः स्वान्तः स्वान्तः

"दशः ब्रिंदः त्यस्य। तर्गः च। देदः मान्नेशः मान्यः स्वदः नशः द्वाः त्यनः चहः विश्वः व्याः विश्वः व्याः विश्वः विश

"दःतर्गे:श्वा क्ष्मान:रक्षः अदेतः क्षः त्या । श्वमकः मर्वेदः मीकायदः त्याः । दुःतर्गेदः क्षेत्रः श्वा

"न्तिंक्न्न्स्ट्रंड्र्न् न्व्यास्त्री न्विः क्ष्यास्त्री न्विः क्ष्या

## यन्वमासुः र्वेत् यात्रायम्भायते वुः वितः सून् सेटः म्याम्भा

स्ता भ्रमाश्चित्रः द्रान्यः स्त्रान्यः स्त्रान्यः स्त्रान्यः स्त्रान्यः स्त्रान्यः स्त्रान्यः स्त्रान्यः स्त्र स्त्रान्यः स्त

ही है ते ते है ते श्री र ते श्री मार्श्वराया। यह र श्री संदर्श है र विद्या से स्वर्थ स्वर्य स्वर्थ स्वर्थ स्वर्य स्वर्थ स्वर्य स्वर्थ स्वर्थ स्वर्य स्वर्थ स्वर्य स्वर्थ

ह्मद्रायस्त्र में हिंद्या स्वार्थ हिंद्य हिंद्य स्वार्थ हिंद्य स्वार्थ हिंद्य हिंद्य स्वार्थ हिंद्य हिंद

या निवित्तः अनेतुः विना नीका भुनाका नार्वेदः नी ख्रा पा नायका आ नार्वेका क्षेत्र। विना वनाका ने त्युका क्षा नार्वेदः नी आईन् प्या क्षेत्र प्या प्या क्षेत्र प्रा त्यक्ष्यका विना वना निवा क्षेत्र क्षेत्र क्षेत्र प्रा त्यक्ष्यका विना वना निवा क्षेत्र क्षेत्र क्षेत्र प्रा त्यक्ष्यका विना वना क्षेत्र क्षे

पित्र मुं. भ्राच्या अप्तास्य संत्राप्त स्वास्य स्वास्

द्ध्या प्रति श्रेम् वार्चे न त्री सुन वार्चे न त्री सिन वार्मे न निम्न क्षेत्र वार्चे न निम्म वार्चे न त्री सिन वार्चे न वार्चे

याल्दायाम्य प्रस्ता स्वास्त्र स

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प्रत्वाकरम्बरःश्चित्रः विद्यान्तः के प्रत्यान्तः विद्यान्तः विद्यानः विद्यान्तः विद्यान्तः विद्यान्तः विद्यान्तः विद्यान्तः विद्यान्तः विद्यान

य्या स्वास्त्र स्वास्त्र

भ्रात्त्रस्यत्त्रस्य भ्रम्पायञ्चिस्रस्य भ्रम्पाय्य भ्रम्पायद्वर्षः यात्रस्य भ्रम्पायद्वर्षः स्वर्षः स्वरं स्वरं

बेर। अग्रम्भयान् स्वाधिताय्यत्यात्यायाः यात्रम् श्रीत्रात्यां स्वाधित्याः विद्याः विद

क्षेत्रश्च व्यक्त स्था स्थान स्थान

यद्रभाद्रण्यस्थितः श्रेष्ठ्रियाविश्वावर्षेत्रः श्रुर्वे व्यक्षित्रः व्यक्षः विश्वावर्षेत्रः श्रुर्वे व्यक्षः विश्वावर्षेत्रः विश्ववर्षेत्रः विश्ववर्यत्रे विश्ववर्षेत्रः विश्ववर्षेत्रः विश्ववर्षेत्रः विश्ववर्षेत्रः विश्ववर्षेत्रः विश्ववर्यः विश्ववर्षेत्रः विश्ववर्यः विश्ववर्य

क्षेत्रका वाज्ञ द्वा क्षेत्र क्षेत्र

त्तवः स्ट्री त्राच्या "व्रिक्षः स्ट्राच्या क्ष्या व्याप्त व्याप्त स्ट्री व्यापत स्ट्

भ्रेश्वायार्क्षः प्रतित् हेश भ्रेश्वायार्व्यय। यर्ग्वेद्यायार्क्षः प्रतित् हेश भ्रेश्वायाः देशान्त्रः स्वीत्रः स्वायाः देशान्त्रः स्वायाः स्वायाः स्वायाः स्वायाः स्वायाः स्वायाः स्वायाः स्वायः स्वयः स्वय

श्रुवाया केंद्र प्राची का तहे वा चार प्राची केंद्र प्रची केंद्र प्रच

क्षेत्राञ्चना मृत्युद्राच अर्थे : र्रेना वा न्या मृत्या चित्र प्राची स्वा न्या चित्र प्राची चित्र चित्र प्राची चित्र प्राची चित्र प्राची चित्र प्राची चित्र प्राची चित्र चित्र प्राची चित्र चित्र

यः देवा श्रायव वा देवा गुरासे दा

ॷण्याचार्चर प्रत्याची प्रत्याची प्रत्याची क्षेत्र में क्षेत्र प्रत्याची क्षेत्र क्र

श्चेमान्डेप्टर्षिमान्चेर् र्वोसान्चुर्ये । "दर्गेपा स्मान्यस्य विष्णामान्यस्य स्मान्यस्य स्मान्यस्यस्य स्यान्यस्य स्मान्यस्यस्य स्मान्यस्यस्यस्य स्यान्यस्यस्यस्यस्यस्यस्यस्यस्यस्यस्यस्यस

"यद्रायाद्रग्राम्याद्र्यां द्रायादराद्वराक्कुरुद्रायोदायी"

"त्रवेत् चु चुेतु त्या अर्क्षेत् त्र मार्के ते ते ते ते चुमा वित्र चुमा चुमा वित्र चुमा चुमा वित्र चुमा वित्र चुमा वित्र चुमा वित्र चुमा वित्र चुमा वित्र

"र्श्वरः व्यस्ति स्वतः व्यतः स्वतः व्यस्ति व्यतः व्यस्ति व्यतः व्यस्ति विष्ति विषति विषति विष्ति विषति विषत

"तर्ग्। प्राथा व्यवसायर्ग्न केषा विद्या है। वश्याप्त स्थाप्त विद्या है। वश्याप्त स्थाप्त व्यवसायर्ग्न विद्या व

कॅंग "यन् अन्यान में र्यः म्यान स्थान व्यवस्थान में न् ने रायन स्थित स्थान स्

त्रवित्राच्याम् स्त्री द्रायाक्ष्या हेत्या हिंद्राया हिंद्राय हिंद्राया हिंद्राया हिंद्राया हिंद्राया हिंद्राया हिंद्राया हिं

श्रुशः यः दरः सः दमः मेशः श्रूषः मदः सर्जुष्यशः ग्रीशः रुवः म्र्स्ष्यः ग्रीशः देवः म्र्स्ष्यः ग्रीशः देवः म्र् हेषाश्रः सामनः दरः हः में सामनः मर्डिषाः ग्रुटः सेदः देवः द्याः क्षेत्रः म्रीशः स्वयशः वर्णेदः स्वयः यः ययः यवः वा । में सेंस्राः श्रूष्यशः म्रीशः में द्वः द्याः क्षेत्रः में स्वयशः वर्णेदः सेदः में स्वयशः वर्णेदः सेदः में स्वयशः वर्णेदः सेदः में स्वयशः वर्णेदः सेदः में स्वयश्यः सेदः में स्वयः स्ययः स्वयः स्

"अन्य वार्चित्। अन्य त्र्येत्र तुः वित्र ग्री वार्च वार्मित्। "बे वास्त्र त्रेयाः विवाः विवाः विवाः विवाः विवाः

"त्दी प्रस्ति त्र्र्से हेव से १ "डेश श्रुश्यामा व्यवस्त्री मा श्रेश स्त्री स्वाप्त प्रस्ति । स्वाप्त स्वाप्त

"दः यः चर्गेदः यः क्षेत्राः खेँदः देदेः अर्गेः यः र्सेदः दददः केरः चर्झेत्राक्षः च्चेदः यः व्यादकः केः वेद्वाः सेदः। क्षिदः क्षेत्रः व्यादकः केर्द्वाः सेदः विक्षः सेदः। क्षिदः क्षेत्रः व्यादकः विक्षः सेदः विक्षः सेदः। क्षिदः क्षेत्रः विक्षः विकाः विकार विकाः विकार विकाः विकाः विकाः विकाः विकार विका

"ଽ୲ଵ୕୕୵୵ଽ୶ୠ୶ୄୄ୕ଽ୵ଊୗ୕ୢ୲"ଢ଼ୗ୶ୖୄଽ୕ଡ଼ୗ୕୵ୄ୕ୢୠ୶୵ୣ୳ୡ୲୳୶ଐ୶ୢୠ୶୲

"श्रेव। ष्यासुर्हे में मा हिंदायायश्यवात्मव्यत्वेषायायश्चरा । "डेश्यययाव्यः विष्यायायश्चरा हें त्यास्यायवेष्ठा निष्यायायश्चरा । स्थितायायश्चरा

यी क्षेत्रकारान्दरम्बुर्ध्वराध्ये क्षेत्रचार्थे व्याण्ये व्याण्ये

दर्व, क्ष्म्या ग्र्या इंशा हैं। यूर्ट्ट अ्वा स्वा वित्र क्ष्या ग्री वित्र वित्र क्ष्या ग्री वित्र वित्र क्ष्य वित्र वित्य वित्र क्ष्य वित्र क्ष्य वित्र क्ष्य वित्र क्षय वित्र क्ष्य वित्र क्षय वित्र क्ष्य वित्र वित्र क्ष्य वित्र वित्र क्ष्य वित्र वित्र वित्र क्षय वित्र वित्

चतुत्रःषाञ्चेषाः वर्षोत्रः ह्रेश्वः चन् स्थः न्यात्रः व्याः स्वेशः न्यातः षालेश्वः स्थः स्वाः चतुः क्षेत्रः स्वाः वर्षाः स्वाः वर्षः स्वाः स्वाः

र्दे में र दि स्थान के स्थान

"दर्वः त्यम् वः श्चरः स्रोत्। स्रोवः वत्र ह्रास्त्रः म्यावत्यः द्राः। दर्गः य। स्रोवः स्रोत्रः स्रोतः स्रोत्रः स्रोतः स्

"ब्रिंत् ग्री मान्याया स्थाने व्या विकाया विकाय विकाया विकाया विकाया विकाया विकाया विकाय वि

"ददेः नगःचा हिंदः ग्रीकादः वासीदः क्षेका ग्रीः योदा "डेकार्से गींदः ग्रीकावा

बेर्ग क्षे. केथी योजा हे. ब्रिट. जा. टीयट. हुआ क्रेट. हूर्याका द्वेट. ट्यूका थी टका शुच. शु. क्षेत्र. जा. टीयट. हुआ क्रेट. हूर्याका द्वेट. ट्यूका थी टका शुच. शु. ब्रिट. जा. टीयट. हुआ क्रेट. हूर्याका द्वेट. ट्यूका थी टका शुच. शु. शु. विकालया

"नःबेन-दःस्याम्दःमे केन्द्रःमे केन्द्रःमे अर्द्धनः अर्द्धनः अर्थन् विद्याप्यास्य विद्याप्य विद्याप्यास्य विद्याप्य विद्य विद्याप्य विद्य वि

ૻૺ૽ૢૼૼૼૼૢ૽૽૽ૢૺૺૹ૽ૡ૽૽૽ૢૢ૽ૢૢ૽ૡ૽૽ૢૻૡ૽૽ૢૻૡ૽૽ૢ૽૽૽ૡ૽ૺ૽૽ૡ૽૽૽૽ૺૡ૽૽૽૽૽૽૽ૢ૽ૼૡ૽૽ૡ૽ૺઌ૽૽ૺ૽૽ૺ ૡ૽ૢૼૢ૽૱ૹ૽૽ૺૹ૽ૺૡ૽૽૽ૼઌ૱ઌ૱૱૱ૹ૽ૺ૱ૢૺૺૺૺૺ૾ૢ૽૽૽ૺૺ૾૽ૺૹ૽૽ૺૹૢ૾ૢૢ૽ઌૹઌ૽ૢ૿ૹ૽ૹ૽૽ૢૼૹૼૺ૱ૹ૽૽ૢ૽૾૽૽ૢૺૹૢ

"દ્વર-વૃત્તાના ક્રોન્ક્રદ્રમાં ક્રોન્ક્રદ્રમાં ક્રોન્ક્રન્સ ક્રાયા ક્રોન્ક્રન્સ ક્રોન્સ્રન્સ ક્રોન્ક્રન્સ ક્રોન્સ્રન્સ ક્રોન્સ ક્રોન ક્રોન્સ ક્રોન ક્રોન્સ ક્રોન ક્રોન ક્રોન્સ ક્રોન્સ ક્રોન ક્રોન્સ ક્રોન્સ ક્રોન્સ ક્રોન ક્રોન્સ ક્

"ब्रिंद्राया महत्य या तर्हेमा क्रु के धरा येदा यथा ब्रिंद्राची द्वाराया वदी वया

<u>ন্ধূু মর্ড রেড মিব। "উঝাঞ্</u>রের্মাঞ্কু রমান্ত্রীঝার রমার মান্ত্রী মানুর

"दत्वः निवाः द्वां वित् ग्रीकाद्राया सर्वेतः का होत्रः क्षेत्रः कष्टे क्षेत्रः क्षेत्रः क्षेत्रः क्षेत्रः क्षेत्रः कष्टे क्षेत्रः कष्टे क्षेत्रः कष्टे क्षेत्रः कष्टे क्षेत्रः कष्टे क्षेत्रः कष्टे कष्ट

क्षुः र्वे मुत्रकार् श्वनाः र्वेटः । तर्ने प्तः विनायः यदमा यदम् ने देवः येदः धिवः व। अः विना ने का ग्राटः धिदः येः हें वः यव्ययवः हे। द्विषः यः विना यदम् वः ववः स्टः नीः विना वें वेसः यः हें में स्वायः योदः योदः हुँ दः दुः युव्य

 $\mathfrak{A}$ . તેને બિયા કેટયા કરી શ્રુ. તેના તાલું તાત્રા કે. ત્યારે ત્યા ત્યારે ત્યા ત્યારે ત્યારે ત્યારે ત્યારે ત્યારે ત્યા

धेश्वर्यक्र्रित्यः मुँग्वरायवि र्वे से सद्याय स्वाद्यः व्याद्यः व्याद्यः व्याद्यः व्याद्यः व्याद्यः व्याद्यः व

र्श्वाचरक्षेत्र । "ब्रेस्वेष । "ब्रेस स्वाका मार्चेर मित्र प्रिया मार्थे मित्र स्वाका स्वाक्ष मार्थे । "ब्रेस स्वाका स्व

"रा यर्' अर्ग्यार्ग्या "लेक्षःक्क्ष्रीं श्रुवकाक्ष्रक्षःक्ष्रित्र प्रदेश लेक्षाः ग्राम्य विकाः क्ष्रियाः विकाः क्ष्रियाः कष्रियाः कष्रियः कष्

":ઽૹ૾ૼૡ૽ૺ૽ૼૹૼ૽૽૽૽ૡ૽૽ૡ૽ૢૺ૱૽૽ૼૼૼૼૼૼૡ૽૽૽ૼૹ૽ૼૼ૽ૼઽ૽ૡ૽ૺૡૹ૽૽ૡ૽ૢૺ૱૽૽ૼૡ૽ૼૡૼૡ૽ૼ૱ૢૺ૿૽ૡ૽ૺૹ૽ઌઽ૽ ૱ઽઌૣ૱૽૽ૼૹઌઌ૽૽૽૽ૼઌ૽૽ૢ૽૱ઌ૽૽ૺઌ૽૽ૹ૱૱ૹ૽૽ૺ૱ઌ૽૽ૼ૱ૢૺ

"दर्गिय। र्हें मिया हिन्या हि

"यद् अ द्रग्रस्य डि लिया अ दुर वया "लेख सुयाब यार्चर रया देग यद् अ द्रग्रस्य यया यब रे यग्यबा अके अ अह्य ॲंट ब्रुयब गा द्रब की र युर्थ केर दु:ब्याबा "द् ये कें यदे दर्ग या युद्ध दे दे र कें या पीट् के अ का सुर ह्या

भ्रम्भामार्वेद्दश्चित्रयत्ते म्याञ्चम्यार्थम् म्याञ्चम्यार्थम् स्वाच्याय्यम् स्वाच्यायस्य स्वाच्याय

ख्रेम्बाम्बिट मेबाहेशया प्रथम्बाद्य । आस्य वित्र वित्र स्टायट क्षेमाया के खेशसुस्य विमामीशमान्स्र शर्धेटा ने विश्व प्रसुट । विश्व स्टार्स विम्य प्रस्ति स्टार्स क्षेमाया के

प्यच्ना अन्यान्य विष्य स्वान्य स्वान्

 याडेना तयम्बात्र व्यक्ति हिया "लेबा स्वावाय विदासी व्यक्ति । विदासी विद

श्रुकायार्क्षका अन्तर्विष्य स्थान्य स् यक्षेत्र श्रेट्र । तेर्श्केष्ठ त्रिया श्रेष्ठ त्यम् स्थान्य स्

श्रेन्द्रस्य स्थान स्था

"तर्ज् न्य। ब्रिंन् ग्री स्व त्या न्या ने क्षा स्व त्या क्षे न्या क्षे न्या

तृत्वहर्त्तर्भशक्तित्त्। "देव ग्राटा हिंद्र हें से द्राया हैं द्राया हैं स्व क्षेत्र स्व क्षेत्र स्व क्षेत्र से क्

यन् सन्तर्भः देश की ना क्षेत्र की व्यक्ति स्वास्त्र की स

यन् अन्तर्भान्ति विद्याने स्त्रिया के विद्याने स्त्रिया के स्त्र स्त्र

지擊기

"ଘଟ୍ୟାପ୍ରୟଟ୍ୟାପ୍ରିକାଦ୍ରିକା ଅଟ୍ୟାପ୍ରକ୍ୟପ୍ରକ୍ଷ୍ୟ ପ୍ରିକ୍ୟ ଅବ୍ୟୁକ୍ତ ଅଟ୍ୟାପ୍ରକ୍ୟ ଅବ୍ୟୁକ୍ତ ଅଟ୍ୟାପ୍ରକ୍ୟ ଅବ୍ୟୁକ୍ତ ଅବ୍

"इत्रश्चित्रं प्राप्त क्षा व्याप्त क्षेत्र प्राप्त क्षेत्रं प्राप्त क्षेत्रं प्राप्त क्षेत्रं प्राप्त क्षेत्रं व्याप्त क्षेत्रं व्यापत व्यापत क्

"र्बिन्यान्य विकास निर्मित्र विकास के स्वास्त्र के स्वास

> "มิเลยมาติ : สามาริ : สั้ง "ดิสาเพามสามิทาตรเลติร : มิเลรัร : นราผอง "สามาริ : ผลทุสานชุร : พัร : ทิ เพามง"

"अया द्वरशर्व, द्वायाय केव विषायशक्कु विषायश्कु विश्व क्षेत्र विष्य क्षेत्र विष्य क्षेत्र विष्य क्षेत्र विष्य क्ष

"के:बेबा:बाय:क्रेव:रेन्। हिंद:ग्री:याम्बव:यशाबाय:क्रे:याबाद:रेन्।"केश्ययदः

"બાયા હિંદ્ર-શૈયાદ્ર-કરાવેયાશૈયોના દાર્જ્ય સાયા લેવા કારાર્જી મુદ્દાદ્રશ્રામાં સુવાદ્વાયોના ભાયા "લેયાસીવાર્ગાદાર્જેટ શૈવાયો

"ब्रिंद् ग्रीका मदा वी त्यादका भी क्रिंत् प्राच्च में प्राच्च प्राच प्राच प्राच्च प्राच प्राच्च प्राच्च प्राच्च प्राच्च प्राच्च प्राच प्राच

"तर्ने त्रश्च श्रून कर्ने तर्न आया। अवाश्व व्यास्त्री तहिवा हेव तर्ने त्रशाहित चीश्राचे व्याप्त स्वर्म चार्च वायते स्वेवाश्व व्याप्त विवा हेवा त्रेवा व्याप्त व्याप्त व्याप्त व्याप्त व्याप्त चराया वश्वर हेश्राय स्वर्मा

"तर्श्चेर् प्रान्धुत्र प्रति विष्या द्वा क्षेत्र क्षे

व्यव अवस्थानः अभाग्यान्त्रेत्रः स्वीत्रः स्वीत्रः स्वीत्रः स्वीत्रः स्वीत्रः स्वीत्रः स्वीत्रः स्वीत्रः स्वीतः स्वीत्रः स्वीतः स

स्वियः चेश्रा चुँ स्तियः त्राश्चर्या द्वार्यः क्ष्याः व्यक्ष्यः स्वियः स्वियः स्वियः स्वियः स्वयः स्व

याब्र्यः अपत्रं भी श्री स्वाया यादा श्री त्राया स्वाया स्वया स्वया स्वया स्वाया स्वाया स्वाया स्वाया स्वया स्

बर्च-व-तर्म-सम्। ब्रि-कृत-वर्म-संग्री-स्थान्त-स्थान्त-संग्रीन-त्यं म्-कृत-स्थान-स्

प्रांक्षश्चर्यम् अस्ति। विश्वेत्रास्य विष्णास्य विष्णास

क्रा-स्वान्तः स्वान्तः स्वानः स्वान्तः स्वानः स्वान्तः स्वान्तः स्वान्तः स्वान्तः स्वान्तः स्वान्तः स्वानः स्वान्तः स्व

र्ष्वाश्चानित्राच्या विवासि व

"ब्रिंन् ग्रीकायदे क्ष्याया उति श्वीयाया विष्या श्वीया विषया विषया

"'न्नरः तर्वा उत्रः श्रीः र्क्षेत्रः त्यंत्रः त्यः दः हैं र्क्षेः नउतः नः तुः नः श्री न्या विषा श्री सः । श्री देन्। "डेक्षः यन् अक्षः क्षेत्रा श्रुक्षः त्येत्रः त्वें क्ष्यः त्येतः त्य्वें त्यः विषा श्री न्या विषा श्री स

"ଦ୍ୟା ଦି: बेर : ପ୍ରଶ୍ୱ । ଶୂଁଶ୍ୟା ହିଁ । କିଦ : ପରି : ଦ୍ରଦ : ପ୍ରଶ୍ୱ : ବିଶ୍ୱ : ଦ୍ରଦି: ଧ : ଧ୍ୟ : ଦ୍ରଦ :

श्रेषा-वारानेशार्वि श्रें प्राप्त स्वाप्त स्त स्वाप्त स्वाप्त स्वाप्त स्वाप्त स्वाप्त स्वाप्त स्वाप्त स्वाप्त

"८:८:४८:४:३८:७८:८:४४:४४:४३॥"लेब:३मशमॉर्डेट:मोब:५३॥

"दशर्मि प्रिंत्। देव गुर्र राज्य देश वश्व शिषा ही हिंद से हेर भीव वर्ष राज्य स्वेत्य प्रेत्य के स्वेत्य के स्

विं श्रें क्षेश्रक्ष भ्रें जी का के जिया निं स्ट्रें क्षेत्र क्षेत्र

सन् अप्राचित्र विश्व विद्या क्षेत्र विद्या क्षेत्र विद्या क्षेत्र विद्या विद्य

यद्भा क्षेत्रः यद्द्रः ग्राटः भ्रेत्। देटः सः टः क्ष्रः क्षेत्रका विष्णे विषणः गोः कृतः यः धिदः यः सः वि

"दः र्क्केटिः देदः अदेः द्रवेषः वाष्यदः वर्क्केषः खेता । "बेश्वः स्वाना वर्षः वर्षः वर्षः द्रवा वर्षः वरः वर्षः वर्षः वर्षः वर्षः वर्षः व

अ. पश्चेमां श्रा प्रकार के. यूर स्थार स्था स्थार स्था

त्रश्च श्चा व्यक्तिः स्वत्र श्चा व्यक्ति स्वत्र स्वत्य स्वत्र स्वत्य स्वत्र स्वत्य स्वत्र स्वत्य स्वत्र स्वत्य स्

"तर्गे न। दश नक्ष्म न। विंद् ग्री श र्वेषाश हा तश्च श र्थे दा स्वी श र र न । वि तहा से में न दश नक्ष्म न। विंद् ग्री श र विद्या । विश्व से मार्थ से स्वा से स्वा से स्वा से से स्वा से से से स

"ने:न्:र्येशकेंग व्रस्यहायद्यस्य सेन्। केंगाम ने:र्येट क्षेट हे:र्ये यहे सुका यक्षन याधिवा "वेश सुम्बामार्वेट मीश यमाया से वेंगामी ने:र्येट क्षेट हे:र्ये यहै सुका

विं र्के बार्य क्षा मेर स्वतः र्क्ष्य त्या स्वतः विवासित्य स्वतं स्वतं त्या स्वतं स

व.र्। "ल.जा चर्त्रश्रश्र क्षेत्राच.पुर्यं र्र्य व्यव्यक्ष्यः द्वरः दश्यः व्यक्ष्यः व्यक्षयः व्यक्ष्यः व्यक्षयः विष्यः विषयः व

दह्यां कुं त्थेवा"

"रःम्पदःम्विम्गितिःदर्गे न्यःयः द्वार्यः अहस्यः अविमार्ष्यः चेरा "विश्वः श्रे अपः विमायीश्वः स्वम्यायार्वे न्यारः प्रत्यः स्वरः न्यतः त्वरः तुः हर्षे त्यस्या

"विं र्से प्रति न्या त्र स्त्र न्या विश्व स्त्र न्या विं र्से प्रति स्त्र त्र स्त्र त्र स्त्र त्र स्त्र त्र स्त्र त्य स्त्र स

"वर्षे च। स्ट्रिंश्वा स्ट्रिंश्वा क्षेत्र व्यक्षिण्येष्ठ प्रिंश्वा स्ट्रिंश क्षेत्र प्रक्षेत्र प्र

"तर्ग् न्य हिंद् न्य न्य तर्ग् न्य के न्य क

क्रायाक्ष्र्र्याम् विवाश व्याव हेन हिन्ना विवाय मिन्न हिन्द क्रिया मिन्न हिन्द क्रिया मिन्न हिन्द क्रिया मिन्न हिन्द हि

क्ष्यं क्षात्र विष्यं क्ष्यं क्षा क्षेत्र क्ष्यं क्षा क्ष्यं क्षा क्ष्यं क्षयं क्ष्यं क्षयं क्ष्यं क्षयं क्षयं क्ष्यं क्

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"ष्णः य। यहंत्रा वर्क्षत्रा वर्दः रेग्न्या द्वेः विगः धेव। देः रेटः द्वेः यः वृव। "वेत्राः भुग्न्यागर्वेटः ग्रीत्रायन् यर्केवेः व्यग्नायायत्र्यः वृत्राः वृत्राः वृत्राः वृत्राः वृत्राः वृत्राः वृत्राः

"मडेबाधुम र्नेंबायदी झाँ विकास अदि ख्री साम सम्मान विकास की किंदा में बार की किंदा में बार के स्वास की किंदा में बार की स्वास की स्वास

"ष्याया दार्द्रास्य क्राय्या प्याप्ति । ता के बिया प्यादा हु से दा द्या बिया भ्रयाया यार्वेद विया प्याप्ति । ता के बिया प्याप्ति हु से दा दा विया भ्रयाया ।

"विक्तिः स्वर्धः सामावस्य स्वर्धः मी त्यावस्य स्वर्धः स्वर्यः स्वर्यः स्वर्धः स्वर्धः स्वर्यः स्वर्यः स्वर्यः स्वर्यः स्वर्यः

"षाऱ्याचा यत् अर्छा दः र्छ्या क्षुव यर्ष्याच्या प्रदेश स्वा यत् अर्छा दः र्छ्या क्षुव यर्ष्याच्या प्रदेश स्व व्या स्या स्व व्या स्व व्या

र्ट बेशका ग्रीर्मेषका श्रेर्मे विकाग्री श्रेत्। ब्रिंत क्ष्यां मी त्रार्झेव व क्रिंस स्री वर्त स्का येषका क्रेक्षेका सुरविद्वेस व्यवस्थित। बिकाया विकास क्रिंस विकास स्वर्थित व्यवस्थित विकास स्वर्थित विकास स्वर्

"श्रेश्रश्च व दश्च क्ष्य क्ष्

"अुअविवित्रः क्षेत्राची विद्या

यन् अर्क्षः हनः अरः । भुग्राश्चार्वे स्त्रुं व्यन्ति । स्वार्वे स्त्रुं स्त्रुं स्त्रुं स्त्रुं स्त्रुं स्त्रु यन् अर्क्षः हनः अर्थः । भुग्राश्चार्वे स्त्रुं व्यन्ति । स्वार्वे स्त्रुं स्त्रुं स्त्रुं स्त्रुं स्त्रुं स्त्र

"ब्रिंदः देंबार्येषा येद। र्वेबः ग्रदा। ब्रिंदः सदः कदः बाक्कुषा वीबः व्यदः या यो वीबायः

उ:रेर्।"डेबायर्'अर्क्षेंगीबाञ्चम्बामॉर्वेट्गीं विंमायाद्यीअबा

"र्न्व तर्ने प्रका गुरान् वर्षा केंग्रिंग्य वर्षा में या धिव। प्रका गुरि धिव प्रमा प्रकाश वर्षा में श्रूपा आ प्रका "लेश स्वाश मार्चेट मेश प्रया प्रमा अर्कें न्य स्वाश मार्चेट मार्केश मामिनेट वर्षा अर्थें। प्रेंचेट केंग्रिंग्य मार्चेट मेश प्रया प्रमा अर्कें न्य स्वाश

अन्यश्चार्वेद्रः यीश्चार्यः विद्यात् विद्यात् विद्यात् विद्यात् विद्यात् विद्यात् विद्यात् विद्यात् विद्यात् व स्वार्थः यात्र्वेद्रः विद्यात् विद

ञ्चन्याया विष्या विष्या विष्या विषया विषय

क्ष्यः प्रदेश्वर्या में विष्ण्याद्वः विष्ण्याद्वः विष्णः विषया विष्णः व

ब्र्मानावकाश्चीकामीकामीक्षेत्राच्या यदाश्चिका मिळ्यां क्षेत्राच्या विक्रान्त्रा क्षेत्राच्या क्षेत्रच्या क्षेत्रच्या क्षेत्रच्या क्षेत्रच्या क्षेत्रच्या कष्या क्षेत्रच्या क्षेत्रच्य

"तर्म् न्या ह्या क्ष्यां क्ष्

श्रूपश्चर्म् प्रश्चेश्वर्या विषा मेश श्रूवर्य, यें प्रत्यं व्यक्ष्य स्वर्ध्वर्या स्वर्धा स्वर्या स्वर्धा स्वर्या स्वर्या स्वर्या स्वर्धा स्वर्या स्वर्या स्वर्धा स्वर्या स्वर्या स्वर्या स्वर्या स्वर्या स्वर्या स्वर्या स्व

त्तरक्ष। क्रीयात्मअतिकावयात्म्यात्यात्म्यात्म्यात्म्यात्म्यात्म्यात्म्यात्म्यात्म्यात्म्यात्यात

क्षेत्रका मुच्या मुच्य

"र्नेयाक्तुमाञ्चराळंचा विंदाक्तीकारायार्थमाश्चमायन्दार्यादायाकानेका"

"के बेम दश्यार्वेम तयदश्य दर्ग महास्यायक्ष यदे ले तर्द मेश शु र्वेम द्वीं श्राया को प्रोत्ते विश्व श्रुवा श्रावा बेंद्र वी श्रायय।

"वर्षे न्या नक्के तुर्द्या व्याधित अ गर्हेत्। "डेश्च कुण्या गर्वेद ग्रीश्च ख्त कुण्या न्या वर्षेत् न्या न्या वर्षेत् वर्षेत् न्या वर्षेत् वर्येत् वर्षेत् वर्येत् वर्येत् वर्येत् वर्येत् वर्येत् वर्षेत् वर्षेत् वर्येत् वर्येत् वर्येत् वर्येत् वर्येत् वर्

भुवाश वार्चेट यद साद वार विशेषात्र विश्व विष्य विश्व विश्व विश्व विश्व विश्व विश्व विश्व विश्व विश्व विश्व

"बिंद्-ग्रीकार्वे क्षं-वर्द्द स्थान्य वर्षे श्रूषाः श्रूद्द स्थावे क्षंद्र श्रूद्द स्थावे क्षंद्र श्रूद्द स्थावे क्षंद्र स्यावे क्षंद्र स्थावे क्षंद्र स्था

"त् र्ये क ये द तदे द देश महस्य क्षा क तहें मा र्ये द या विमा के र्ये वे प्राप्त क्षा स्था द र्ये के स्था के

"श्रेश्वराष्ट्रियशावेदशार्षेत्रयायात्रीत्। वर्षेत्रात्रात्रात्रीय श्रेत्रात्रात्रीय श्रेत्रात्रीय श्रेत्रीय श्र

यन् अन्तर्गरः वेशन्तर्गरः वेश्वर्षाः क्षेत्रः यन्ते वेश्वर्षाः अन्तर्भात् । "नेश्वर्षाः विश्वर्षाः विश्वर्षाः व विश्वराद्याः श्वर्षाः श्वर्षाः विश्वर्षाः विश्वर

**"**ॿॕॎॖ॔ॸॱॻॖॖऀঌॱॸॖॱॺॊ॔ॱਘऀॱऄॸऻ॒ॱॸ॔ढ़ऀॱॸऻऒक़ॕ॔ॸॱॴ॒ॱॸॕॖक़ॱढ़ॸऀॱॿॕॖॸॱॻॖऀॱऄ॓॔ऄॾऻॴॸॏॸॱ मी मान मार्चे प्रति मार्चे मार्चे मार्चे प्रत्में प्रमास्था अन्य मेरी स्रीमार्चे के मार्चे मा र्वेषाः क्रुः रेट् प्रसम्भायाः धेव। हिंद् रेव द्वा तदीः ता द्वा वा दे तद्वा से हा द्वा दे हों मवन विमाय श्रुप्त न केमार्केमार्केमा केमार्थित। मिर्सिस साञ्जीका माञ्जीका माञ्जीका माञ्जीका साञ्जीका स्वर्धिया श्रु दशावशः त्रुदशः स्प्रि। "डेश्वायद्यार्ग्यारा सेंदरः सार्यत्या यरः स्प्रेतः सरः वरः वी। वरः चदुःबरःरीःर्वादः सर्वादाः वर्षाः चदुः श्रीषाः सः श्रुः सर्वदः सः सः।वः स्वः चश्चिवः वर्षाः धवाः यश वेद पा दर क्रुव क वर्देण पर देटश या पा पर दर वर्देणश क्रुव क अर्वेद वशा भ्रुकायार्क्षेत्राप्तराष्ट्रीरावी क्विताकार्यस्याप्तरायार्थायात्रायार्थे वाकारी प्रवासार्वे विद्या । स्रिता बतरातुः र्वे त्दि ःक्षः तुः चिवेदः तुः चिंदः त्युः दरः ङ्गोः स्वाकः ग्रीः ङ्गेदः तुः त्वधु दक्षः चिवे ः विदेशि तर्भक्रें र चें शुःवा वें र ग्रारा विं शें केंवे गढ़ेत स्त्रें ते ते के वर्षे में पर् से र जारा चना त्यु चर्झें व दुवाव। शे संदायवार्योव चित्र देश वेषा व वार्वि से त्यारे हें पासूद से प्रायवा 

यन् अन्तर्भन्ते । प्रमान्य विकास वि

"गु:क्वेग:वेद:व। दक:विंद:वार्रेगकारया:वेद:को:दर्गका वर्गे:वा "वेकायदः

अ:८ग्र-र्येश्वःश्वेःश्वःवःश्वेतःवे:२:यःश्वःववितःश्वेशशङ्गेंदःवरःशुर्

चाकुकामाःभाक्ष्मा वर्ष्माः वर्ष्माः वर्ष्माः वर्षाः वर्षः वर्षाः वर्षः वर्षाः वर्षाः वर्षाः वर्षः वर्षाः वर्षः वरः वर्षः वर्षः वर्षः वरः वर्षः वर्षः वर्षः वर्षः वर्षः वरः वर्षः वर्षः वर्षः वर्षः वरः व

"र्दे क्र्रिय ग्री तर्वे या मर्देर क्ष्य क्र्या दें नर्वेर विश्व के लेवा ग्रेन न्या विश्व क्रें में खें तर्वे या मर्देर क्ष्य क्र्या दें नर्वेर विश्व के लेवा ग्रेन

"र्विः यः न्य्यः द्विनः चुन् । प्रत्यां कात्रः द्विषाकाः द्विषाकाः स्वेषाकाः स्वेषाः स्वेषाः स्वेषाः स्वेषाः स

इरामा चमामादर्ग्, ब्र्रान्य चमामाद्रम् रात्तु, रमाद्रान्य म्यान्त्रम् स्थान्य स्थान्य

म्बर्यार्क्षं अपायराची बरातु उन्हों केवा विश्व विश्व क्षा करा कृता यश्चरा ही ताया विश्व स्टर्ण या विश्व स्टर्ण स्टर्ण या विश्व स्टर्ण स्टर्ण या विश्व स्टर्ण स्टर्ण या विश्व स्टर्ण स्टर्य स्टर्ण स्टर्ण स्टर्ण स्टर्ण स्टर्ण स्टर्ण स्टर्ण स

ब्रेन्डिन्, ख्रेन्यं च्रिक्तं क्रिन् क्रिन् क्रिन्तं क्रिन्तं क्रिन्तं क्रिन्तं क्रिन्तं क्रिन्तं क्रिन्तं क्रि क्रिन्डिन्, क्रिन्तं क्रिन्

श्रम् श्री स्वास्त्र श्री स्वास्त्र स्वास्त्र

वश्चात्रात्ते । "भ्रुष्णकाषार्च्चा हिंद्रकुंत्यार्ष्यच्ये महिन्न स्वात्यात्रे में मुक्षा सह्य मिन्न स्वात्यात्र स्वात्यात्र स्वात्यात्र स्वात्यात्र स्वात्यात्र स्वात्यात्र स्वात्यात्र स्वात्य स्वात्यात्र स्वात्य स

भ्रम्याम् म्यास्यान्त्रे स्टान्त्र स्टान्त्र

"दबाधात्राह्मित्रित्रिः श्रीःश्रीदायदाश्ची । "ब्रेबाञ्चना व्यावात्रात्र्याः श्रीतात्रात्र्यः व्यावात्र्यः व्यावात्रः वयावात्रः व्यावात्रः व्यावात्यः व्यावात्रः व्यावात्रः

"र्देव-ग्राट-दशहिंद-ग्री-भेद-वेशर्षेत्। स्वाश्वाश्वीदः।"डेश्वायायाद्द-श्लीरः सुद-सु-त्विःभेवा सुद-र्देद-भेवा भेवा की विद-तु-गोभागोभान्नेत्।

ख्रेयाश्च यार्चिटः योश्चायः व्युः चितः त्युः नितः स्थायः याद्वः स्थायः याद्वः स्थायः याच्यः याद्वः स्थायः स्यायः स्थायः स्यायः स्थायः स्थायः

"ब्रिंद्र'दर्गेद्र'र्देव के धेव। दर्गेद्र क्यु दे त्दर बिया यह व धेद्र। "केश क्यू यह य

भेटाचन्द्रा । चेश्वायालेश निक्ति । चेश्वायालेश निक

"ब्रिंदः ग्रीका सः यमदः नवदः । दक्षः भेका श्रयः नेः सेद्। "डेका यय। देः सुरः

श्रेयश्वाप्तः तृष्णुः विदः वर्दे द्वाराञ्चे द्वाराये देव प्राप्तः विद्याः विद

"दिरंशेद्र वेश्वस्त्र सुत्र कुरंशेद्र वेश्वस्त्र सुत्र कुरंशेद्र वेश्वस्त्र सुत्र सुत्र

मेयादेराखुगश्राम्बेदानीश्वाहीरायाद्या अन्यानाहीश्वाहीरायदेश्वीदाखुदायाद्या अन्यानाहीश्वाहीरायाद्या अन्यानाहीश्व

"अग्रम्म मुर्बेट्र । व्रम्म ब्रिम प्राप्त स्थित स्थित

સુવાશ્વાર્સા સાર્વે સંવે સંવે સ્ત્રાપ્ત ત્રાપ્ત ત્રાપત ત્રા

"तर्ग्ना दःर्स्ट्र स्वास्य स्

"यहन र्मेल वेनक वुरा वर्मिय अविवास सु रेन्।"डेक सुगक ग्रॉट्स्झेट ययम्

ञ्जियाबायाब्रिट. राजाजाबाद्धीर प्राक्षेट्या या स्वराच ब्राह्म क्षेर् क्षेर् विरायक्षियाया

देवबादःस्टानिवाञ्चावराक्षः विषाः स्वातः स्वातः स्वात्यः स्वात्यः स्वात्यः स्वात्यः स्वात्यः स्वात्यः स्वात्यः स स्वात्यः स्

"कुन्य निर्मे क्षित्र क्षित्र

"र्क्ष: प्राप्तः क्ष्र्यः र्यम् अ च्चेतः आपवः र्व्यतः च्चेतः अत्र स्व अ व्यवः म्बंदः मे अ अअअः स्वरः च्चेतः प्रविवः या। र्यम् अचेतः अववः च्चेतः अव्यः अर्थः अर्थः अर्थः अर्थः याः विवः च्चेतः च्चेतः याः विवः च्चेतः याः विवः च्चेतः चचेतः विवः चचेतः विवः चचेतः विवः चचेतः याः विवः चचेतः विवः चचेतः याः विवः चचेतः चचेतः विवः चचेतः विवः चचेतः विवः चचेतः विवः चचेतः चचेतः विवः चचेतः चच लेगामी।यातार्षेत्।"डेबाञ्चम्बामॉर्बेटामीबाध्यकाह्बादवेत्।

"र्बिन् गुर्का प्रकृषा व। दः र्केकान् सेवा कुत्यापार्य्व कुष्ये सेन्। "डेका सुग्रका मुर्बेद दें गुर्के स्वाका प्रकृष्य व। दः र्केकान् सेवा कुत्यापार्य्व कुष्ये सेन्। "डेका सुग्रका

"देत्। दक्ष गुर दे प्रकाश शुण्डिक सुगका गर्वेद ग्रीक थे सुग क्रा अ

"नेश्वा मर्क्शके लेगाचा यने वश्वामान्य प्राप्त स्त्राम्य स्तर्भ क्षा प्राप्त स्त्राम्य स्तरम्य स्त्राम्य स्त्राम्य स्त्राम्य स्त्राम्य स्त्राम्य स्त्राम्य

"ने मा त्या धिन। अन्तर न्या अने दुः तर्क्षण धिन यका श्चीन या जान में का या ते सिन्। का या के स्थान अने साम का सम्मान के सम्म

"न्यान्डेबा'त्यादावित्रात्रुश्चुत्रात्वेवा"न्डेबाञ्चबाबावार्वेदाचीबात्वेदानीवात्वेदानीवात्वेदात्वेदात्वेदात्वेदात्वेदात्वेदात्वेदात्वेदात्वेदात्वेदात्वेदात्वेदात्वेदात्वेदात्वेदात्वेदात

यन् अन्यान् व्यवस्था अन्यान् व्यवस्था अन्यान् व्यवस्था व्यवस्यवस्था व्यवस्था व्यवस्यस्य व्यवस्था व्यवस्यस्य स्यवस्था व्यवस्था व्यवस्था व्यवस्था व्

"८. ४८. ज. ज. ज. व. इ.स. १८। ट्रेश म्. च.स. श्री. क्री. क्र

"ब्रिंन्-न्दः कदः श्राचक्क्वाः यरः रदः यः श्रेषाः न् व्रेन्-यः व्रेष्ठाः व्रेतः यश्चाः वर्तेन् व्रेन्-यः व्रेतः व्रेन्-यः व्रेष्ठाः वर्तेन् व्रेन्-यः व्रेतः व्रेन्-यः व्येन्-यः व्रेन्-यः व्रेन्-यः व्रेन्-यः व्रेन्-यः व्येन्-यः व्येन्यः व्येन्-यः व्येन्-यः व्येन्-यः व्येन्-यः

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यन् अन्तर्भन्त्रा द्राक्षेश्वर विद्याय अविश्वर विद्याय विश्वर विद्या विश्वर विद्या विश्वर विद्या वि

"भेव। हिंद दर्शे भे रदा। वि र्सेश दर्देर य हिंद हमा हमा रेद। अगवा

ন্র্রুম। ব্যক্ষরের্মীর্কান্মান্ত্রকার্ক্রমান্ত্র্বামান্ত্

"चर्-श्चेर्। ब्रिंट्-ष्णायदे-श्च-याव्ययः वर्षे व्यक्तियः क्रिंच-क्रिंयः च्रिंच-क्रिंयः च्रिंच-क

यहन।

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अवाश्वाच्चरायरायायां त्रांति विद्यान्य साम्यान्य स्थान्य स्थान्य

स्वाक्ष्यः क्षेत्रः कष्णेत्रः कष्णेत्रः कष्णेत्रः कष्णेत्रः कष्णेत्रः कष्णेत्रः कष्णेत्रः कषेत्रः कष्णेत्रः कष्णेत्रः

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"र्हिन् ग्री । ष्याया मिन्न प्रत्या क्षेत्र । स्वित् । स्वित् भ्री । स्वित् । स्वित

"भुग्नाश्चार्वेद्दा द्रायात्र्वे लिया र्खेदा विं ते दि ते प्रायात्र स्थायत्र स्थायत्य स्थायत्र स्थायत्य स्थाय स्थाय स्थायत्य स्य

यदे.श्चीदःग्रीशःग्रीशःवर्षः यहिंद्र्याः यहिंद्र्यः श्चीशःवर्ष्यः स्वरः स्वरः स्वरः स्वरः स्वरः स्वरः स्वरः स्व मार्चेदः मी:क्षेदः दुः मिं:श्चेंः स्वरः सदिः महिंदः त्यः तह्यदः श्चुः श्चरः स्वरः स्वरः सः द्व। स्वः स्वरं मशः यदः श्चीदः स्वरः स्व

यवन मिल्लुशन् स्ट्रावृत्वनार्स्वायि त्यां प्रास्त्र मुक्त सेत्र केत् त्या त्या स्था प्राप्त प्राप्त प्राप्त प्रमास मुद्दीता सुनास नार्चे ता त्या प्रमास मुद्दा त्या क्षेत्र प्राप्त क्षेत्र क्षेत्र

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"देन्-र्क्रदावी-अवतः अवाद्यन्ति । यव-र्क्ष्व-त्य-यक्के-विक्रितः विक्रान्ति । यव-र्क्ष्व-त्य-यक्के-विक्राविन्-योकानि र्वे स्ति-त्यक्षित् । यव-र्क्ष्व-त्य-पक्कि-विक्राविक्र-विक्राविक्र-व MAI

"हिंद्-ग्रैश्चन्त्र्द्र-चःश्च-श्चन्त्र्व्या यश्चन्त्रः मे स्वत्यः स्वतः स्वतः स्वतः स्वतः स्वतः स्वतः स्वतः स्वतः स्वतः स्वतः

"ब्रिंन् श्रें त्रश्चा के ज्ञा । ब्रिंन् ग्रीका द्वे त्या में त्या ने त्य विद्या विद्या के ज्ञा । ब्रिंन् ग्रीका द्वे त्या के त्या विद्या विद्

"राधिन्रकेश्वाची श्रदशन्तात्। देव्यम्याहिन् मुःस्वेर्यः द्वेर्याच्यायः स्वाच्यायः स्वच्यायः स्वाच्यायः स्वाच्यायः स्वाच्यायः स्वच्यायः स्वाच्यायः स्वच्यायः स्वाच्यायः स्वाच्यायः स्वाच्यायः स्वाच्यायः स्वाच्यायः स्वायः स्वच्यायः स्वच्यायः स्वयः स्वयः

"र्बिन् ग्रीका के खिना बेम प्रते सुर्वे क्षिया सुम्कान का स्वाद्या स्वाद्य

स्यान्यात्वान्यात्वान्यात्वान्यात्वान्यात्वान्यात्वान्यात्वान्यात्वान्यात्वान्यात्वान्यात्वान्यात्वान्यात्वान्य अप्रथान्यात्व

"८ःर्क्षें घतमः ह्वामः र्वेट देः धेव। यमः वर्डेयः मदेः यूः येत्। स्वाप्तितः मदेः

न्यंत्रसेन्। व्यास्य स्यार्क्षिन् ग्रीत्य संयाय्य मर्येन् क्कुण्येत्। "विश्वास्य मर्येन् स्यायेत्यः स्यायेत्य

प्रस्थायान्त्रम्था

"दावर्ष्ण्या प्राप्त क्षेत्र क्षेत्र प्राप्त क्षेत्र क्षेत्र प्राप्त क्षेत्र क्षेत्र

"र्वि: र्क्स: या वर्षित्। श्रुषावाः या त्राः वर्षः क्षुवाः क्षेत्रः या वर्षित्। या वर्षेत्रः या वर्षेत्। या वर्षेत्रः या

याञ्चीयः स्थान्त्रा स्थान्यात् व्याच्यात् व्याच्यात्याच्यात् व्याच्यात् व्याच्यात् व्याच्यात् व्याच्यात् व्याच्यात् व्याच्यात् व्याच्यात् व्याच्यायः व्या

श्चेम् मार्चेट प्राप्तित त्यं र त्या स्थानित स्थानित

ब्दः अदेः बडिशः श्र्विनः श्रुः विना द्वश्च। अद्दिन् श्रेदिः अर्वे : श्रेवा द्वः द्वः द्वः द्वः श्रेदः श्रेवः श्रे

"दश्यत्रेक्षुत्रयाद्द्रभेषुत्रयाद्द्रभेष्ठ्या विष्यं विषयं विष्यं विषयं विष्यं विषयं विषयं

"बि'यदेदे'दर्क्षं'य। सु'र्क्षे'येद्देव'वि'यदेदे'दर्क्कें'य'बियापद्दर्स्थित। श्रदशक्वश देव'केवा गयाहे'हिंद्'ग्री'सु'सुग्रियेद्दंस्या हिंद्'रस्ट'याबि'यदे'स्पॅट'क्चु'स्थे'सेद्।"

बुबाचगारास्त्रम्।

"बरबार्गत् हिंद्रण्डिं संस्थान स्थान स्था

"र्यश्रक्षेत्र विस्त्राह्मित् श्रीश्रह्मित् स्त्रित् स्तित् स्तित् स्तित् स्त्रित् स्तित् स्

מיבקבין

अतुत्र-तुःगहुग्रवार्विर-तु। अदशन्त्राव्यः "यदेःश्चेद्र। यदेर-र्वेग दयेःगडेशः धुग्रास्रा "बेरा

"'अ'दार्खे' दार्बेर्'र्र्स्यक्यात् श्रे'त्र्वे । "बेश्वाययायात् । अ'दार्डियेत् । विद्याययायात् । अ'दार्डियेत्

"दशामश्र मुदश थॅन्। देव गुटार्वि से दर्श से दर्ने न दाया पर्डेश गाः सेन्।"डेशञ्जूमश्रम्बेंट मैशस्ट में टें प्यर ह्रेट हे में न

"दः यः क्षेत्रक्षः वार्केः वार्केः स्वान्य हिंदः धिवः यः छेः सेद्। ञ्चवाकः वार्वेदः यः छेः सः ववा "वेकः यदेः क्षेत्रः योकः देवा "वेकः यदेः क्षेत्रः विकार्यः विकार्य

"दर्वःष्युक्षस्थ्रुष्याः य। दःख्यायायः वर्षे। दक्षां हिंदायायद्वाः क्रुँदायबदार्घः विषाः

प्रमुव। ब्रिंट्-ब्रट्स-ब्रीयः प्र्रियः स्वयः सुव। ब्रिंबः ब्रट्स-ट्यादः श्रेयाः श्रवतः स्वटः स्वरः स

"यने क्रीन राष्णयन्त्राय के प्रेम क्रुं अर्ड्स हिन्या मुक्त या क्रिया क्रिन राष्ट्रिन व्या क्रिया क

स्वाकायका मृष्ट्या तार व्योटकायका प्रकृत। त्यूम् भ्रारवाका प्रमुत्र स्वाकायका मृष्ट्य स्वाकायका मृष्ट्य स्वाकायका स्वाकायका स्वाकायका स्वाकायका स्वाकायका स्वाकायका स्वाकायका स्वाकायका स्वाक्ष्य स्वाकायका स

व्यास्त्रस्थात्य स्थान्त्रस्था विवाद स्थान्त्रस्था वित्रस्थात्य स्थान्त्रस्थात्य स्थान्त्रस्य स्यान्त्रस्य स्थान्त्रस्य स्थान्य स्थान्त्रस्य स्थान्य स्थान्त्रस्य स्थान्त्रस्य स्थान्य स्थान्त्रस्य स्थान्त्रस्य स्यान्त्रस्य स्थान्य स्थान्त्रस्य स्यान्त्रस्य स्यान्य स्थान्त्रस्य स्यान्य स्थान्य स्थान्त्रस्य स्थान्य स्यान्त्य स्यान्य स्यान्य स्थान्य स्थान्य स्थान्य स्यान्य

"र्हे में र्य हें रामका हिंद भी वा स्वाप्त का माने का स्वीप्त का स्वाप्त का स्वीप्त का स्वाप्त का

"रे.र.ज्ञाल्या पर्यात्म यादेव क्षेत्र यात्वि र ग्रीकार हिते श्वीर सर्योव र रु.स.

"र्हें में न वदाय विवाद सार्वित ... "डेश सुवाश वार्वेद से प्रदे प्रमास्त्री

"दः विः र्श्वदः तर्देदः यः षोः धिव। दशः ग्विवः हेः यः श्रह्यः वतदः द्वीतः यह्दशः वय। दः विः यः दर्गे श्रः श्रविः श्रेः के बेरा "वेश्वः हें र्गे रः ग्वीश्वः ययः याव। यदः श्रक्वें ददः यदेः श्रीदः ग्विश्वः कृतः कः वगः गोः श्रेदः।

म्चित्राच्च । विष्य प्रत्याचा विष्य प्रत्याची क्षा प्रत्याची क्षा

"ब' अ'यत् अर्वेश्वर्षा व्या वित्रः तुः यदा वित्रः तुश्वरः श्रेः केंगा ग्रम्। दः बः अः विश्वर्षा अर्थेश्वर्षा व्या वित्रः देश्वर्षा विश्वर्षा विश्वर्या विश्वर्षा विश्वर्या विश्वर्या विश्वर्या विश्वर्षा विश्वर्षा विश्वर्या विश्वर्या विश्वर्या विश्वर्या विश्

"दबाद्धरायादाये केंद्रायायाय केंद्राया केंद्र

ત્રિં ર્જીં ર્જ્યન્સ સાલા સાલે સાલવ રેલ્લા સ્વાયાના સુવાયાના સુવાયાનો સ્વાયાનો સ્વાયાનો સ્વાયાનો સ્વાયાનો સ્વાયાનો સાલે ત્યાં સે માર્ચેન્સ માર્ચેન્સ

गुःर्देव:रु:बोअबाह्यरःगुबःर्बरः। "लेबायया

र्हे 'र्बो र ग्रीका श्वर साधित 'या विकायन। केंद्रा दर्बो दकाय अर्कें अपिकायन।

यत्र अर्थुश्च यत्र श्रीत श्री स्वाचा स्वचा स्वाचा स्वाचा

र्दे में र ग्रीश्राश्चर्या र प्रत्या र प्रत्या श्री स्थेट र र र र ते । "भ्रिट ग्रीश्वर स्थार र मार्थिय श्री र स्थार में श्वर स्थार में श्वर स्थार स्था स्थार स्था

स्वाश्वार्थेट मेश स्टामी हाते तटामी पायते श्चीता मी हाते तटा त्रिंसा त्रिरा त्रा "ष्णासुर्हे में सा स्टामीश स्टाश्वाण्या सामहेंता सामेश्वास्था हिंदा त्यतामा त्यास्या

पक्षिया प्रमित्रा स्थानिक स्थ

"८:य5:अ:५ग-४:र्ये:धेत्रा"लेबाय5:अ:५ग-४:र्येबाङ्ग5:यहःदीत्रा

"के बिना अप्तर व्या यह अप्तर मार्स हैं कर मार्ग के के से हा कर के हिंदी के कि से मार्ग के के से मार्ग के

यदः सः दगारः र्येशः श्रीसः रेगाः रेगाः हुः धरः सरः सः यह्नश्रः वश्रः वः रे। "रः

म्बदःमर्श्वाः योद्यः योद्यः यात्रः यात्र व्यापदः मर्श्विषाः याद्यः यात्रः य

"दह्यःर्क्केषान्चेत्रसम्बर्श्वःरेत्।"

"अदश न्या अप्तर्भ विश्व प्रत्य प्रत्य प्रत्य क्षेत्र क्षेत्र क्षेत्र प्रत्य क्षेत्र क्षेत्र क्षेत्र प्रत्य क्षेत्र क्षेत्र

"भे दे नद्भ अर्टी "ड्रेश उर्टी र्ख्न स्थित श्री र्हे व सर्टि व सर्टि स्थित स्थित । स्

"दति विभाव द्या मार्थे भे भे प्रति विभाग्य के प्रति विभा

श्चेश्वाश्वाश्चर्याः श्चेत्रायाः स्वर्यायाः स्वर्यायः स्वर्यः स्वर्यायः स्वर्यः स्वर्यायः स्वर्यः स्वर्यायः स्वर्यः स्वर्यः

"८'८'र्ळेंबाडे'बियाड्या"बेबाञ्चयाबायार्वेट्योबाद्रेबा

৾৾ૡ૽ૼૡ૿ૹૹ૾ૢઽૹ૽૽ૡૢૹૼૡ૽ૢૼઽઌઽ૱ૼઌઽ૱૱ૢૹ૱૱૱૱ૡૡ ૡઽ૽ૺઽૹૹ૱ૡ૽ૢૻૺૼઽ૱૱૱ૺૺૺૺ૿૱ૹ૱ઽૹ૱૱૱૱ ૡ૽૽ૺૺૺૺૺૺૺૺૹૹૹ૽૽ૢૼઌ૱૱૱ૺૹ૱ૹ૱ૹ૱ૹ૱

यद्भ। लद्द्रिं स्वाचित्राच्या अवश्वाचित्राच्या स्वाच्या स्वच्या स्वाच्या स्वच्या स्वाच्या स्वच्या स्वाच्या स्वच्या स्वच्या स्वाच्या स्वाच्या स्वाच्या स्वाच्या स्वाच्या स्वाच्या स्वच्या स्वच्या स्वाच्या स्वाच्या स्वाच्या स्वच्या स्वाच्या स्वच्या स्व

"बेसबाव न्युग्बा क्रेंड्रेन के विषा स्प्री के विषा त्या वर्त न्या क्रेंड्री के विषा त्या वर्त न्या क्रेंड्री के विषा त्या वर्त क्रेंड्रिन क्रेंड्री क्रेंड्रिन क्रेंड्रेन क्रेंड्रिन क्रेंड्रेन क्रें

"उद्रासेद्री मृतिद्रासीस्यामी हिंद्रायदी स्म्रमार्से रार्षेद्रासी स्मायार्थेया। कुंदेद्री "डेक्षाञ्चम्बार्योर्केटान्संक्षेस्रकात्री

"दःश्वदःयःवःबिँद्रःश्चेदःषी दःश्चमाःवय। श्चमश्यमिँदः। "बेश्वयदेःश्चेदःधीशः श्चीत्यःश्चीदःर्यःबिमाःवश्वरःश्चिश्वःयःबिमाःददःवदःवदःयदःस्यःश्चीश्चाःश्चरःर्भेश्चदःश्चीश्चःव्यदः

त्राक्ष्या व्याप्ति व्यापति व्याप्ति व्याप्ति व्याप्ति व्यापति वयापति व्यापति व्य

क्षेत्रतिहास्त्रीत्रतिहास्त्रीत्र्यं क्षेत्रम्थान्त्रीत्त्र्यं क्षेत्रतिहास्त्र क्षेत्र क्षेत्र क्षेत्र क्षेत्र वा सेत्। ष्णावा वार्गेत्र का वत्र व्यक्षेत्र क्षेत्र क्षेत्र क्षेत्र क्षेत्र क्षेत्र व्यक्षेत्र क्षेत्र क्षेत् व्यक्ष व्यक्षेत्र क्षेत्र व्यक्षेत्र क्षेत्र क्षेत् मुंबर्ग मुंबर्ग क्रिया मुंग मिं वह मुंबर्ग मुंबर मिं क्षेत्र मिं

"भ्रें प्यय्नभूषा र्वे बिषा सेत्। यहिंदा यहे बिषा यी बादा प्याय क्रंदा यह स्वाय यहिंदा यह दाया "बेदा सुषा बार्षा से हास क्रायों के स्वया में क्रिया से स्वया स्वया स्वया स्वया स्वया स्वया स्वय

"शे'लेग'गे'शेट'तर्चेर्'यादशर्मी'वय। हिंद्'यार्झुंत'खे'र्षेद्। दस्य सु'श'लेग' वस्य तस्र देश'र्गे'रे'व्रसुवस्य । "लेस'वर्ने क्रीद्'ग्रीस'सुग्नस'ग्रेवेट'याद्गीय'के' वादेशक्रीटमी'र्यक्षिम।

ॷण्याचार्चित्रची श्रीः यस्य वश्याप्त्र स्थित्र स्था स्था व्यविष्य स्था विषय स्या विषय स्था विषय स्थ

"चः र्र्यः विवाधिक। अवस्था विवाधिक। "चः र्र्यः विवाधिक। विवाधिकः विवाधिकः

विद्या यन्यात् केत्र विवास केत्र विकास केत्र विकास क्षेत्र वास्त्र केत्र विकास विवास विद्या क्षेत्र विवास विवा

यन् अप्याद्यम् उत्यक्षे उत्यक्ष्य विष्णा विष्ण विष्ण

स्तिः त्रभाक्ष्यं स्वाद्यां क्षात्र स्वाद्यां स्वाद्यां

स्रूटः स्रोतः तुः वश्चाः स्राः सद्युतः तुः स्रोतः तुः स्रोः स्रोः स्रोः व्याः व्याः स्राः स्राः

रेत्।"डेबायते:श्चेत्रःख्याबायार्वेदायायेत्।

"र हे न्याय सेना विश्वाय यात र्हें स हैं शान्य में स विया के विस्त महीन र क्रा तुश्वा थी। इत या है र या विया यी तर तु श्रुर वाया "विश्वा विश्वा या श्रें स विया के विस्त यहुत तुश्वा थी। इयाश्वास महित्य या विश्वाय यात्र रहें स विश्वाय से से स्वास यह से स विया के विस्त यह से स

"कुरातुकाग्री'द्रवायात्रणान्ते त्यद्विःश्चीतायाया दार्के हे स्वकायीवावत्याद्रवाया दे देवाका हे हिटातुः से त्य्यें। "वेकायदे श्चीताग्रीका स्टाकुटातुकाद्रवासुटा।

"दःश्चॅं त्यं सु के द्राया क्राया विष्य स्थाय विष्य स्थाय स्थित । स्थाय स्याय स्थाय स्याय स्थाय स्थाय

"द्रात्मुं प्राप्ते स्वार्त् अवत् विवाद स्वार्त् स्वार् स्वार्त् स्वार्त् स्वार्त् स्वार्त् स्वार्त् स्वार्त् स्वार्त् स्वार् स्वार् स्वार् स्वार् स्वार् स्वार् स्वार्त् स्वार्त् स्वार् स्वर् स्वार् स्वार् स्वार् स्वार् स्वार् स्वार् स्वार् स्वार् स्वार्

स्वाका मार्चेट विराधित स्वाक्ष्य स्वत्व स्वाक्ष्य स्वाक्ष्य स्वाक्ष्य स्वाक्ष्य स्वाक्ष्य स्वाक्य स्वाक्ष्य स्वाक्ष्य स्वाक्ष्य स्वाक्य स्वाक्य स्वाक्य स्वाक्ष्य स्व

तुः र्कें विषार्षेद्रायार्गे र्क्केंद्रा धिवावत्दार्हेद्रा श्रीकेंद्रा श्रीदार्गे आर्क्केंद्रा "

"दे:दश्यः क्षेत्रः क्षेत्। देरः सः बदःदः क्षेत्। यः सः कृतः ययदः कृत्तें व्येत्। "डेश्यादेः श्चेदः ग्चेश्रः से खियाद्य राज्यः कृतः कृत्वश्रा

"च्चैश्रायाम्बरॐराङ्ग्रीयाम्बर्मा विरॐरायाम्बराम्बर्मा विर्क्षायान्य क्षेत्राम्बर्मा विर्वेश्व विष्या विर्वेश क्षेत्र विषया विर्वेश क्षेत्र विषया विष

"दः यः देः सूरः सूः चः कैः रेद्। दिः मृत्तेः सूरे व कैयाः सिदः यः सिः रेद्। सुयानाम् मित्रः मृत्रः व कैयाः सिदः यः सिः रेद्। सुयानामित्रः मित्रः व कैयाः सिदः यः सिः रेद्।

"उद्र सेद्रा हिंद्र ग्री म्बिश सदि प्यत क्यमा छेया सेद्रा द्राया तक्र मानि निया पर्दर सेद्रा हिंद्र ग्री माबिश सदि प्यत क्यमा छेया सेद्रा द्राया तक्र मानि निया

"डे लेग मेर्। "डेश परे क्रीर न्य स्वाप्त प्रमाण प्रमाण के स्वाप्त स्त

म्यान्त्रीत्त्रा वित्ता वित्त

"धर्या प्राप्त में व्या दह्म र्षित्। दिन व न स्ट के ब्रेन ग्री र्षित्। "केश्वा भुगश्चार्वेद र्स्यायोर्केयायोर्केयायोर जुन स्वेदः।

"दः यदः तक्ष्यः तक्ष्यः तुः तर्चे प्यः येत्। "डेशः यतः यत् यत् यः ददः। अर्वतः वेति सुद्धः यतः यदः प्रक्षः यः ददः। अर्वतः

"ष्याये। डि.पर्युत्रासस्याया राष्यराम्बेर्यासम्यायस्यस्य प्रक्रमायस्य स्वर्यात् स्वर्याः स्वर्याः स्वर्याः स्व

"अ्वाबा मार्बेटा । याबा मा धा योदा स्वीत्या वा श्वित्या मा श्वीया छो। "स्वीया मार्वेटा । याबा मा धा योदा स्वीया प्रश्वीया वा श्वीया छो। "स्वीया मार्वेटा । याबा मा धा योदा स्वीया प्रश्वीया स्वीया हो। "स्वीया मार्वेटा । याबा मा धा योदा स्वीया प्रश्वीया । याबा स्वीया प्रश्वीया । याबा स्वीया । याबा

"ผลาๆ พามิราชิ เอราติๆ" ฮิลาผูจาลาๆลัราติลาพามส์ รารเลาระเริล

"য়ৼয়য়ৢয়ৼ৾ঽ৽ড়ৢঽ৾য়ৢয়৽য়ৼড়ৢঽ৽ড়ৢৼড়ৼয়য়য়য়ৼৠৄৼ৻য়৽য়য়৸ৼয়ৼয়ঢ়ৢৼ য়ৣ৽ৼ৴৸ড়ৢ৾ৼ৽ড়ৢয়৻ড়৽ঀয়৸"ড়ৢয়৽য়ৼ৽ড়ৢয়৽ড়ৢয়য়য়য়ৼৠৄৼ৻য়৽য়য়৸ৼয়৸ৼয়৽ঢ়ৢৼ৽ গ্রী'শ্বব্

"म्वर्क्ष्यायदी हिंद् ग्रीकाम्य वकार्मे या ही प्राच्या हेंद्र हा के क्षेत्र विका

"दः र्केंदिः स्वक्षः र्केंद्राः त्यां र्केंक्षः याः श्चेषाः र्क्ष्याकाः विद्याः र्केंद्राः स्वकः र्केंद्राः स्व र्केंकाया रें श्चुः स्वेदाः या विकास्येद्राः देदिः श्चेद्रः श्चेकाः केद्राः स्वतः द्रादः स्वकः स्वाः हुः रेद्रा "रेकायदः साद्रया सः देवेदः श्चेदः द्रक्षाः सुवाकाया विद्याः स्वितः स्वतः स्वतः स्वतः स्वतः स्वतः स्वतः स्वतः स

"यन् सान्यान यो विक्षं वार्षा विक्षं वार्षा वार्षा

"र्वि:क्रॅंदि:क्रम्। वाष्ट्रम् प्रका वाष्ट्रम् वाष्ट्रम् वाष्ट्रम् वाष्ट्रम् वाष्ट्रम् विष्यः वाष्ट्रम् व

"श्रुतास्रकार्विर-दस्रमाळेबालुर-बाम्याधेवायायवराखाः वसा "वेबाञ्चम्बा

নাৰ্ছিদ:দীৰ্ষান্ট্ৰমা

"दशः र्वे। व्या दे। धिवाव। देवि ग्रुट्यादेट से प्रायमें वाय के से प्रायम के से प्

"यदेव य रेत्। दर्ळेश यश र्केश यश्या अथा स्थाय यश यत्शय विषा येत्। "डेश यदः सत्यादगार पे गादेदः सेस्रास्य सर्वे।

"ઋૂન્-૧-૪-તા વાલત હ્રદાર્થે ૧-૧ હ્ર્યા પ્રાપ્ત વાલત હ્રદાર્થે ૧-૧ હ્રિયા હ્રદાયા ત્રે ૧ હ્રિયા હ્રાયા ત્રે ૧ હ્રિયા હ્રા હ્રિયા હ્રા હ્રિયા હ્રિયા

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सहवासवर्धः विवाक्षिक्षः क्षेत्रः विवाक्षिः विवाक्षः विवाक्षः विवाक्षः विवाक्षः विवाक्षः विवाक्षः विवाक्षः विवाकः विवाकः

भ्रीकेषिक्षस्य मेर्ग्य मेर्ग्य स्वरह्म स्वर्श्व स्वर्भिका मेर्गि मुख्य प्रविवा

"म्वतः भ्रेः चॅद् ग्रीः म्वान्भः द्ये त्या द्याः म्वेष्यः स्दि न्याः भ्रदः भ्

"र्न्व तर्ने क्षा उटा त्यी प्राप्त प्राप्त क्षा या व्याप्त क्षा क्षा या व्यापत क्षा व्यापत क्षा व्यापत क्षा व्यापत क्षा व्यापत क्षा व्यापत व्यापत क्षा व्यापत व्यापत क्षा व्यापत व्याप

"रःर्केशक्षक्षत्वमःर्केष्यः द्रात्यवयः व। र्केष्यः म्वित्यः यश्चः हुश्यः ग्रेट् ग्रुः सेट् बेरः यः अः धेव। "वेश्वः श्रुश्चायः माववः विमामीशः देश।

मिट प्रति वट यद प्रश्नुर वह्या ह्येषा वी सुद र्सेट । यद स द्या द्यार वेंश है

यन्त्र यन्त्र भेत्र स्त्र यं र्सेश्वया भ र्स्त्र व्यापा वि र्सेश भ्रम्थ म्बेंट त्र यन्त्र प्रत्य भ्रम् स्त्र यं र्सेश्वया भ र्स्त्र व्यापा वि र्स्य स्त्र स्त्र स्त्र स्त्र स्त्र स्त्र स्त्र स्

"अग्राश्चा विद्राणी तकरामित्र राष्ट्र स्था विद्राणी तकरामित्र राष्ट्र स्था विद्राणी विद्या व

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"न्दः र्यः स्वेतः त् । नृग्वि अर्क्ष्वा मञ्जूयः यंश्वः नः यतः नुः दः र्क्षः त्यः अर्थ्व ह र्श्वेयः अर्थन्। वितः स्वयः केष्वयः वित्रः स्वयः स्वयः वित्रः स्वयः स्

स्वाक्षायार्वेद्दायायदेःस्वेष्यदे। यह्न्याय्विदायाद्दायस्व । केर्यदेश्वेदायायदेःस्व

कृ न्या स्वाप्त स्वाप

"डे विषा हुट र्बेट । "विषायद साद गर ये सर्दे देव दह्या र्थेया विषाय पार । यक्ष र्बेट । "क्षें अहि यद्भे हैं। क्षें अहि यद्भे हैं। र्ने निष्म क्षेत्र यस क्षुण यायक प्रान्ते क्षेत्र के क्षेत्र के यद्भे हैं। क्षेत्र के विष्म क्षेत्र क्षेत्र यह क्षेत्र यह या क्षेत्र यह या क्षेत्र यह य

भ्रम्बामार्वेद्द्रम् अद्धेश्वायाय्ये स्थायाय्ये स्थाये स्याये स्थाये स्थाय

भुगक्ष गर्बेट गैक्ष स्ट मी मू यहुम में हैं ग्रा मुं जहेग या प्रकूष द्वा न से प्रमालिया प्रदेश में हैं प्रमालिया प्रदेश में मिल्यों मिल्यों में मिल्यों मिल्यों में मिल्यों मिल्यों में मिल्यों मिल्यों मिल्यों में मिल्यों म

"दः भ्रुग्रबः गर्बेदः गीः हेबः दबद्बाद्या दा दर्गेवः सर्केगः ग्रुसः ग्रीबः दः त्यः गुः

षट्या महिंदा हु रेट् प्यथ्यथा में वर्षा प्रा ट्र्यूया यार्थे स्प्र वर्ष स्थाप हुं प्र हुं प्र हुं प्र हुं प्र ह

व्यासुरावहंत्रायायदार्षेत्। क्षेक्षायाम्बदाक्ष्याम्यात्राह्मस्याक्ष्यास्यात्र्यात्राह्मस्याः व्यासार्वे स्वास्यात्राह्मस्याः

"भ्रुग्रायां अयावरावरावरावरावराविषा वीश्वाविदास्य स्त्राचिश्वा "र्वि: श्रें त्याका विदे त्यां क्रुश्वाको प्रवृत्ता "डेश्वार्ट् विदास्त्र त्या विदास्त्र विदास्त विदास्त्र विदास्त विदास्त्र विदास्त्र विदास्त्र विदास्त व

"५.४८. यथरे. भूरी ली यटे. भुैरी ट. मुभा भा लूटा । बुबा यथरे. बूम.

"यन्त्रान्त्रान्त्राच्या हिन्द्र्या न्य्याक्ष्यायाः श्रीताः होन्द्र्याया । व्याप्याः विष्याः व्याप्याः विष्याः विष्याः विष्याः विष्याः विष्यः विष्याः विष्यः विष्याः विष्याः विष्याः विष्यः विष्यः विष्याः विष्यः विष

देःवस्यात् श्रीकंदा अव्याया श्रीकंदा श्रीका व्याया विद्या वित्र श्रीका विद्या विद्या

"क्री' त्यश्च स्ट्रिं क्रीं त्र प्राप्त क्षेत्र क्षेत

"नः र्र्मुवः येन्। क्वार्ये। न्यानः यः र्यन्यः येन्। "डेश्वार्यः र्यायः श्रेयश्वार्यः र्येन्। यविवः न्। नेवः ने ः श्रेयशः नेमः ययन् न्यायः र्यायश्वयः र्ये। यश्वयः र्ये। यश्वयः र्ये। यश्वयः र्ये। व्यव्ययः र्यः र्ये। व्यव्ययः र्ये। व्यव्यः र्ये। व्यव्ययः यः। वजा बुबाजन।

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र्मे म्यान्य स्थान्त स्थान्त स्थान्त स्थान्य स्थान्य

उद्यादर्ग्यादम् प्रमुषाम्बार्व्याची श्रम्याम्बार्यः मिष्णाम्याद्ये व्यव्याद्ये व्यव्याये व्यव्यये व्यव्यव्याये व्यव्यये व्यव्यये व्यव्यये व्यव्यये व्यव्यये व्यवयः व्यव्यये व

चुटावस्रक्षःग्रीग्रीरम् सुरिवित्रस्य विषाःक्षेत्रःग्रीः प्रक्षःस्य विष्यः विषयः विषयः विषयः विषयः विषयः विषयः भ्रोताः प्रक्षेत्रः प्रक्षेत्रः प्रदायः व्यायः व्यायः विषयः विषय

मिं क्रें प्रभूत्य बदे हे त्वित्र न्या चुन चुन भूत्र है र है प्रभूत विषा में स्त्र प्र चुर है र मुत्र प्र क्षेत्र क्ष

"दर्गे व। विक्रिं विवायहरा। "बेश शे देश भुगवा गर्वेद शु शेश गहिद बिंद प्रमुद्र प्रमुख प्रमुख ग्री विकासी के स्वाय स

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वयात्रा क्ष्या श्री द्वित व। क्ष्यात्रा मार्बेट दट वर्षे र द्वा क्ष्या से र र र र मी

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भ्राम्बर्ग्न स्थान स्था

रःवाषदःवार्विवाःगिदेः अर्द्धेन्।वदः येवः यदेः र्वेवाः वश्वः यदः अन्यादः अन्यादः वश्वः श्रूवाः केवः यदिः विद्याः विद्य

"धर्'अ'र्ग्यर्थे झ्र'अ'बुर'र्र् । दश्रम्य अ'र्रे र्क्कें व्यम्'अर्ग्य विकाः म्बर'स्'वे र्वेद विवानीक'व्यत्। रव्यनी'विदे म्बलक'व्यम'त्र विद्र'त्रीम्'त्रीम्

"यन् सः न्यानः याँ। तर्योः यशः न्ययाः र्ययशः यहनः स्त्री। विः र्क्वः तर्येनः स्टः नेन्। "डेश्वः सेः याव्यवः वियाः योश्वः यशः न्ययाः र्ययशः यहनः स्त्री। विः र्क्वः तर्येनः स्टः

"न्त्रवेद्ग्रेंद्र्य ने ने बेर्या अद्यामुख्य देव केव्यू त्यास्त्र व्याचेद्र्य वेद्यास्त्र वेद्यास्त्य वेद्यास्त्र वेद्यास्त्य वेद्यास्त्र वेद्यास्त्य

त्र्या "बुश्रायचार्ब्रम् द्रिश्च मावत्रयान्द्रमान्न्य प्रमान्न्य स्त्रम् स्त्रम्यस्त्रम् स्त्रम् स्त्रम् स्त्रम् स्त्रम्यस्त्रम्यस्त्रम्यस्त्रम्यस्त्

"दर्वः तर्में प्राक्तेन में। द्रायापर्में प्राप्त में प्राप्त में कार्य में प्राप्त में प्राप्त

यन्यन्यन्य । के प्रत्य । प्रत

यन् अन्तर्भाराधारवन् सुरा चार्ड्वाबेषात्रावन् सुराव्याव्यात्र प्रेत्रावन्त्र स्थावन्त्र स्यावन्त्र स्थावन्त्र स्थावन्ति स्यावन्ति स्थावन्ति स्थावन्ति स्थावन्ति स्थावन्ति स्थावन्ति स्थावनि स्थावन्ति स्थावनि स्थावन्ति स्थावन्ति स्थावनि स्थावनि स्थावनि स्यावन्ति स्थावन्ति स्थावनि स्यावनि स्थावनि स्थावनि स्थावनि स्थाव

श्रुश्चारिश्चायत्यात्राम्यादाः व्यायश्चित्यः विश्वायत्यः विश्वायः विश्वायः

शे क्रें में खेवा को को को को को के के प्राप्त स्वाप्त स्वाप्

र्श्वेत्रयाहे केर र्श्वेदायाद्दा धर र्श्वेषित्र वर्षा ग्रेंदादेर यद्या है प्रमृत्

दक्षा

पक्षा

प्रमान के साम क

"रे.दरे.वुश्च हेश्यासेत्। दार्क्षश्यामेवग्णदाम्बॅद्यास्त्र्याक्ष्याक्याक्ष्याक्ष्याक्ष्याक्ष्याक्ष्याक्ष्याक्ष्याक्ष्याक्ष्याक्ष्या

"

देश से द्वा हिंद श्री । বৰ हिंद श्री । বৰ । বৰ্ষ । বৰ্ম । বৰ্ষ । বৰ্

यन् सन् मार्थे अञ्चे अप्ताने अद्याने स्थान स्था

योजेमश्राद्धारम्बित्रायश्चात्रीत्वर्ष्वाश्चरात्राद्धारम्बाद्धारम्बाद्धारम्बाद्धारम्बाद्धारम्बाद्धारम्बाद्धारम् स्वाद्धारम्बाद्धारम्याद्धारम्बाद्य

"तर्गि:च। अःश्वेगःर्ने:उतःदेशःत्वु।यदःगित्रेशःश्वेअःअर्म्सुत्यःदुःचलगःर्षेऽ। दःर्क्षेश्वःदेःलेगःच। "लेशःर्द्वः र्म्यःश्वेशःश्वरःस्वः क्षेत्रःश्वेशःश्वेयःस्वः स्वाःर्येगश्वरःश्वः श्वेयः वेःर्षेदःचतिः अर्द्धेदः।यदःगितृशःगाः चश्वत।

"ष्ण सि हैं में मि बिंद ग्रीका यह का वा दा हैं का है ते विषा है दा में का बिका अगका मोर्चे दा में को के के के के किया है दा में को बिका

र्दे में र श्रीकारे दिया था तर्दा यक्किया का का ने । "त्यु रेया का श्री यद्या में । किं से द्वा रेया का किं किं र श्री र

"दुर द्या क्र्रिं दर। दार्क्ष त्यु के त्यु क्षा क्षेत्र क्ष्रित क्ष्र क्ष्र त्यु का क्ष्र क्ष्र

"कुः अर्ळवः छे: रेर्। "छेबाञ्चणवान्वीयः अर्वे। दर्वे अवाद्ग्

"इटा अप्त्र्या श्रेष्ठा श्रेष

ञ्चन्य न्यां त्यां स्वायां स्वयां स्वयं स्वयं

ब्रें क्षें कें कें सेंद्र हे बा अवाबावार्वें स्वां स्वा यदेव पर से दा सकेंद्र कें या कुषा दावें बावार हे बार्षे साव व्यं बावार केंद्र पाया स्वां स्वां स्वां स्वां स्वा

म्यायि स्वर्त्त स्वर्त स्वर्त्त स्वर्त स्वर्त्त स्वर्त स्वर्त्त स्वर्त स्वर्त्त स्वर्ति स्वर्ति स्वर्त्त स्वर्त्त स्वर्त्त स्वर्त्त स्वर्

अर्थर श्रेश्वर देश के स्वर्ध के स्वर्य के स्वर्ध के स्वर्ध के स्वर्य के स्वर्य के स्वर्य के स्वर्य के स्वर्य के स्वर्य के स्व

"र्वि.शु.लयायाः विवाशीवायाः अत्राह्म वि.श्री आर्थियाः श्री स्वाह्म वि.श्री स्

द्वतात्मात्मश्चात्मश्चा विद्वत्म विद्वत्य विद्व

भ्राक्ष्मश्राध्यात् त्रास्त्रास्त्राक्ष्मश्री व्यवस्था मुज्या स्वाधित मुः भ्राया स्वाधित स्वा

मुन्ना सुन्ना निक्र सुन्ना देश हैं भी के भी कें भी कें नित्र सुन्ना निक्र सुन्ना निक्न सुन्ना निक्र सुन्ना न

"५.४४. चर्चरः। उक्क. च. चश्चरः च. खुवा. ची. उक्च. खुवा. च. उच्च. चर्चया. चर्च

भ्रम्बार्या स्ट्रिंग्स्य स्ट्र

यन् अर्केदिः अर्केन्। वन् अर्केन्य अर्केन्य विकास्य केत्र स्वाध्य स्य

"र्वि: मे। ब्रिंत् मादिका ग्रीका ने का के त्वीया ग्रीता प्रविदार्थिता "के का यत् स्मात्ता स्मात्ता के का मात्र योका विविद्या मात्रिका मात्रिका ग्रीका ग्रीका ग्रीका यदि स्मी स्मात्ता के विविद्या स्मात्ता स्मात्ता स्मात्ता स

"र्बे त'गी'से र छे र प्यामें हो रें व र गा छे पें र प्या हा र वें वा "वें का पर या र गा है गा मी पें र वें र प्या हा र वें वा पें र वें र प्या हा र वें वा पें र वें र प्या हा र प्य हा र प्या हा र प्य हा र प्या हा हा र प्या हा र प्य

यन् अन्तर्यास्य प्रमान विषय । "क्विंन् मुक्त स्युक्त स्य स्थान स्

यन् अन्यार्थेशयम् । अस्य विष्युरा यारेन्। यन् अन्यार्थे। "लेश्चर्रेश्चुरा।

क्षेत्रका मार्चर पर श्राचित्र भीता पर श्रीत्र भीता पर श्रीत्र

भ्री संदर्भ श्रुमा श्रॅद्र। यद् भ्राद्या मार्ग्य में मित्र में द्र में स्वर्ध स्वर्य स्वर्य स्वर्य स्वर्य

यदः अर्जार वें छे छ गहिं य सेदः यर यह गा हुआ "यदः अर्जार वें। विं र्के छेर वस कें ग्रा कुरेदा "डेअयदे क्चेदा छेआ व रें गा हु है आ

यद्भान्त्र्यात् स्वाप्त्राच्यात् स्वाप्त्राच्याच स्वाप्त्राच स्वाप्याच स्वाप्त्राच स्वाप्त्राच स्वाप्त्राच्याच स्वाप्त्राच स्वाप्त्य स्वाप्त्राच स्वाप्त्राच स्वाप्त्रच स्वाप्त्य स्वाप्त्रच स्वाप्त्य स्वाप्त्रच स्वाप्त्रच स्वाप्त्रच स्वाप्त्य स्वाप्त्य स्वाप्त्य स्वाप

यद्याद्रम्याद्रम्याद्रम्भीद्राद्रम्याद्रम्यात्रम्यात्रम्यात्रम्यात्रम्यात्रम्यात्रम्

मिं र्सेदे विषाद हिंद त्यायक्ष सह्या के पेंदाय यह का ने विकासिया

"वर् क्केर्। धेव वदरहिंद् ग्रीकार्ष क्रें र वर्बेद पर देव दर्षे काया रेद्।"

"शुःषः यर्जेन् यायद्वेन नुर्गेकाय सेन्। "बेकायने श्लीन सर्वे सका व्यन्। विकायने श्लीन स्वर्थे सका विकायने स्वर्थे सका विकाय सका विक

"यन् अः यार्त्रेष्ठ्या अः यात्र्वत् । अः यात्रव्यः यः यार्त्रेष्ठः स्त्रोत् । "उष्ण्यन् । अः यात्र्यः यात्रः स्त्रेष्ठः स्त्रेष्यः स्त्रेष्ठः स्त्रेष्यः स्त्रेष्ठः स्त्रेष्रेष्ठः स्त्रेष्ठः स्त्रेष

यदे क्क्षेद्र ग्वद क्षेत्र केंद्र के

"ब्रिंद्रात्यास्त्र हिंगा सेद्राह्म स्त्री स्त्री

"ब्रिंदर्ड वियायः भ्रुयायी व्येद्रा"

"त्र्यः त्रेषः भूषाश्चा वार्षेदः द्रिः त्यषाः त्र्यः त्रेष्टः त्यः श्रुषाः वीः व्यक्तः व्यकः विष्यः विष्यः व्यवकः विष्यः विषयः विष्यः विष

श्रेयशः सुग्रवाश्वत्रान्द्रवः यः त्रवेत्।

"વર્-શ્રુર્| હિંદ્-ગ્રી-મિંગ-દેશ-દેશ-શે-પોંક-મે "લેશ-વર્-શ-દ્યા-દ્યા-દેશ-વર્-શ્રુ-પો-દેશ-વર્-શ્રુ-પો-દેશ-વર્-શ્રુ-પો-દેશ-વર્-શ્રુ-પો-દેશ-વર્-શ્રુ-પો-દેશ-વર્-શ્રુ-પો-દેશ

"र्वि..."यद्'अ'द्ग्रम्यर्थेश्चे त्ययः क्रु'अ'वेश्र

यन् अन्तर्भ महिंदः श्रून् यक्क्यायात्। "विंधिश्चन् स्टादिः विंग् यार्श्वः वक्रतः खेखे खेल्। यन् अन्तर्भ स्वी "विश्वायने श्लीन् ग्वीश्चिश्च

यदे श्चिद् ग्रीश्च दर श्चर यत्नेत देश या त्रा यद सादग्य येश सेद श्ची विं ...यदे सें ...रेद्रा "डेशप्यत दीत्रा

") चॅ. दर्रः चॅवा त्या दे तर्दा की व्यादा देश विश्वा व्यादा विश्वा त्या विश्वा

यन् अन्तर्भान्यम् स्वाधार्यम् विकानु स्वाधार्यम् विकानु स्वाधार्यम् विकानु स्वाधार्यम् स्वाधार्यम् स्वाधार्यम्

त्रश्चा शु. योथये. त. प्रयोप. प्रयोक्ता चार्नुषु. प्रदेश, स्योश. वेचेट. ये. चर्थेयो च्चि. स्ट. योश. तथा शु. योथये. प्रयोक्ता चार्नुषु. पर्योक्ता चार्नुषु. पर्योक्ता चार्नुषु. पर्योक्ता चार्नुषु. पर्योक्ता चार्नुष्. पर्योक्ता चार्नुष्. पर्योक्ता चार्नुष्. पर्योक्ता चार्नुष्. पर्योक्ता चार्नुष्. चार्न्या क्षेत्रा चार्नुष्ट. योज्ञा चार्न्या चित्रा चार्नुष्ट. योज्ञा चार्न्य चार्नुष्ट. योज्ञा चार्नेष्ट. योज्ञ

"ॸॖॻॱॾऀॴॱॴॠॗॴॺॱॸॣॸॱॎढ़ऄॱॾ॓ॱॼ॔।"ऄॺॱक़ॕॱॸॣॻ॔ॺॱॸॣ॓ॺॱॷॴॺॱॴ॔ॿॕॸॱॵॱख़ॱ ॸॖॸॱॾॣॕॻॱॾऀॸॱॹॖॸॖॱय़॔ॱॸ॓ॱॴॱढ़ॾॖॺॱॸॖ॓ॱॺय़ॱॶॖॻॱॾऀॴॱॴॻ।

"विंद्र ग्रीका के लिया बेरा "लेका क्षयाका यार्बेद । घट । कद । क्षेत्र या बे । देर यक्षका ग्राम्स याद्यका

"सुन्नाकानार्वेदः। देस्रासार्वेन वासायत्वनाकावत्।" सुन्नाकानार्वेदः नावदः कर्रायदेः दर्शेक्षायाकान्ये सुन्नीद्राधीकार्वेकानुद्रः।

ध्याश्चार्वेदःमीश्चार्यात्वदेशः वश्चार्यात्वश्चार्याः तद्याः विद्याः त्रीश्चार्याः वश्चार्याः वश्च

"ग्र्यां विश्वायः व्याप्यः द्वाया विश्वायः श्रीयः श्रीयः श्रीयः श्रीयः श्रीयः विश्वायः विश्वायः विश्वायः विश्व विश्वायः विश्वायः विश्वायः विश्वायः विश्वायः श्रीयः श्रीयः श्रीयः श्रीयः विश्वायः विश्वायः विश्वायः विश्वायः व

क्षेत्रभाक्षेत्रभाक्ष्यम् मार्चेद्रभी स्थान्य स्थान्य

"दश्राक्षायतः द्वा श्री द

"देंव् गुरा नेर्देश रें गढ़ेश छावा अपना धेवा वा विवाश विवाश सेना "डेश अगश्रामार्वेर मीश विं सेर स्वाप्त सुर्या

यने क्रीन ग्रीका त्यमा हार्केन ने निर्मा क्री मान्य प्रत्या स्था क्री मान्य प्रत्य क्री मान्य क्री मान्य प्रत्य क्री मान्य प्रत्य क्री मान्य प्रत्य क्री मान्य क्री मान्य प्रत्य क्री मान्य क्री मान्य प्रत्य क्री मान्य प्रत्य क्री मान्य प्रत्य क्री मान्य क्री मान्य प्रत्य क्री मान्य क्री मान्

"अः र्रेष्यश्चर्यः स्वा हिंद् यदे सें धिव वस्य हिंद् यक्ष्य व यर्डेष् षी बेकः यदे श्चेद र ग्चेक्ष स्वयः वक्ष संस्टेंष हु यक्ष्र

"अवाश वार्चेट वीश शे प्रश्न प्या अट घर्णा "बेश पर अश ह्वीं क्विया विंदर तु.

"য়৾৽য়য়৾৾ঀৼয়ৣ৽য়ৼয়য়৸ড়ৄ৾ঀৼয়ৣয়ৼঽ৽ঀয়৽য়ৄ৾ঀৼয়ৣ৽ড়ৄ৾ঀৼয়ৣ৽ড়ৢঀ৸য়য়য়ড়ড়ৢ৾য়ৼ য়ৣ৾ৼৼয়৽য়ৢৼ৽য়য়ৢঀৼয়য়৸ড়ৢ৾ঀৼয়ৣয়ৼঀ৽য়ৢঀৼয়য়য়

"र्बिन् भ्रम्भामार्बेन् मी विषायन् स्ति । विष्यमास्य विषामी माने सार्से मा येवा है सा र्षिन् यार्बिन् ग्रीसाग्रान्सी विसासमा "विसायन् स्रिये सीमावन्य स्त्रीन हे याय विमानेन्।

यट्रे.श्चेट्र.ग्रीआर्श्चरा। यट्रे.श्चेट्र.ग्रीआर्श्चरायायाचेत्रश्चर्यायायाचेत्रश्चर्यायाचेत्रश्चर्याचेत्रश्चरायाचेत्रश्चरायाचेत्रश्चर्याचेत्रश्चरायाचेत्रश्चरायाचेत्रश्चर्याचेत्रश्चर्याचेत्रश्चर्याचेत्रश्चर्याचेत्रश्चर्याचेत्रश्चर्याचेत्रश्चर्याचेत्रश्चर्याचेत्रश्चर्याचेत्रश्चर्याचेत्रश्चर्याचेत्रश्चर्याचेत्रश्चर्याचेत्रश्चर्याचेत्रश्चर्याचेत्रश्चर्याचेत्रश्चर्याचेत्रश्चर्येत्रश्चर्येत्रश्चर्येत्रश्चर्येत्रश्चर्येत्रश्चर्येत्रश्चर्येत्रश्चर्येत्रश्चर्येत्रश्चर्येत्रश्चर्येत्रश्चर्येत्रश्चर्येत्रश्चर्येत्रश्चर्येत्रश्चर्येत्रश्चर्येत्रयाचेत्रश्चर्येत्रश्चर्येत्रयाचेत्रश्चर्येत्रयाचेत्रयः

มิ เฉฉฉานะ เฉริ์รุเ

"र्बेन। र्बेन। वित्यास्तराम्डेनस्यम्बिन्सम्बिन्स्यः क्षेत्रः स्वेनस्य केरेन। वस्य नरः स्वेनस्य स्वानस्य स्व

য়ःस्टायात्रक्षात्रक्षात्रक्षात्रक्ष्यात्रक्षयात्रक्

"र्देव गुट तर्गे प्रकाश प्रत्य है स्वर्ग प्रते हैं हि स्वर्ग प्रते प्रते हैं हि स्वर्ग प्रते हैं है स्वर्ग प्रते हैं स्वर्ग स

यदः अप्तृत्रामः वें अप्तविदः अप्तं स्वें द्या विदे श्चितः श्ची अप्तु अप्ते अप्यानुत्रा अ

यश्चम्य विःश्वेदःश्वयः विःश्वेदःश्वयः विश्वयः विश्वयः

यदः श्रीतः वे श्रेश्रयः श्रीः वें त्र्यः विषाः धिवः यः यदः यः विषाः विष्यः विषयः विषय

"र्नेव न्या छे 'बेया ह्युट केंटा। श्रेयाब्व पार्के याटाया ह्युट केंटा। "बेश स्थ्याका यार्केट केंश्रका वर्क्य मुंग्लेन।

विश्वत्यायवित्याचेत्राः याद्याः स्वित्याः स्वेत्याः स्वेत्याः स्वेत्याः स्वित्याः स्वत्याः स्वत्यः स्वत्याः स्वत्यः स्वत्यः

वश्राणुत्रात्यश्रादिशास्त्रीयः। सेवादेसःस्यात्तेश्वाद्याः हेषाः वर्षेषाश्रा

लय। विषय्त्र महित्र विषय्त्र विषय्त्र विषय्त्र क्षेत्र महित्र क्षेत्र महित्र क्षेत्र क्षेत्र महित्र क्षेत्र क्षेत्र विषय्त्र क्षेत्र । "तर्मे विषये क्षेत्र महित्र क्षेत्र क्षेत्र मिस्त्र त्र क्षेत्र क्षेत्

"चरेत्रमी वर्षे च। देर् र्केश हिंद् हिमाया श्चेया वर्षे। "वेशम् न्यं मावत्यः विमामीश्रायम।

"रेट्रा रेट्रा व्याप्त अराट केंब्रा वित्राया क्षेत्रा है ने व्याप्त व्यापत व्याप्त व्याप्त व्यापत व्

ञ्चन्याची द्वा द्वा द्वा त्वा क्षेत्र त्वा क्

"वर् क्रुर् वर् थे सेर्। "डेशयर् सर्गर वेंशले सुशहे त्यवा

चक्षि वि.श्रुंश्वाचरे श्रीट.जाश्वाचर श्रीट.चर्या वि.श्रुंश्वाच्या वि.श्रुंश्वाच्या वि.श्रुंश्वाचर वि.श्रुंश्वाचर वि.श्रीट.चर्या वि.श्रुंश्वाचर वि.श्रीट.चर्या वि.श्रुंश्वाचर वि.श्रुंश्वा

"म्बुम् वस्य महत्व वस्य भे भे मर्थेत्। यदे श्चेत्। य्व ग्रम् श्चेत् श्चेत्र श

"अ्वाश्वार्वेदः। यदःस्रश्चयत्वा हिंदः श्रीश्वार्यः वीः हें वेवाः याः से प्रस्ति वाः विद्यास्त्र स्त्रात्र स्त्र स

"८. ४ ४. पर्डेंचे. येट्र श्री. चीड्रंचे. योट. श्री. चीड्रंचे. या. दश्चावश्चा संदर्भ या. सीची ट्रंडे. सुंचिश्च प्रकाश्चिश्च प्राचिटी यट्टे. श्रीटी "ड्रेश्च. सीच्य. चीट्च. सीच्य. या. ती. श्रीची. क्रंडे. सेट. ट्रेंचे. यट्टे. श्रीटे. यी. यच्च. श्री. श्री. यो. या. व्याच्याची.

"ઽૹૹ૾ૢૻૢૢૼૼૼૢઽૹૢઌ૽૽ઌ૽૽૱ૹઌઙ૽૽ૼૹૢૢૣઽ૽૽ૢ૽ૺૢઽૢ૽ૡ૬ૹૢ૱ૹ૽ૺૡ૽૽ૢૼૢૢૢૢૢૢ૽૾ૹ૾ૹઌ૽૽ૺૹ૾ૢ૾ૢૺૺૢ

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युवा बाब्द यार्चें का ब्राव्य ने क्षेत्र या त्या विश्व स्वार क्षेत्र या विश्व या

"हेव तचेल प्या वे तर्गे त्या "बेश श्रुव प्यश श्रु मश मार्चेट त्या प्र स्ट्रा च श्रुव स्व

यक्षा अव्यक्षात्र्यं स्वाक्ष्यं क्षेत्रः विष्यः स्वाक्ष्यः स्वाक्षः स्वावक्षः स्ववक्षः स्वावक्षः स्वावक्षः स्वावक्षः स्वावक्षः स्ववक्षः स्वववक्षः स्वववक्षः स्ववववव्यववव्यवववव्यववव्यवववव्य

"डे:वियाचेरा"वेशाञ्चमशयार्वेरायीशसर्वे तर्वेसश्वराद्या

"हेव. पत्रिय. लग्. ग्री पर्ग्. या श्री य. प्रयोध. यथ. श्रिट. ला. सर. थेव. श्री. या श्री. या प्रयोध. यथ. श्री. व्या. व्य

"बिंद्र विं चर्चा खेर धेर्वा दार्थी यह स्था खरा क्र क्र क्रु सेद्र । "डेश धुर्वा श्र व्या क्रिंद्र प्रेत्र क्रु व्या क्षेत्र क्षेत्र

"रार्वे वर्षा धेवा "बेश श्चव प्या "रेम अवा परे श्चिर्णय रार्श्चेत उर अर मे में से से से सुम बेषा परे पो अर्। देव ग्रम क्यम केव अमेर् माम्या महास्य केंम पर्य से में में से सुम सुम सुन स्थाप

वित्रक्तिः वित्राचित्र। प्राप्तान्यान्य वित्राचित्राः वित्राचित्र। प्राप्तान्य वित्राचत्य वित्राचित्र। प्राप्तान्य वित्राचत्र। प्राप्तान्य वित्राचत्य वित

मुकायहेष्रकायते.श्चितायक्ष्य। समुद्धे: ब्लायक्ष्या श्चित्रः सक्ष्याश्चित्रः तुः कायास्क्रास्त्रः स्वित्रः क्ष्यायः स्वाप्तः स्वाप्तः समुद्धे: ब्लायक्षयः स्वाप्तः स

ध्याक्षायार्चेदः स्वर्धेदः स्वर्येदः स्वर्धेदः स्वर्येदः स्वर्धेदः स्वर्धेदः स्वर्धेदः स्वर्येदः स्वर्येद

क्षित्राचित्राच्यात्राच्यात्राच्यात्र विकाले विकाले क्षित्र विकाले क्ष्य विकाले क्षित्र विकाले

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भ्रायवतः व्याप्तते म्वयास्य स्त्रां क्षेत्रा क्षेत्रा स्वाप्त स्त्रां क्षेत्रा स्वाप्त स्त्रां स्वाप्त स्त्रां स्वाप्त स्त्रां स्वाप्त स्त्रां स्वाप्त स्वाप्